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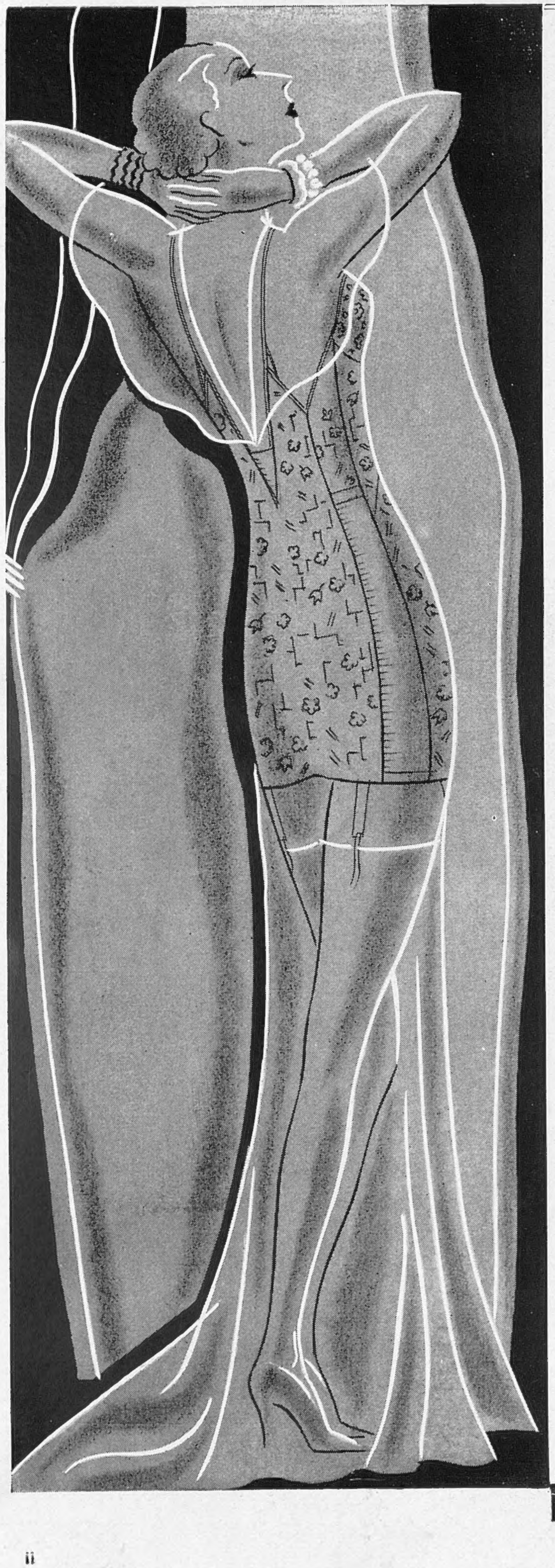

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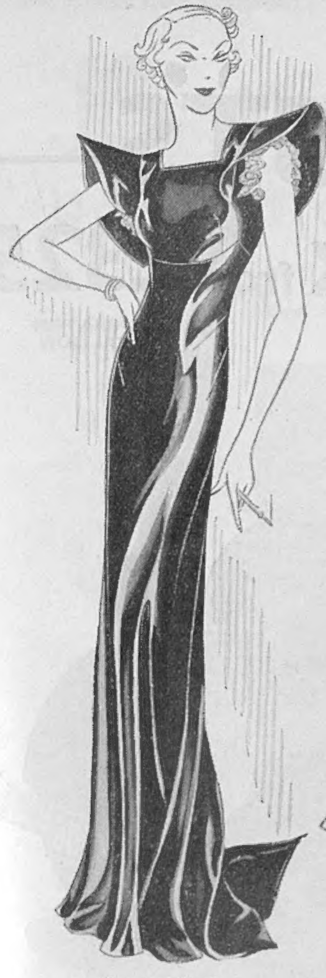

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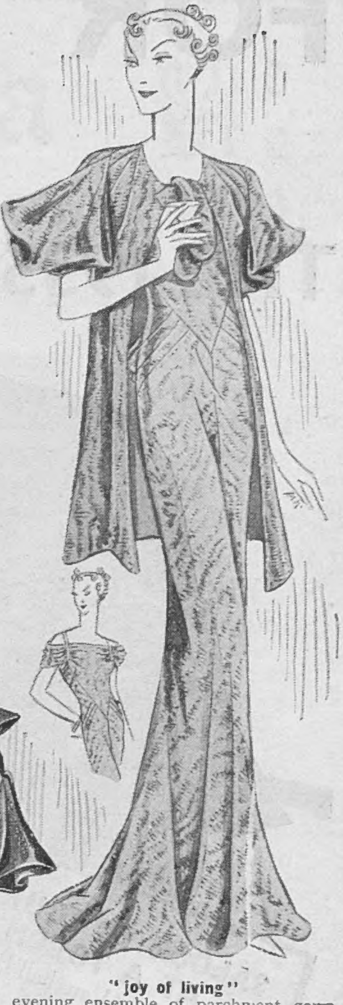

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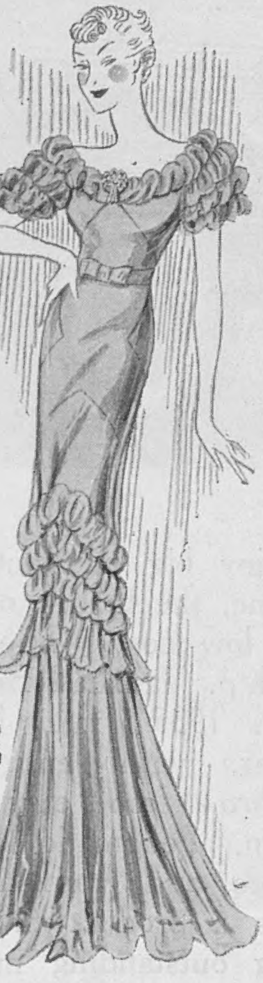

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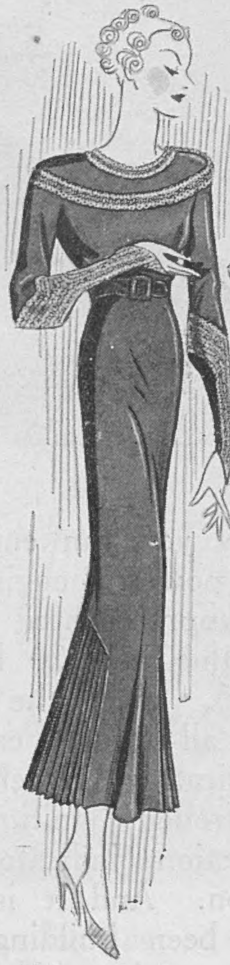

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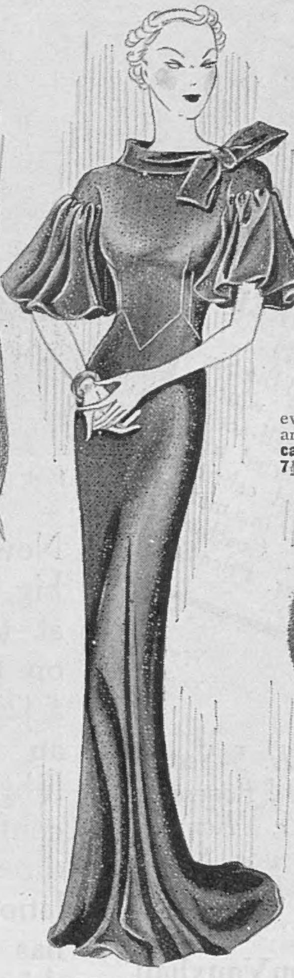

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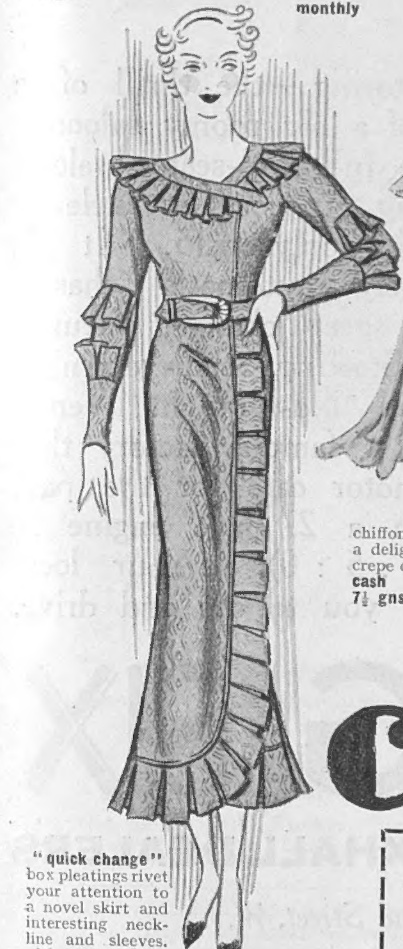

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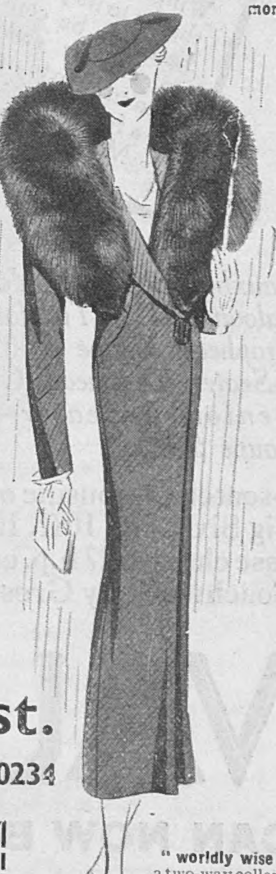

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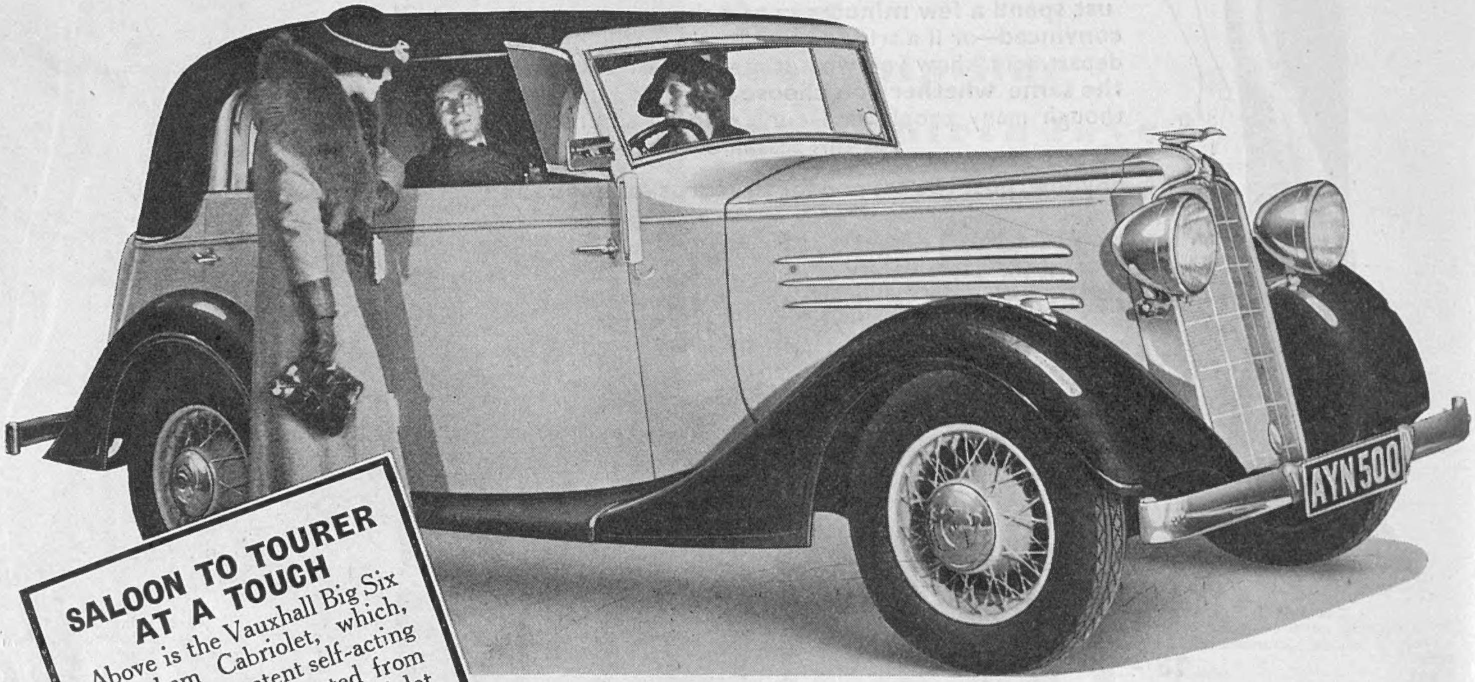

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Britannia and Eve

Vol. 9 No. 6

December, 1934

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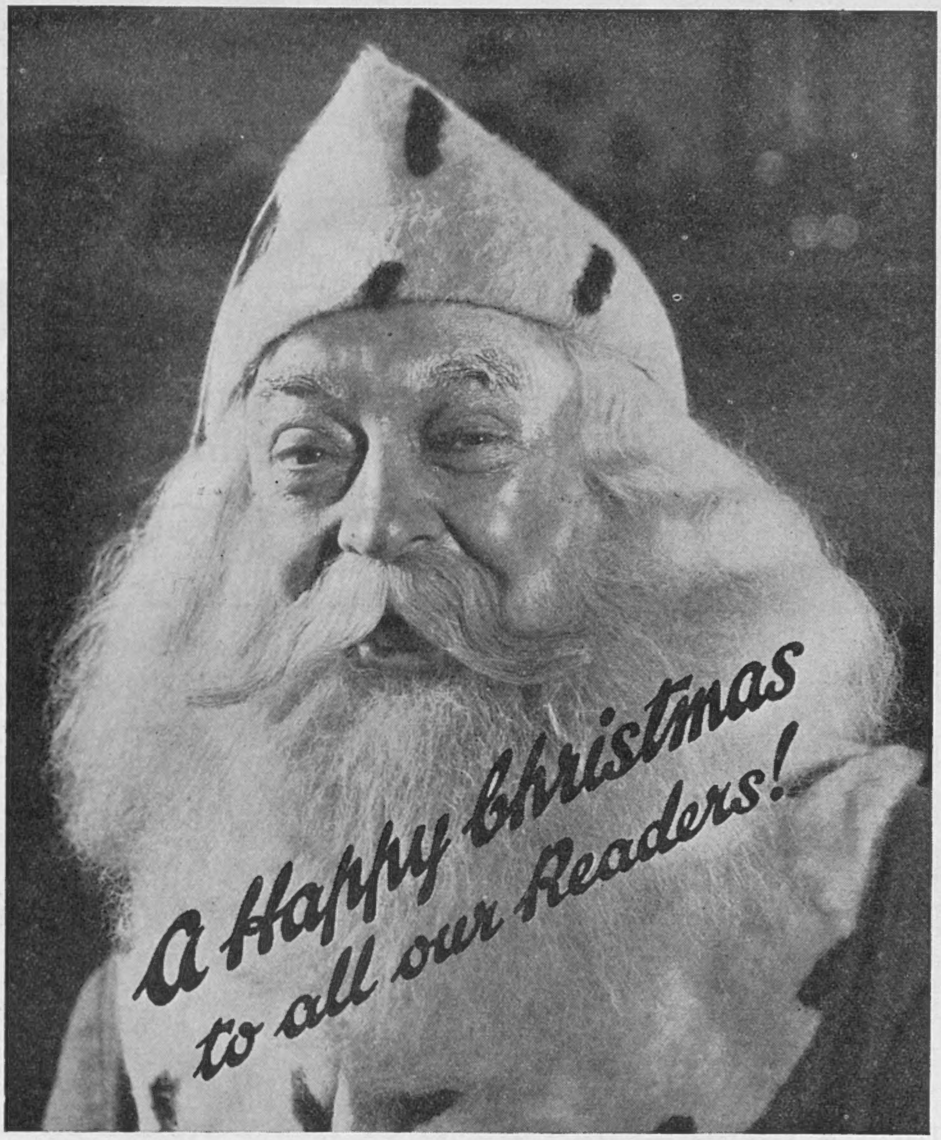

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found in the "Index to Advertisers" on page 156. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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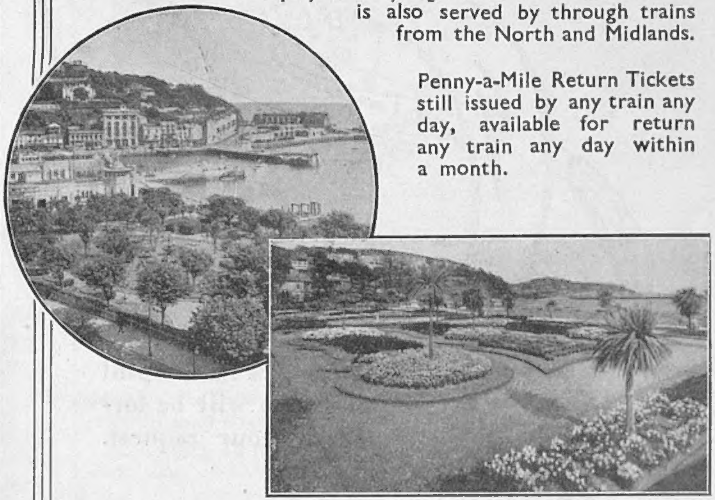

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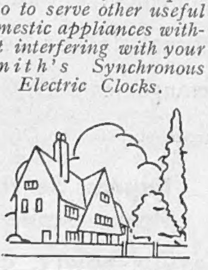

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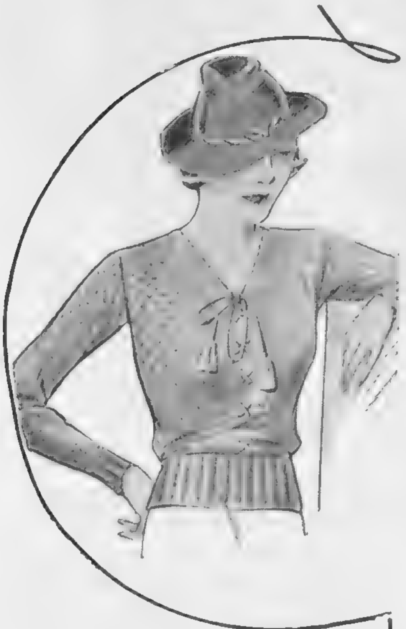

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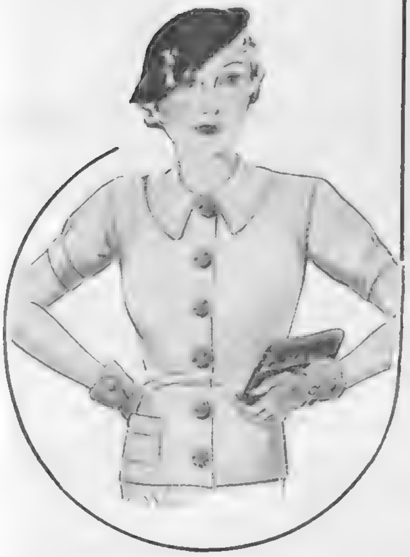

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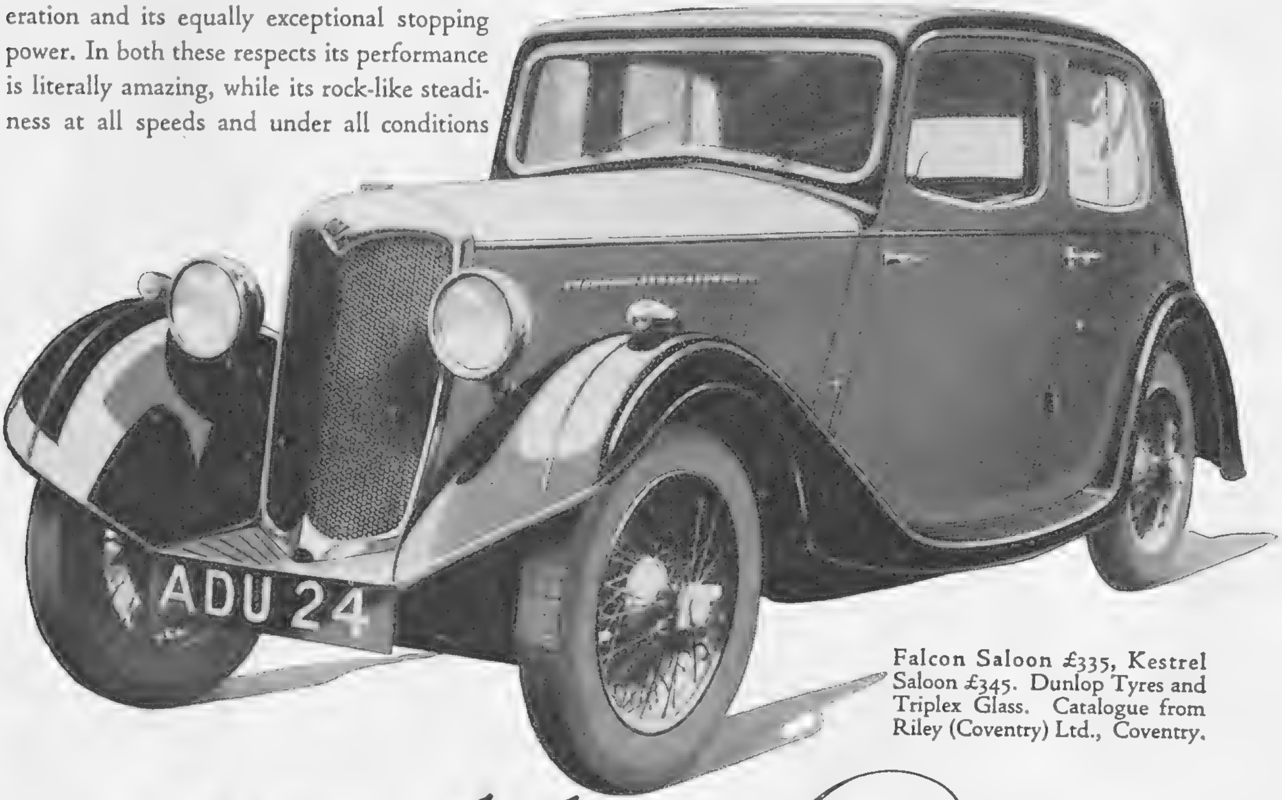
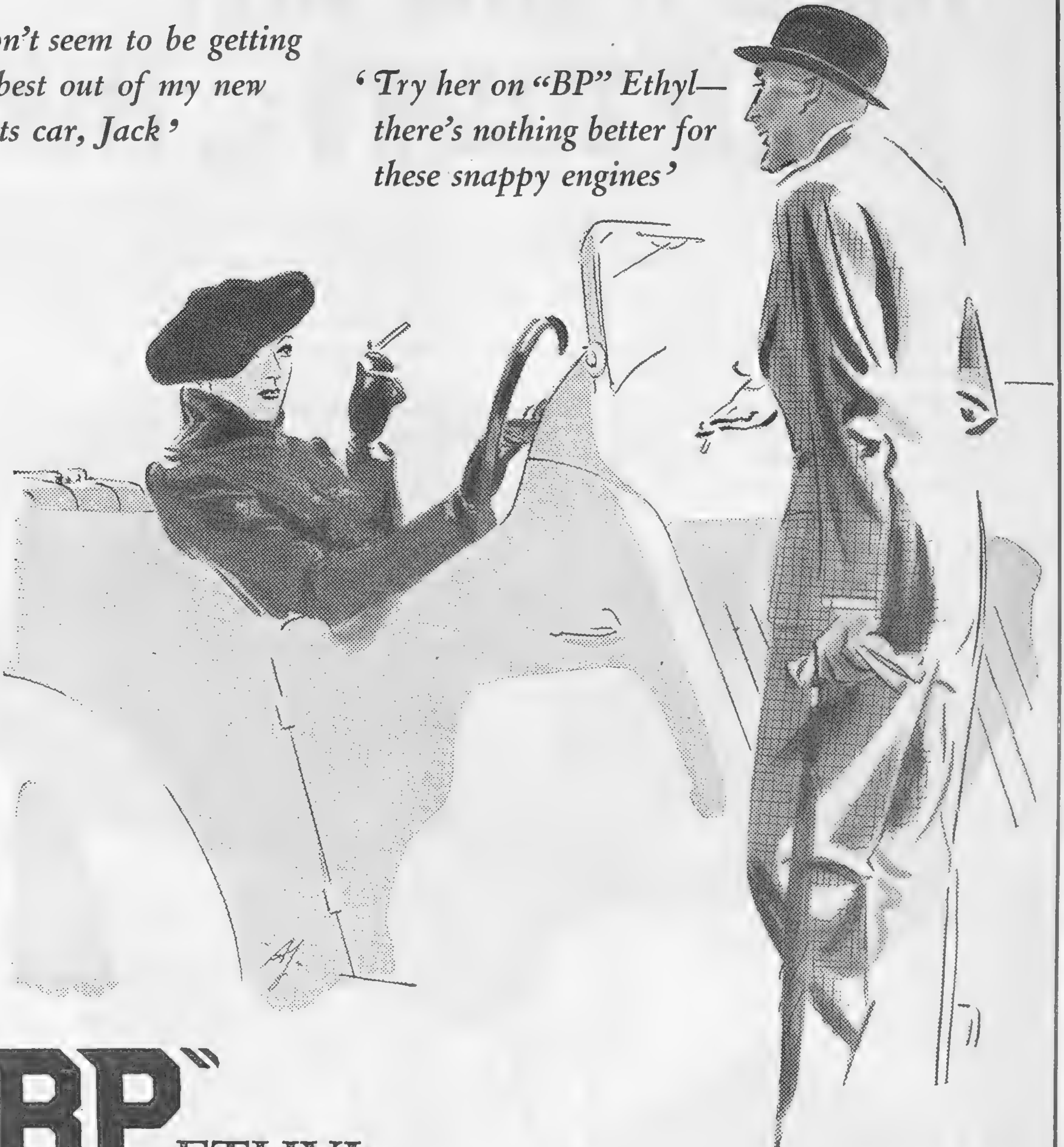


Falcon Saloon £335, Kestrel Saloon £345. Dunlop Tyres and Triplex Glass. Catalogue from Riley (Coventry) Ltd., Coventry.

AS OLD AS THE INDUSTRY
Riley
AS MODERN AS THE HOUR

1½ Litre

THIS SEASON'S BIG EVENT



'I don't seem to be getting the best out of my new sports car, Jack'

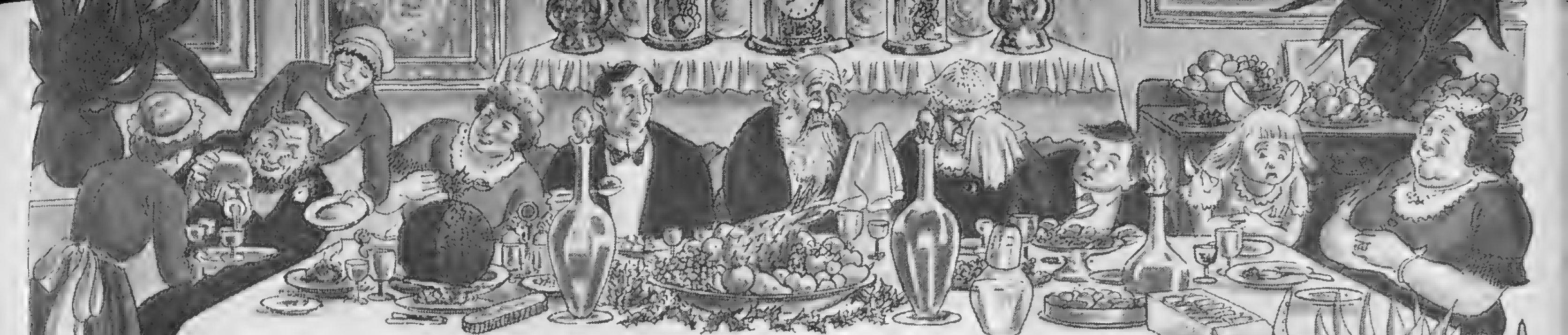
'Try her on "BP" Ethyl—there's nothing better for these snappy engines'

"BP" ETHYL

for SNAPPY ENGINES!

"BP" Ethyl is specially prepared for high compression engines. No livelier petrol can be obtained from any pump. The special dopes used for speed records are both unobtainable and unsuitable for ordinary motoring.

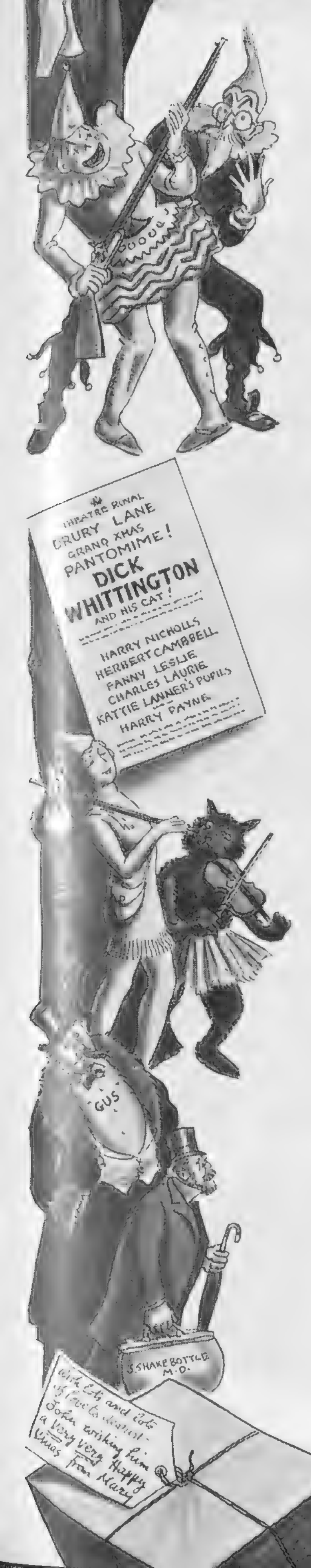
"BP" ETHYL

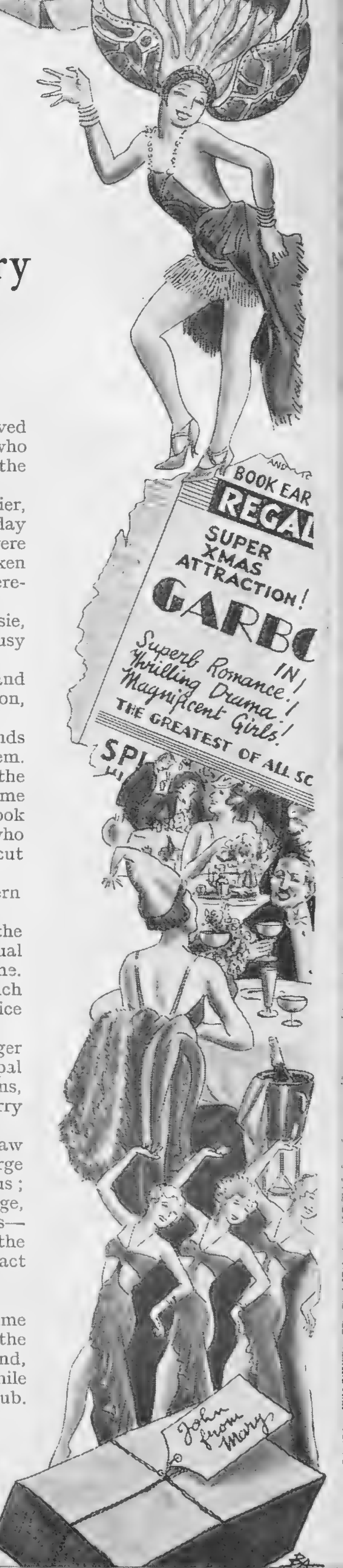


Fifty *Years* Ago

Flashbacks on the Screen of History

No. 12. Christmas Cavalcade


THEATRE ROYAL
DRURY LANE
GRAND XMAS
PANTOMIME!
DICK
WHITTINGTON
AND HIS CAT!
HARRY NICHOLLS
HERBERT CAMPBELL
FANNY LESLIE
CHARLES LAURIE
KATTIE LANNER'S PUPILS
HARRY PAYNE
GUS
J. SHAKEBOTTLE
M.D.
With lots and lots of love to dearest John wishing him a very very Happy Xmas from Mary


BOOK EAR
REGAL
SUPER
XMAS
ATTRACTION!
GARBC
IN!
Superb Romance!
Thrilling Drama!
Magnificent Girls!
THE GREATEST OF ALL SC
SP
John from Mary

IN the average household of fifty years ago there were no kickshaws served at the Christmas dinner to which Uncle George and Aunt Maggie—who always became tearful—were invited. To spoil the appetite for the *pièce de résistance* was rare.

Father, Mother, relations and progeny sat down at seven, or even earlier, well primed to tackle the turkey and trimmings straight away, for the midday meal had been of the scratch variety. Even in those times the servants were given some consideration and the staff were accorded their innings of chicken and pudding, previously stirred by all the household, at one o'clock or thereabouts.

The pangs of hunger in the dining room took some appeasing, and Bessie, the parlourmaid, assisted on this occasion by the housemaid, were kept busy handing empty plates to Father for just one more helping.

The pudding arrived encircled in blue flames and grew small by degrees and beautifully less. Stilton cheese followed, declined by the younger generation, who were reserving themselves for dessert.

And what a dessert! A luscious pineapple, apples, oranges, pears, almonds and raisins, figs, nuts, and those lovely crystallised fruits raised a problem. The juvenile spirit was willing, but capacity was limited by the time that the servants had seen the first crackers pulled and retired, bearing with them some of the dessert and three glasses of port for kitchen consumption, for Cook expected—and enjoyed—her glass of port quite as much as the Master, who would then—" It's only once a year, Mother "—also pour from the heavily cut decanter some of the " rare old fruity " for the children to imbibe.

Can it be wondered that the family doctor, like the little man in the modern song, " had a busy day " during the Christmas holidays fifty years ago?

But, health permitting, there were other delights in store.. Except for the unco guid who regarded the theatre as the gates of Hell, there was the annual visit to the pantomime, the whole pantomime and nothing but the pantomime.

Peter Pan had not been born and those anæmic " plays for children " which crop up annually nowadays were still in the womb of Time. But what a choice of pantomimes was there with seven to be sampled in 1884!

Chief among them was the spectacular display at Old Drury, where Manager Gus 'Arris was staging *Dick Whittington* with Fanny Leslie as the pert principal boy, Charles Lawrie the agile cat, those inseparable Drury Lane comedians, Harry Nicholls and Herbert Campbell, to sing their topical duet, and Harry Payne as clown in a harlequinade even then shorn of its ancient glories.

Farther afield was the Grand at Islington, where Harry Randall used to draw the town, and the genuine old-fashioned panto at the Surrey with George Conquest—was there ever so fearsome a giant?—as the presiding genius; Mrs. Lane at Hoxton's " Brit " did not rely entirely upon East End patronage, while at Covent Garden Mr. William Holland—he of the waxed moustachios—combined a pantomime, *St. George and the Dragon*, with a circus, to the disgust of Mr. Sanger, who relied entirely upon the sawdust ring to attract custom.

* * *

YES, fifty years ago the Christmas dinner and visits to the pantomime were family affairs. Nowadays Father and Mother, with or without the Child, dine in a restaurant in company with strangers on Christmas Day, and, later, prefer to send the offspring to a cinema or a pantomime with nurse, while they patronise musical comedy or revue and finish up dancing at a night club.

THE Duke and Duchess of York. Their wedding was the first for two and a half centuries in which a prince, in direct succession to the Throne, had received the King's consent to his marriage with a subject. (Bertram Park)

Royal Romances

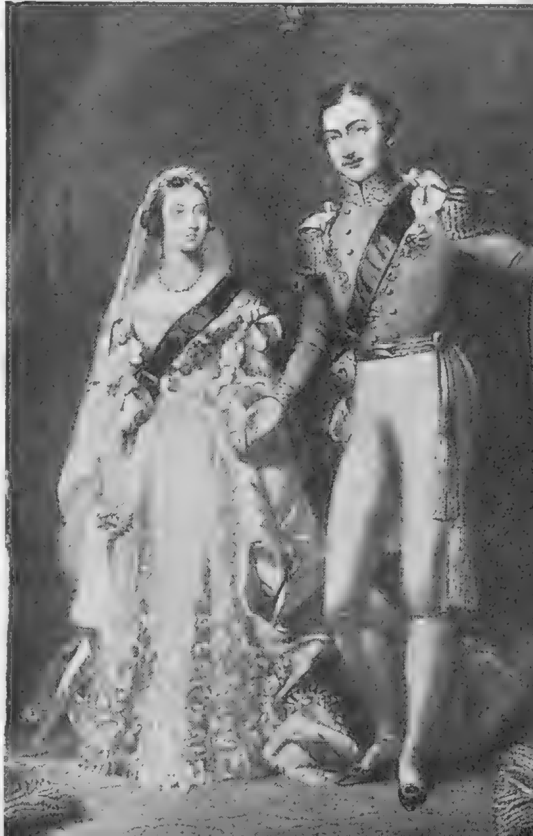
Romances Are Rare in the Walled Garden Where Those of the Blood Royal Must Seek Their Mates—but The George-Marina Wedding is a Reminder that Royal Love Matches Do Sometimes Occur Outside Ruritania—Even If a Lover Prince Has to Jump the Wall of Caste to Attain the Beloved

By Peter Forrest

IN the walled garden to which royalty is confined in its search for a life-mate, romance is elusive—so elusive that every now and then some royalty shocks his family and shakes the chancelleries by jumping over the garden wall. One may therefore ascribe a certain fairy-tale quality to the love match of the British Duke of Kent and the Greek Princess Marina without being guilty of an excess of sentimentality.

Commoners may marry whom they will (but even they can find that marrying out of their social class can carry perils and penalties); but it is not easy for even a British royalty, who is allowed considerable latitude (being now able to go outside the circle of the blood royal and choose a husband or wife from among the first three ranks of the nobility, dukes, marquises, and earls), to satisfy simultaneously the dictates of his heart and the provisions of the Royal Marriages Act.

Once upon a time two royal dukes, their graces of Cumberland and Gloucester, brothers of George III, followed the call of love in



QUEEN VICTORIA and the Prince Consort as they appeared on their return to Buckingham Palace after the wedding ceremony on Feb. 10th, 1840

THE King and Queen of the Belgians. They have been married eight years and their married life has been a romantic adventure

the direction, respectively, of a colonel's widow and an earl's widow. A scandalised king and parliament promptly clipped the wings of Cupid in royal circles for all time with the Act aforesaid, which subjects British princes and princesses in this marriage matter strictly to the will of the reigning sovereign or of parliament. The royal Duke of Suffolk was reminded of the existence of that Act two decades later when, being mad about the lovely Lady Murray, he married her. The House of Lords promptly nullified the marriage, and the unfortunate lovers could not do anything about it at all.

But even unions which can be aptly described as dynastical can blossom into love affairs. Consider the romance of Britain's greatest queen since Elizabeth sat on the throne. As a woman, Victoria may lack the glamour which enshrouds Cleopatra ; and no legend will ever endow Albert with the qualities which captivate the romantic imagination. Yet the marriage of these two blends into one of the world's moving love stories.

They were cousins. Statesmen desired their marriage. In every way the union of the (*Continued on page* 139)

PRINCE GEORGE and Princess Marina visiting the King and Queen, and the bride's father, Prince Nicholas of Greece, at Balmoral after the announcement of their engagement

Left :

PRINCE SIGVARD, grandson of the King of Sweden and of the Duke of Connaught, with his wife. They were married at Caxton Hall Register Office, London, in the name of Bernadotte

THE Duke and Duchess of Kent. An engagement portrait by Dorothy Wilding

She Married a Spaniard

The Drama of a Christmas Tree

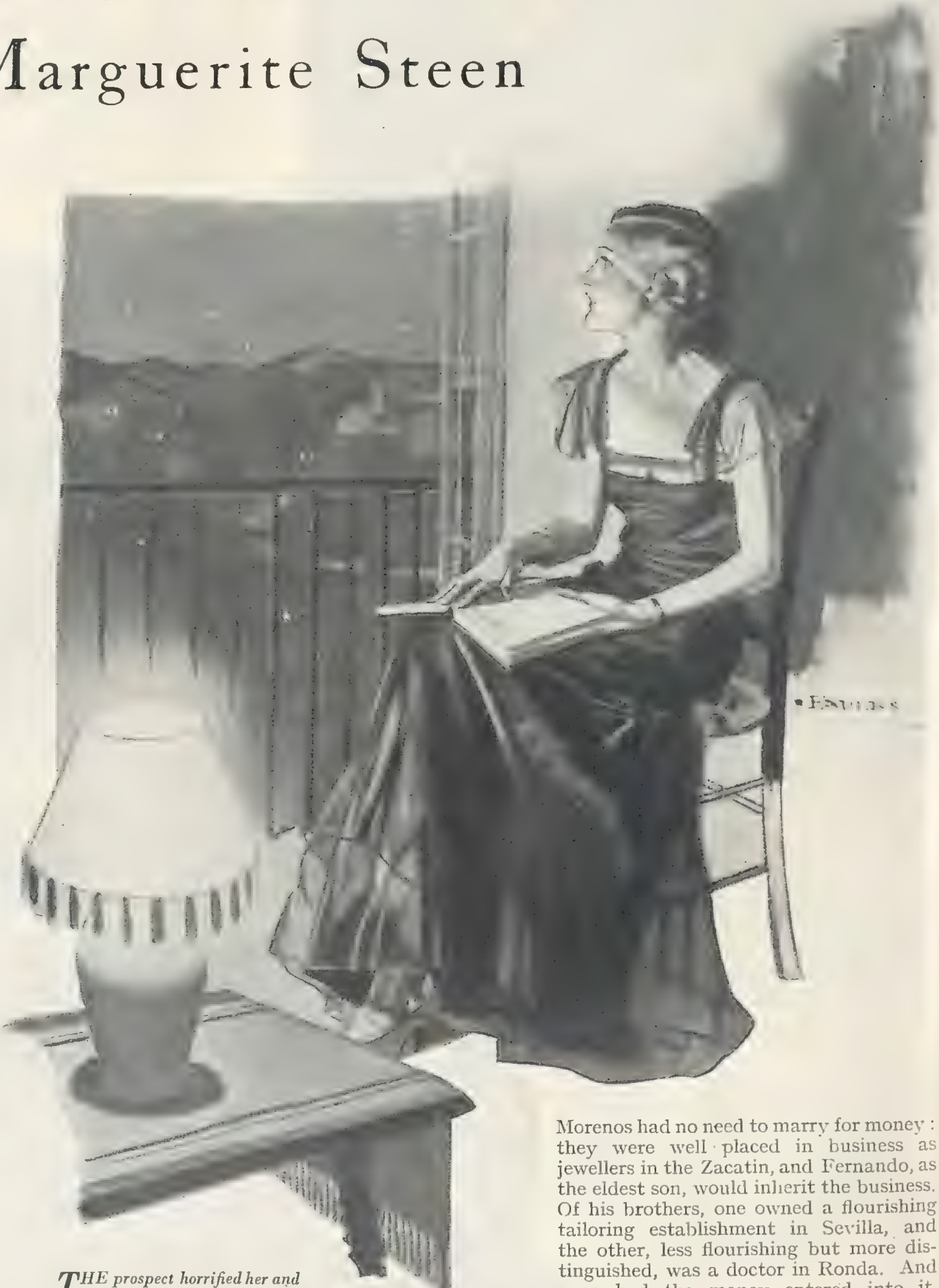
Illustrations by Jack M. Faulks

By Marguerite Steen

THE women of Don Fernando Moreno's family said that he was miserable because he had married an English wife. They despised her because she read books, was not lazy, preferred two cigarettes a day to a pound of chocolates, and, in spite of having borne two children, kept her figure. They also sneered because she would try to make Fernando talk to her about his business and about politics—as though a woman had anything to do with those! A wife like that was a bore, and Fernando was to be pitied.

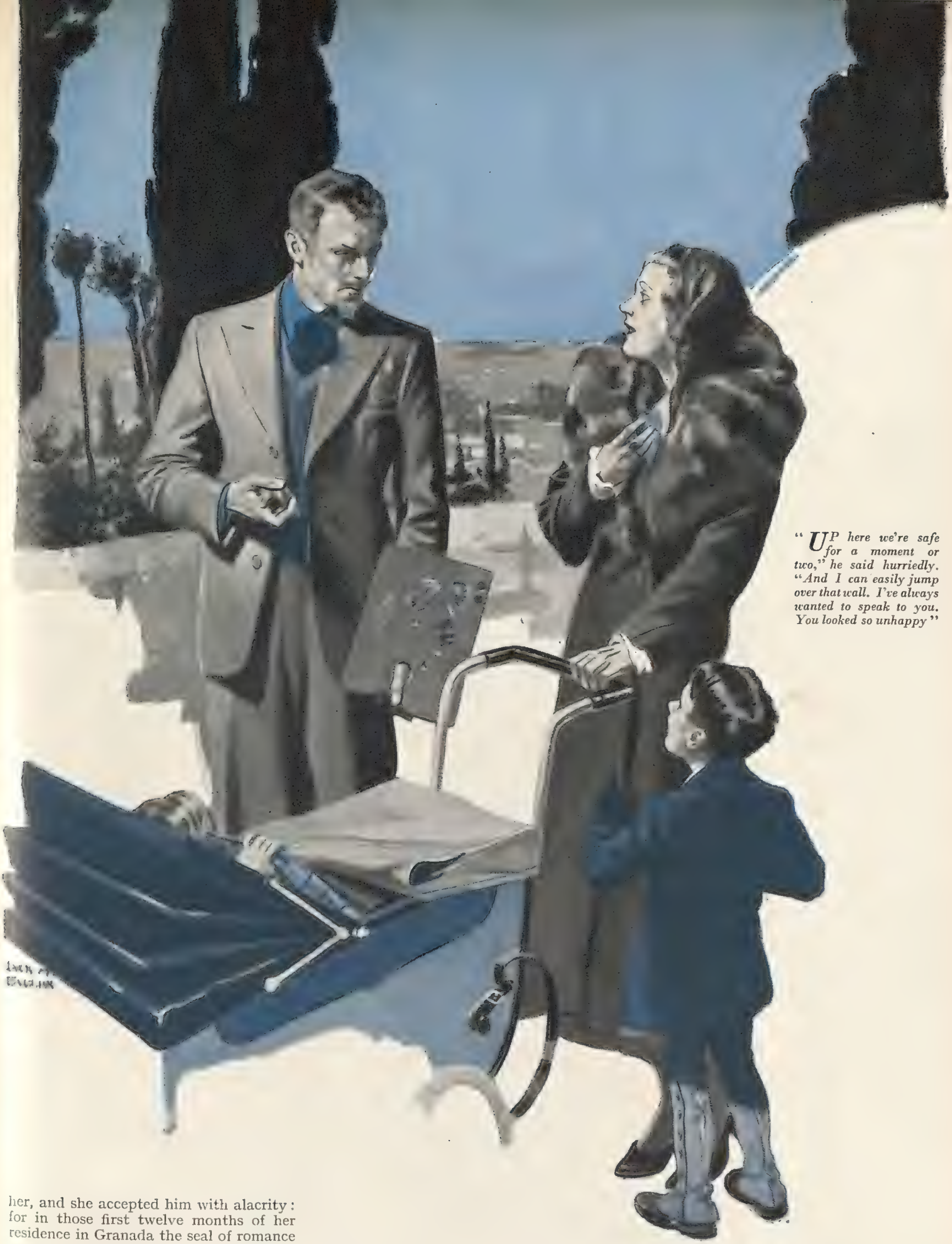
They were not quite right about Fernando. He was not precisely miserable, but there were days when he felt he had bitten off a bigger chunk than he could chew.

He had not proposed marriage to the pretty English girl without grave consideration, or without consulting his confessor. Since the *Inglesa* was a Catholic, the priest made no demur, beyond pointing out that which Fernando already realised—the gulf that separates the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon temperaments. Fernando had worried about that, and about the fact that his prospective fiancée was penniless—a matter which would certainly prejudice the minds of her relations-in-law against her. Anna Walpole (barbarous syllables for the Spanish tongue to compass!) had come to Granada as governess to a rich Spanish family, being an orphan, with no family of her own. In Fernando's eyes the latter advantage more than compensated for the former disadvantage; one would not be troubled with awkward English relations popping over and disturbing one's household with their peculiar and often indecent ideas. As for the money, the Morenos had no need to marry for money: they were well placed in business as jewellers in the Zacatin, and Fernando, as the eldest son, would inherit the business. Of his brothers, one owned a flourishing tailoring establishment in Sevilla, and the other, less flourishing but more distinguished, was a doctor in Ronda. And even had the money entered into it, thought Fernando, with a sudden burst of ardour, he would not have allowed that to interfere between him and his passion for Anna.



THE prospect horrified her and drove her to her books. She was terribly lonely, and, for the first time, terribly miserable

So it came to pass that he proposed to



"UP here we're safe for a moment or two," he said hurriedly. "And I can easily jump over that wall. I've always wanted to speak to you. You looked so unhappy"

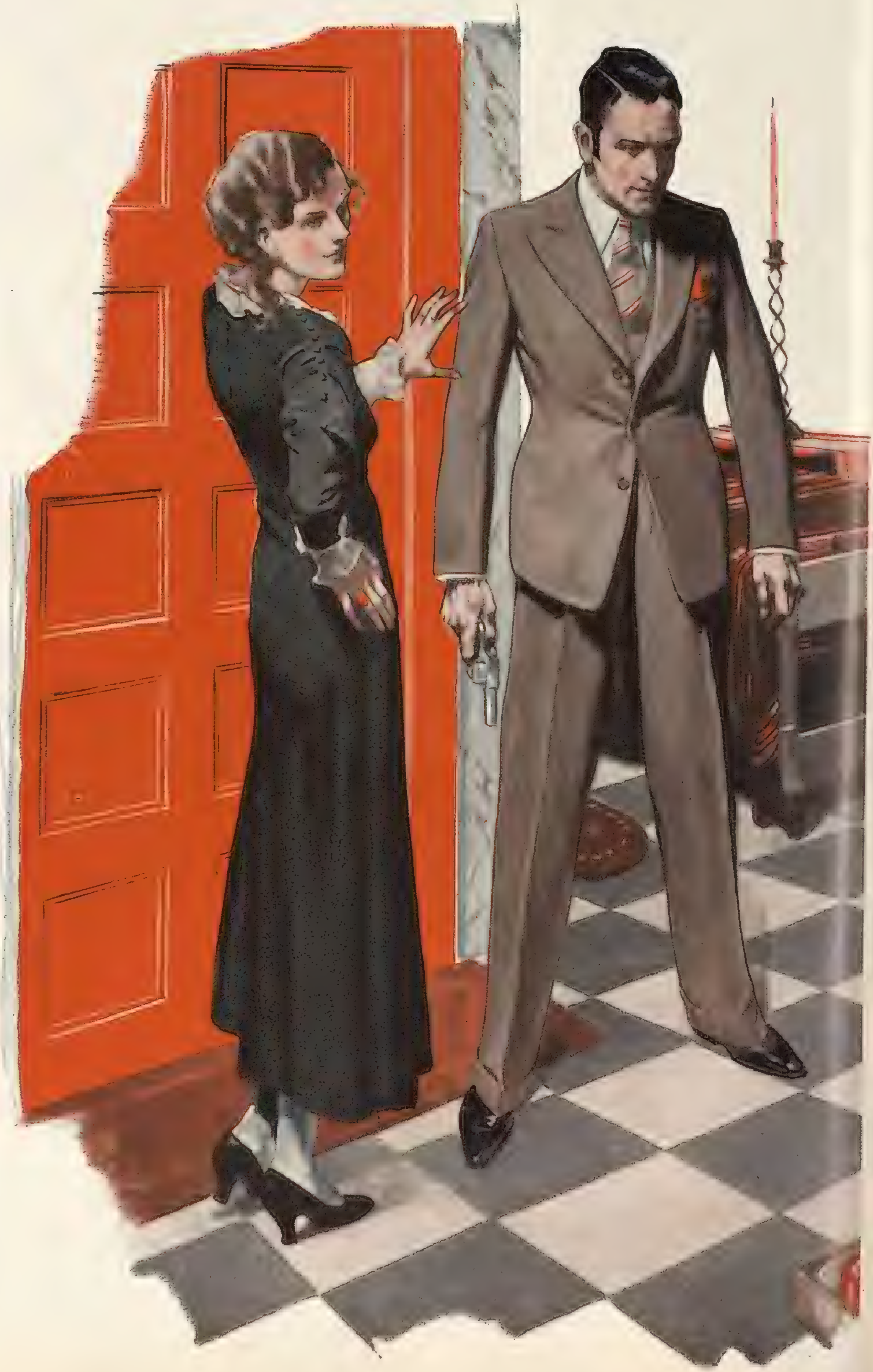
her, and she accepted him with alacrity: for in those first twelve months of her residence in Granada the seal of romance was upon her eyelids, and to marry a Spaniard seemed the very height of bliss. Especially such a Spaniard as Fernando, true Andalucian, *de cepa pura*, twenty-eight years old (which is late for a Spaniard to marry), good-looking, distinguished, with that loftiness of bearing that marks the older families. It did not matter to Anna that he was a tradesman, although her own people came of the professional classes; she had the sense to see that a town like Granada has an aristocracy of its own, in spite of the republic and the extirpation of blue blood. She visualised nights of flamenco, social gatherings in the patios, flirtations (with Fernando) across the café tables, evening strolls in the Alhambra, with the song of the nightingales to add zest to Fernando's passion. She should not have been such a fool, for she had lived in a Spanish family long enough to have found out that life is not like that—for Spanish women.

Let it be said that, to begin with, Fernando let her down lightly. Beyond getting her with child at the first opportunity, he was very easy with her. He saw—without approving—the latitude English husbands allowed to their women, and thought what fools they were. But he made no trouble about taking her to the theatre, arranging expeditions, buying her drinks at the cafés; and he pretended, at first, not to notice the attention she unwittingly drew upon herself, with her dazzling English complexion, her beautiful corn-coloured hair and her ready, almost child-like, smile. Were not these qualities which had conquered himself? It was reasonable—although not agreeable—that others should be attracted by them. He took pride in the way she wore the mantilla, and compared—tactlessly—her style of dressing with that of his female relatives. His comparisons did not stop short at fashions; he said flatly that beside her his sisters and cousins looked like stuffed bolsters, which was true. He made her countless presents of jewellery, and to please him she wore them, although she once remarked gently that in England it was not considered good taste to do one's morning shopping in diamond rings. Fernando replied with equal gentleness that she was not in England now, but in Granada; and she kissed him, and said she didn't mind advertising the business, and would do exactly as he wished. They were charming to one another.

SHORTLY after her first baby was born she happened to remark that she would like him to take her to the new café on the Gran Via, which was making a brave stand for modernism in the name of the Hollywood Bar; but he evaded the request for some reason or other and she did not press it. Another night, when there was a flamenco concert at the Isabella la Catolica theatre, he told her regretfully he had already made up a party with *los amigos*, and when she cheerfully suggested that in that case he might purchase a box for her and some of his relations, he told her she was not yet strong enough to go out in the evenings.

She had learnt during her engagement that she was not expected to walk alone in the streets, and during the first year of their married life, when Fernando escorted her everywhere, she found this very pleasant; but later, when she was thrown for companionship on one of her sisters-or cousins-in-law, it bored her very much, and she took to spending more and more time in the house or in the patio, trying to play with her baby, which was considered, she found, a very suitable and sufficient occupation—in addition to churchgoing—for a young married woman.

During the dullness of that second year she found herself again with child, and



as this seemed as good a way as any of passing time, she made no demur. But something went wrong that time and she was told there would be no more babies; and while glad, in a way, to be delivered from the clockwork necessity of childbearing that Spanish wives accept as their natural lot, she began to wonder how the days were to be filled.

There were too many women in the household—apart from the servants—to provide her with any domestic occupation, and she made the discovery that she was expected to sit as they did, hour after hour, gossiping and scandalising behind the *rejas*, sucking boiled sweets or chocolates; to share Fernando's siesta, and then to see nothing further of him until he came home at three or four in the morning.

The prospect horrified her, and drove her to her books. She was terribly lonely, and, for the first time, terribly miserable. By the time the babies were toddling she had learned a sad philosophy. She gathered from household gossip—which no one troubled to keep from her, because she was a fool, and had brought on herself, with her reading and her officious intrusions into subjects not fitted for her, whatever ills came her way—that Fernando had a mistress and a family outside the casa; but as this did not interfere with his unfailing though unintelligent kindness to her, she did not feel it her right to complain.

SHE had taken the two babies toddling up the Alhambra hill. Of course a servant went with them, ostensibly to push the perambulator, but actually to act as *dueña* to the party; and for the moment Anna had disposed of her by sending her with a note to the British Vice-Consulate. These people were her only English acquaintances, but even with them Anna could not capture any feeling of her own country. Lifelong residence in Granada had so influenced the vice-consular family that they were, to Anna, the same as Spaniards. Still, she would ask them to tea, and talk a little about English clothes and theatres, as they had just returned from a visit to London.

And while Pepita was gone on her errand, the thing she had always longed for, and subconsciously expected, happened.

The young artist who for a week had been working on the Campo de los Martires lifted his head, twinkled at her with eyes so blue, so young and English, that Anna's heart slipped a beat, and remarked:

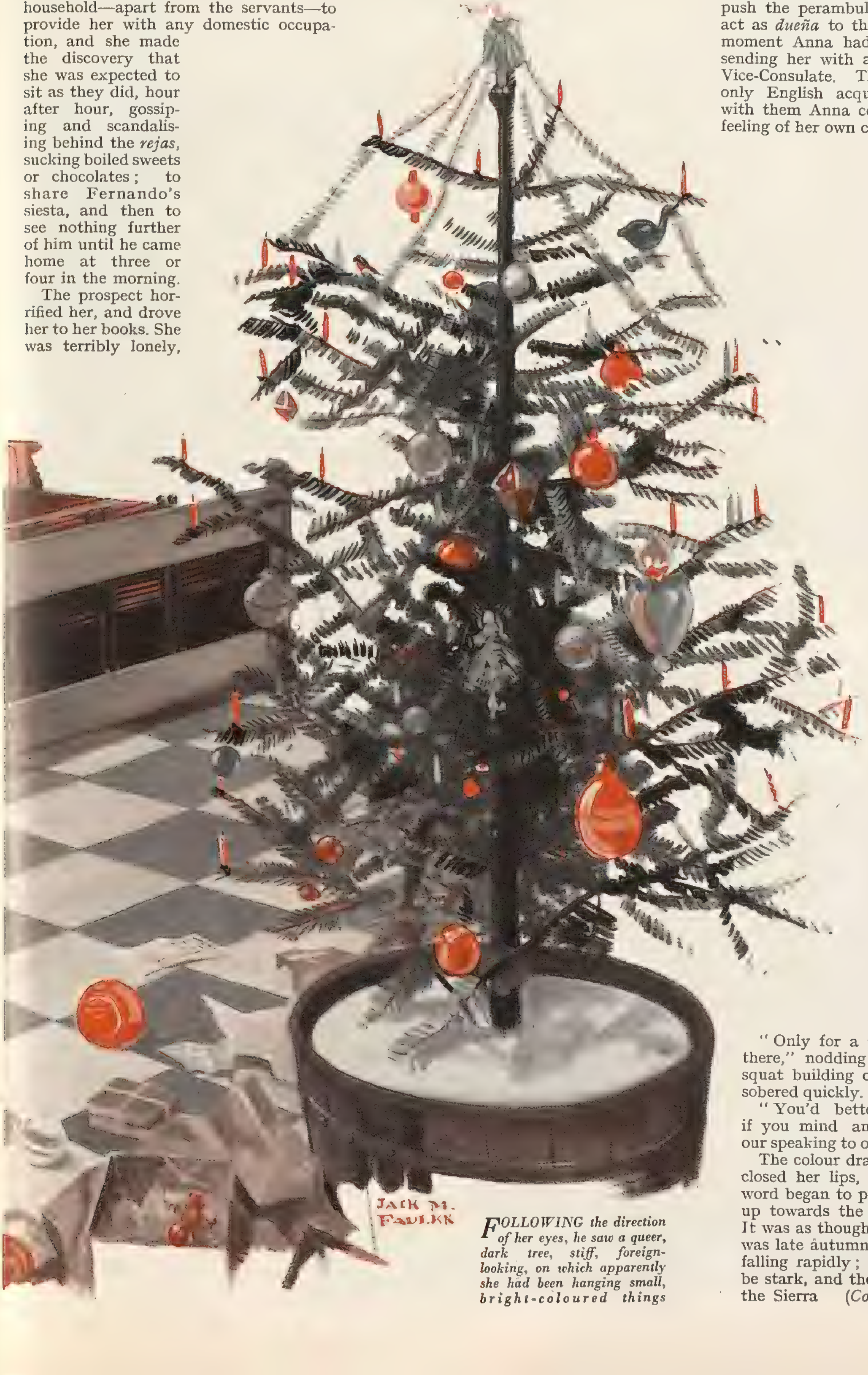
"So you've got rid of the police escort, for once!"

She felt the blood run up her cheeks and wished that she had been wearing a hat, instead of the ridiculous scrap of black lace that lent no shadow to her eyes and cheeks. Words—English words—gushed to her lips, yet when she tried to use them her tongue felt stiff, unaccustomed. Her fingers clenched themselves on the handle of the perambulator.

"Only for a moment—she is over there," nodding down towards the squat building of the consulate. He sobered quickly.

"You'd better look out—that is, if you mind anyone knowing about our speaking to one another."

The colour drained itself away; she closed her lips, and without another word began to push the perambulator up towards the end of the Martires. It was as though the sun went in. It was late autumn, and the leaves were falling rapidly; soon the trees would be stark, and there would be snow on the Sierra (*Continued on page* 128)



FOLLOWING the direction of her eyes, he saw a queer, dark tree, stiff, foreign-looking, on which apparently she had been hanging small, bright-coloured things

A Globe-trotting Special Correspondent records some of the very Famous People he has interviewed

“Off the

*Q*UEEN MARIE OF ROUMANIA, *the most beautiful and glamorous Queen fortunate newspapermen have met*

*M*R. RAMSAY MACDONALD. *The Prime Minister is not beloved of reporters*

*P*RESIDENT ROOSEVELT. *He knows the value of publicity, and he knows how to talk to the newspaperman*

JOVIAL Mr. Roosevelt sat in his study in the Capitol at Albany; he had already been elected President of the United States, but it was etiquette to call him “ Governor ” instead of “ Mr. President,” because he was still Governor of the State.

Handsome, smiling, affectionate in his manner, Mr. Roosevelt sat in his small study, the walls covered with pictures of sailing vessels, because the water is his hobby; during the World War he was Secretary of the Navy—and it was the water which is held responsible for the tragedy of his life. A yacht he was sailing capsized, and he was flung into the icy waters, and the result was infantile paralysis. The President's legs are shrunken and crippled, and he has to wear a surgical apparatus; he cannot raise his feet more than a few inches from the ground; in every house in which the President lives, be it the White House, or his private house in New York

Record"

HERBERT C. HOOVER, ex-President of the U.S.A.

THE late King Albert of Belgium

THE late " Silent Cal " Coolidge. He was noted for his economy of words and for his succinct replies to the questions of persistent newspapermen

By Harry J. Greenwall

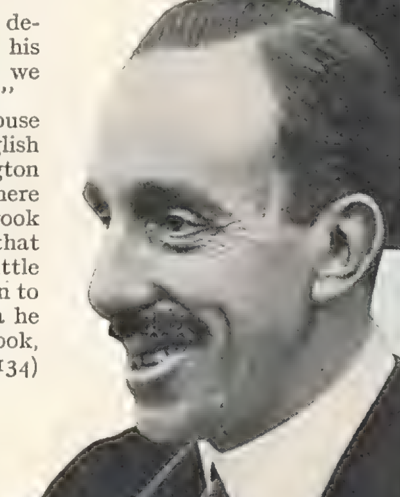
City, or his mother's house at Hyde Park, or his villa in the south, there have to be lifts and ramps to avoid steps. When Mr. Roosevelt stands one hand has to rest on a firm support and the other to hold on to somebody's arm, and yet, talking to this Adonis of a man, who would realise the perpetual physical fight he has to wage ? Just like Viscount Snowden.

Having interviewed my way around the world, I look back with particular delight to my conversations with the present President of the United States. He knows the value of publicity, and he knows how to talk to the newspapermen. When he is talking "off the record," as he calls it, Mr. Roosevelt can be very frank indeed. When we were talking in the Capitol Mr. Roosevelt asked me searching questions about conditions in England. " And how is dear ld Birmingham ? " he queried. I have heard Birmingham called many things, but never quite that.

Then I asked him : " When is depression going to end ? " He threw his hands up high and exclaimed : " If we knew that we could all make money."

Some months later in the White House President Roosevelt received the English journalists who were visiting Washington with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. "Is there anybody here from the Beaverbrook Press ? " he asked. He was assured that there was not. " Then I can tell a little story," said Mr. Roosevelt, and went on to relate that when travelling in Canada he came to a little place called Beaverbrook, and he asked an (*Continued on page* 134)

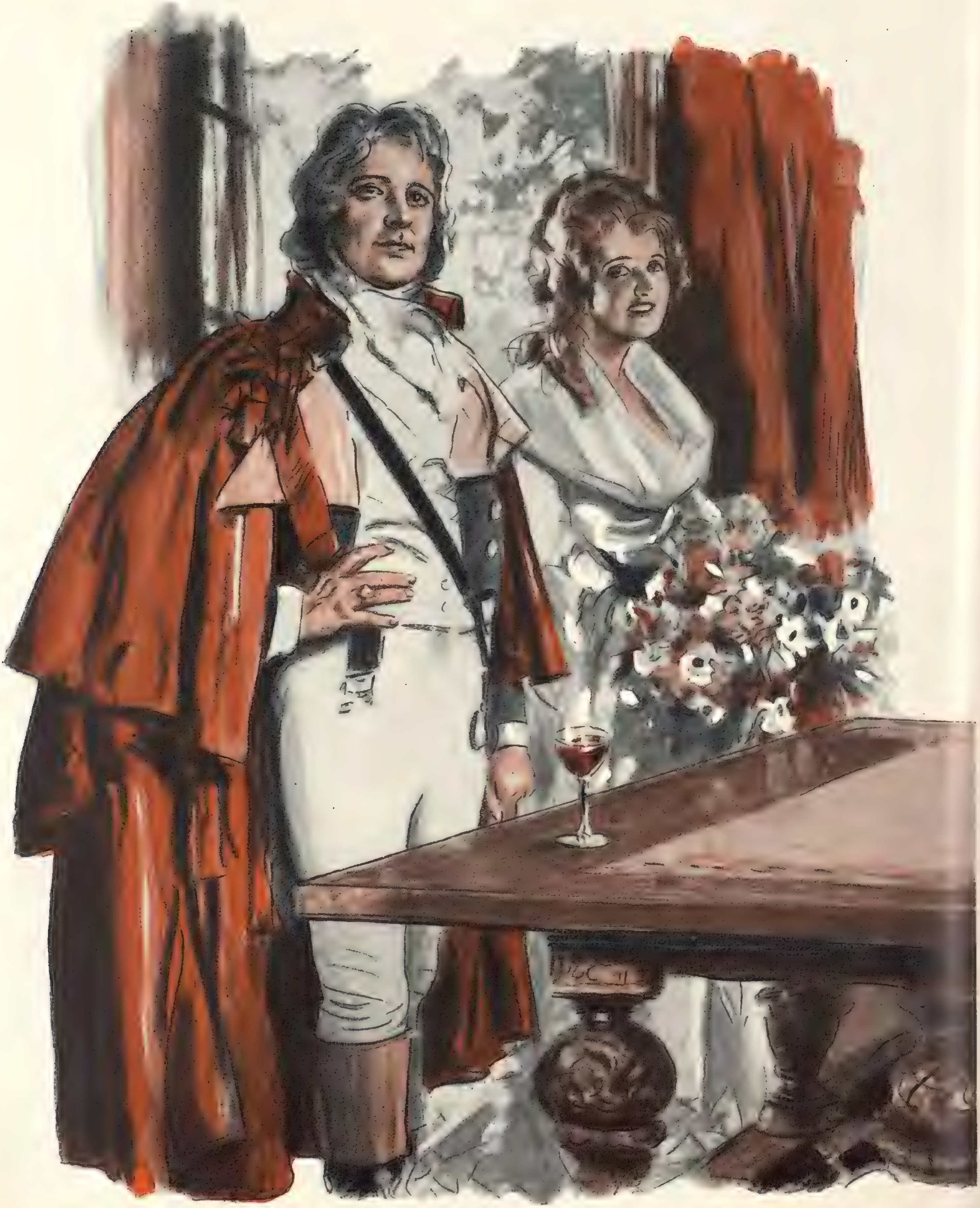
THE " Tiger," the late M. Clemenceau, the greatest of France's war-time politicians



KING ALFONSO of Spain, who was interviewed by the author of this article

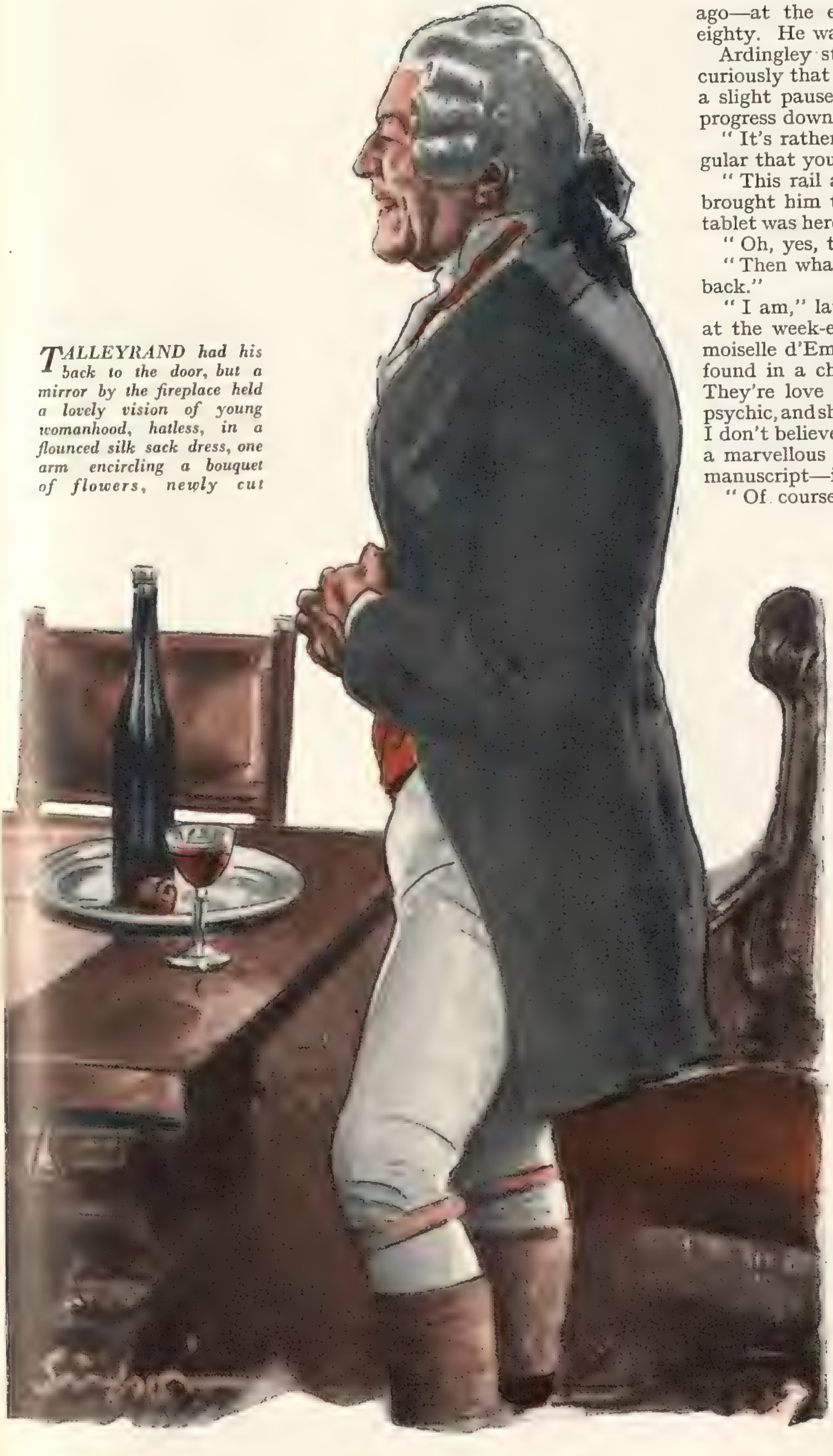
The Lilac Room

Illustrated by Joseph Simpson, R.B.A.



A Love Story of Talleyrand

By Cecil Roberts



TALLEYRAND had his back to the door, but a mirror by the fireplace held a lovely vision of young womanhood, hatless, in a flounced silk sack dress, one arm encircling a bouquet of flowers, newly cut

Prologue

GEOFFREY CHARLTON had lunched pleasantly with his host, Captain Ardingley, at the Travellers' Club, that slice of a club-house wedged in between the grave Athenæum and the more worldly Reform Club. As they descended the staircase towards Ardingley's car waiting in the Pall Mall, Geoffrey Charlton's hand, sliding down a rail, touched a small brass tablet with an inscription. It recorded that the rail had been placed there for the use of the Prince de Talleyrand, Ambassador of France to Great Britain 1830-34.

"A funny thing," observed Charlton. "I've just been reading a life of that old boy. He left England just a hundred years ago—at the end of his ambassadorship here, when he was eighty. He was a member of this club."

Ardingley stopped on the stairs and looked at his guest so curiously that Charlton wondered what was in his mind. After a slight pause Ardingley gave a short laugh and resumed his progress down the stairs.

"It's rather singular, if you only knew," he replied. "Singular that you should have mentioned Talleyrand."

"This rail and the fact that I finished the book yesterday brought him to mind," explained Charlton. "You knew this tablet was here?"

"Oh, yes, though I'd forgotten; but it isn't that."

"Then what? You look as if you were holding something back."

"I am," laughed Ardingley. "When you come down to us at the week-end you'll meet my wife's French cousin, Mademoiselle d'Emboise. She showed us yesterday a box of letters found in a chateau they bought some time ago, near Autun. They're love letters, over a hundred years old. My cousin's psychic, and she's reconstructed the whole story from those letters. I don't believe in all this psychic stuff, but I will say she's made a marvellous story out of them. I'll get her to lend you the manuscript—if you're interested."

"Of course. But I don't quite follow. What has it to do with Talleyrand?" asked Charlton as they passed into the street.

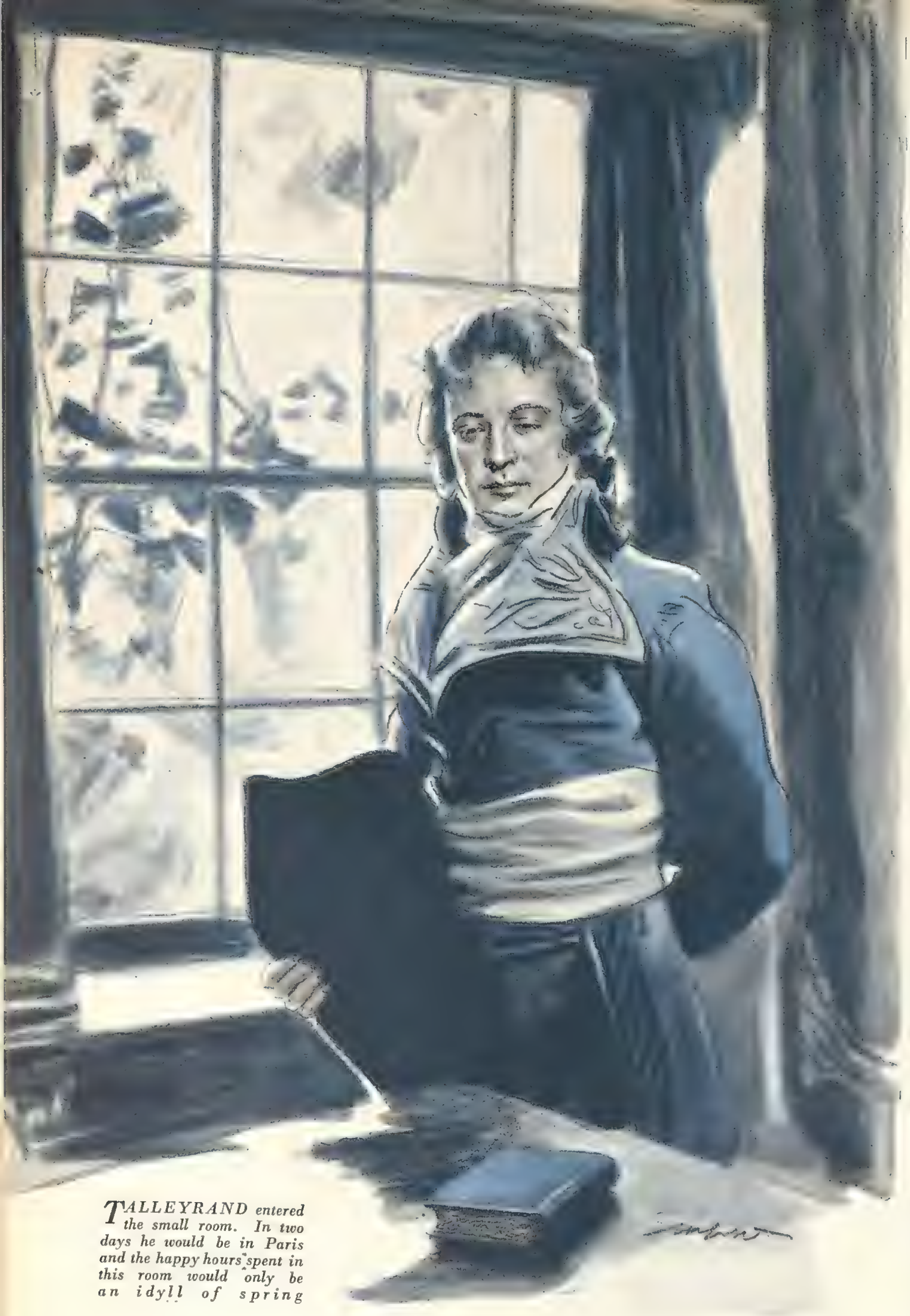
"What an idiot I am! Why, the whole point is that she swears they're Talleyrand's letters. If she's right, then the story behind the letters shows how nearly the history of Europe might have changed. You know the old saying, 'If Cleopatra's nose had been half an inch longer'? Well, if the lady of the letters had taken a chance Wellington might never had been at Waterloo, or Napoleon at Moscow and St. Helena. But my cousin will explain. I'm no great shakes at history."

GEOFFREY CHARLTON, on holiday from his post as First Secretary in the British Embassy at Paris, passed a very pleasant week-end with the Ardingleys. Mrs. Ardingley had always had his admiration, but her cousin outshone her in charm and vivacity. Mademoiselle d'Emboise was a little shy of him at first. He was introduced to her on the lawn of "Swallows," Ardingley's house in Surrey, and found her to be a pretty, dark-eyed young woman of twenty-six. They talked much of France, and Charlton's passion for French history was fanned by her quick intelligence and knowledge. He mentioned the book on Talleyrand he had just finished reading, having in mind what his host had told him; but, to his disappointment, Mademoiselle d'Emboise did not say anything about the discovery.

"You must show Geoffrey the letters," said Ardingley.

"And I'd like to read the story I hear you've written," said Charlton. "Charles Maurice de Talleyrand-Périgord, the man who knew Pitt, Franklin, Louis XVI, Napoleon, Wellington, Palmerston, Madame de Staël, Madame Dubarry. What a man!"

"What an old villain!" laughed Ardingley. "You remember what Napoleon said to him:



TALLEYRAND entered the small room. In two days he would be in Paris and the happy hours spent in this room would only be an idyll of spring

'You are a coward, a traitor, a thief, you do not even believe in God. You have betrayed and deceived everybody. You would sell even your own father!' There's a character for you!"

"Pot calling the kettle—no, I won't admit he was even the kettle—he was a great patriot," retorted Charlton.

Mademoiselle d'Emboise's dark eyes flashed with smiling approval, and she clapped her hands ecstatically.

"Bravo!" she cried. "You are right, Mr. Charlton; you shall see the letters, and if you really want to, you can read my story—very badly written, let me warn you."

"On that you must let me form my own judgment," said Charlton. "Of one thing I'm sure, it cannot be dull," he added, gallantly, encouraged by her look.

HE thought she had forgotten her promise, and was about to remind her as they were on the point of retiring for the night, when Mademoiselle d'Emboise left the room for a moment and returned with a packet of letters and a manuscript book.

"Here are the letters—they were found in a cupboard which had been boarded up. When we took the Château de Vezelais, near Autun, and had the electric light put in, the workmen discovered the cupboard. There was an old metal box in it, and a pair of leather riding gloves. The gloves were rotten and fell to pieces," said Mademoiselle d'Emboise. "But you can imagine the excitement the box caused—it was locked, and we all had visions of wonderful jewels lying in it! Instead, this is what we found."

She untied a tape holding the packet of letters. The paper was dry and yellow, and the ink had faded to a light brown. The handwriting was in that fine Italian point still used sometimes by our grandmothers, who had inherited from a race of governesses the tradition of the Italian writing masters.

Charlton opened one of the letters. It was dated Autun, March, 1789. It began "Chère Lucille," and was signed "Charles M." There was no full name on any of the letters; many merely bore the initials "C-M."

Charlton examined them briefly.

"What makes you think they're from Talleyrand?" he asked, a little sceptically.

Mademoiselle d'Emboise smiled.

"Ah, like Henry!" she exclaimed. "He thinks I've forged them!"

"No—no! Don't say that, my dear!" protested Ardingley.

"I'm certain he wrote them," continued Adrienne d'Emboise. "His name was Charles-Maurice, and he was made Bishop of Autun in March, 1789, by Louis XVI, at the request of Talleyrand's father, who was dying. Louis didn't think he was suitable for a bishopric, but gave way. A few years before, the Countess de Brionne, an admirer, had had an intrigue with the King of Sweden to get Talleyrand a Cardinal's hat. You see, the date and the place coincide. He came to Autun from Paris for a month. He came because he wanted the votes of the local clergy to send him back to the General Assembly. As you know, that was the beginning of the end—the Revolution started in that Assembly, and Louis was doomed. But I don't depend on history for believing these letters are Talleyrand's, or because they're signed Charles-M."

Mademoiselle d'Emboise paused and looked at Charlton with a smile. "Helen and Henry laugh at me——"

"My dear——" began Mrs. Ardingley.

"Oh, yes, you do, darling, and Mr. Charlton'll laugh, but I'm quite sure these are Talleyrand's because of the lilacs."

"The lilacs?" queried Charlton.

Mademoiselle d'Emboise opened one of the numbered letters and pointed to a line on the yellow page.

"Votre petit salon, si douce avec des lilas," she read.

"Your little room so sweet with the lilacs," said Charlton, reading after her.

"I must explain why I am so certain," continued Mademoiselle d'Emboise. "There is a small room on the ground floor of the chateau. It opens on to the garden. It's a room we rarely use, but whenever we go into it, it smells of lilac blossom."

"Naturally," said Ardingley. "My

dear Adrienne—doesn't it look on to the garden? There's no mystery about that!"

"But there is a mystery," she replied, very earnest now. "There are no lilac trees in the garden, and in the depth of winter the scent of the lilacs in that room is quite overpowering. You see, he doesn't believe me!" exclaimed Adrienne d'Emboise to Charlton. "That's not all—I *know* that Talleyrand came to that room, that he experienced a crisis there. Don't you believe that a tremendous emotional experience leaves its impress behind on what we call erroneously the 'insensate' objects of this world?"

Her question was so earnest that Charlton, sceptical towards any manifestation of the occult, suppressed his dissent. But he was a poor hypocrite and Mademoiselle d'Emboise detected his incredulity at once.

"No, you don't!" she laughed. "Like Henry and Helen, you really think I'm mad! Well, will you read my reconstruction of the affair—and treat it as fiction if you like?"

"I'd be delighted and honoured,' replied Charlton.

She gave him the manuscript book.

"Since you're interested in Talleyrand, you'll be a good critic," she said.

"And a kind one!" replied Charlton, again marvelling at her extraordinary eyes, so dark and deep, and vivid with intelligence in a face of the simplest beauty.

"I don't ask for kindness—I am right or wrong, that is all. Good-night!" She gave him her hand, and a moment later had left the room with her hostess.

Ardingley said nothing for a few minutes, and helped himself to a nightcap, while Charlton glanced at the neat handwriting in the manuscript book.

"I don't want to seem rude—Adrienne's a charming girl, but I've no patience with all this psychic nonsense. Good heavens, how can a room go on smelling of lilacs for a hundred and fifty years?" exclaimed Ardingley. "And if it did, what of it?"

"But it's strange, in conjunction with the finding of those letters, and the sentence in them," said Charlton. "I'm as sceptical as anybody—but—— Oh, I don't know," he finished weakly, surprised to find himself defending Mademoiselle d'Emboise.

"Funny little girl!" commented Ardingley. "When she looks at you I'm dashed if you don't feel you've got to agree. A woman who can make you feel like that is a danger."

"If the story's half as attractive as she is, then——" Charlton broke off the sentence, surprised at himself. "Bed, I think?" he said hurriedly.

His host smiled. "Don't let Adrienne hypnotise you," he said, halfway up the stairs. Then, seeing Charlton's startled look. "Her story I mean!" he added.

CHARLTON was determined not to be hypnotised. As he undressed he was surprised at himself for defending her wild theory about the lilac room. No wonder Ardingley was so amused. There was an idiotic song he had heard recently in a music-hall: "Don't let the lady hoo-doo you," ran the refrain. He certainly would not let any lady hoo-doo him. He would read the story in the most critical spirit.

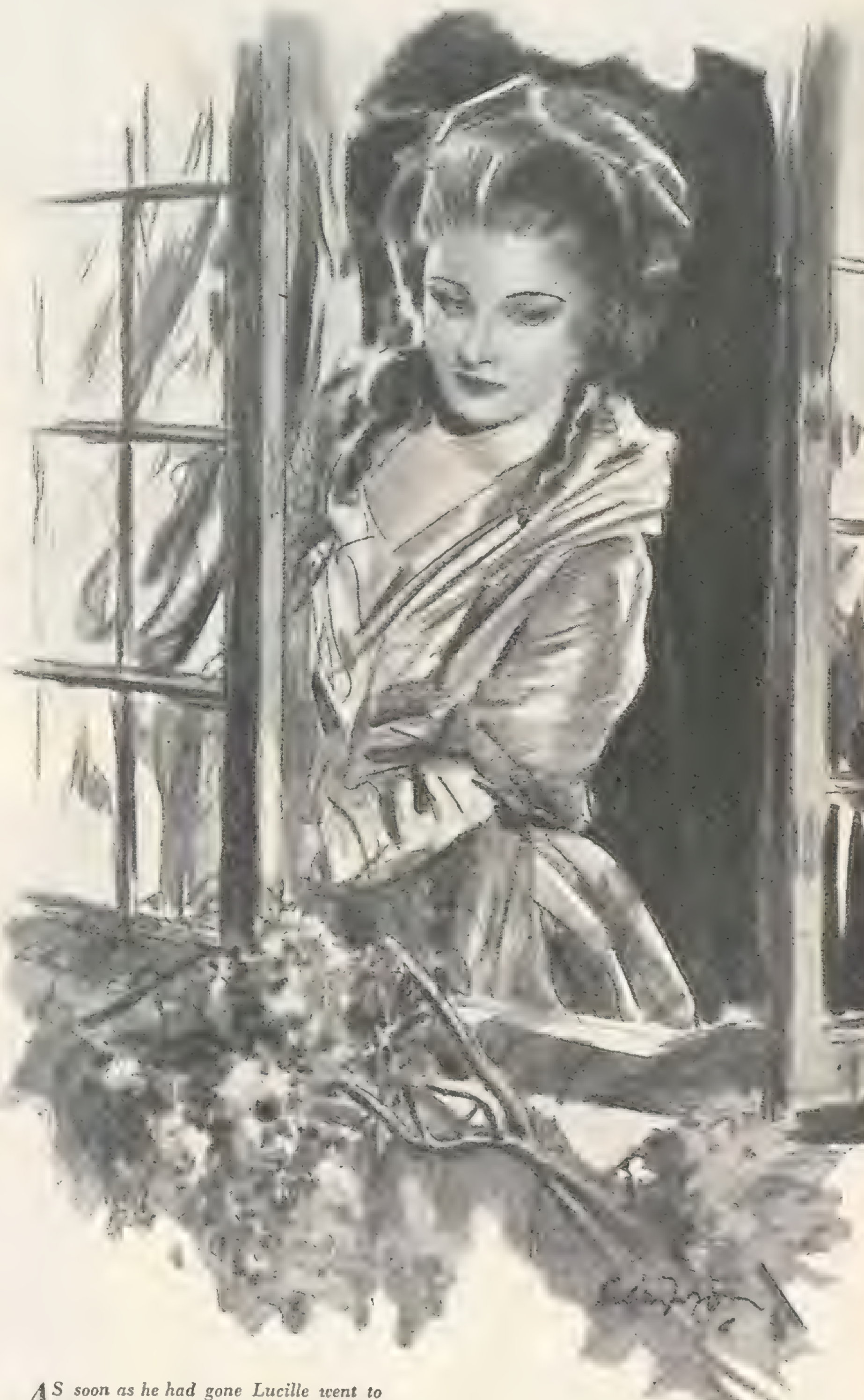
Charlton enjoyed reading in bed. Through the open window he heard the owl's menacing night call. The lamp at his elbow threw a soft light over his shoulder. He began to read.

THE plains of Burgundy have raised other things besides brave soldiers and famous wines. They are rich in lovely cathedrals, whether of Sens, where ill-fated Thomas à Becket was once Bishop, or of Auxerre, with noble doors facing the Place, or of Autun, where a Duke of Burgundy, in the twelfth century, conceived the notion of building a cathedral worthy of the body of St. Lazare.

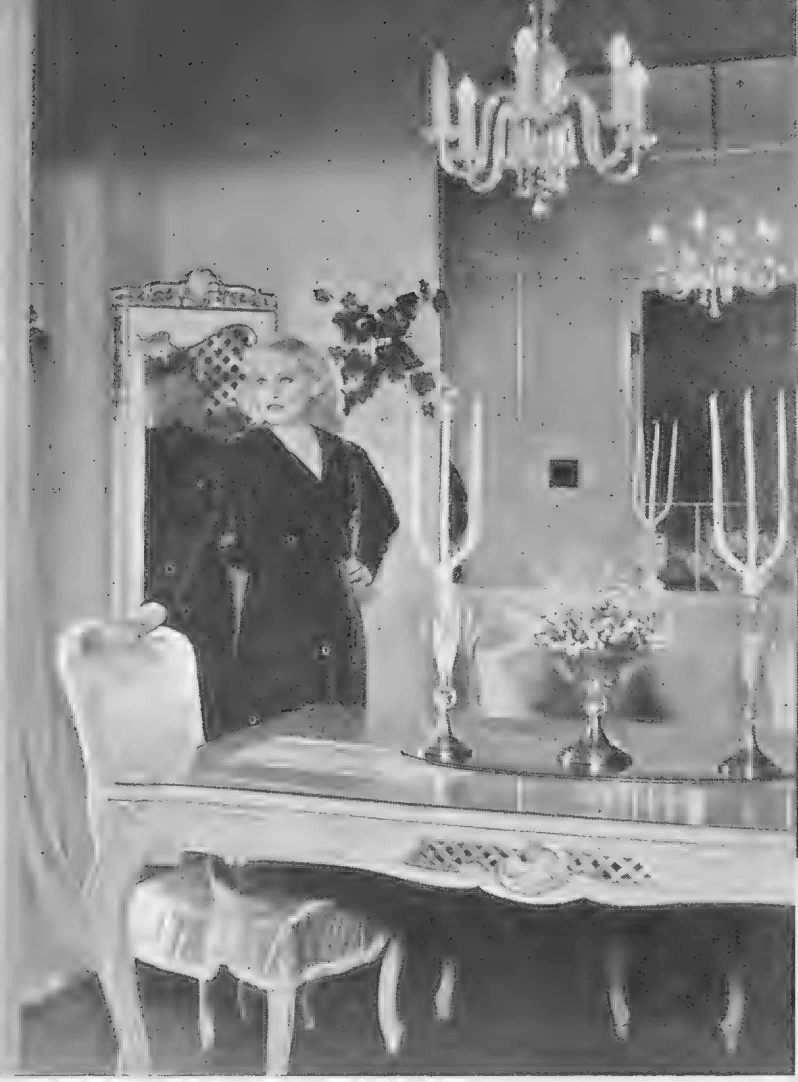
Lucille de Vezelais, the twenty-year-old daughter of the Count de Vezelais, who had lived at the Chateau of Vezelais on the outskirts of the town, could hardly see the high altar where the new bishop was being enthroned. There had been so much talk concerning him that her mind was more on the man than on the solemn ceremony at which the clergy were officiating. A moment came, as the concluding procession passed down the nave, when she caught a glimpse of the new bishop. They said he was thirty-five, but as he passed she was surprised to see how young he looked. Despite the gorgeous vestments, and the severe expression with which he made his way behind the processional choir, and the great Cross borne before him, he did not seem a year older than twenty-five.

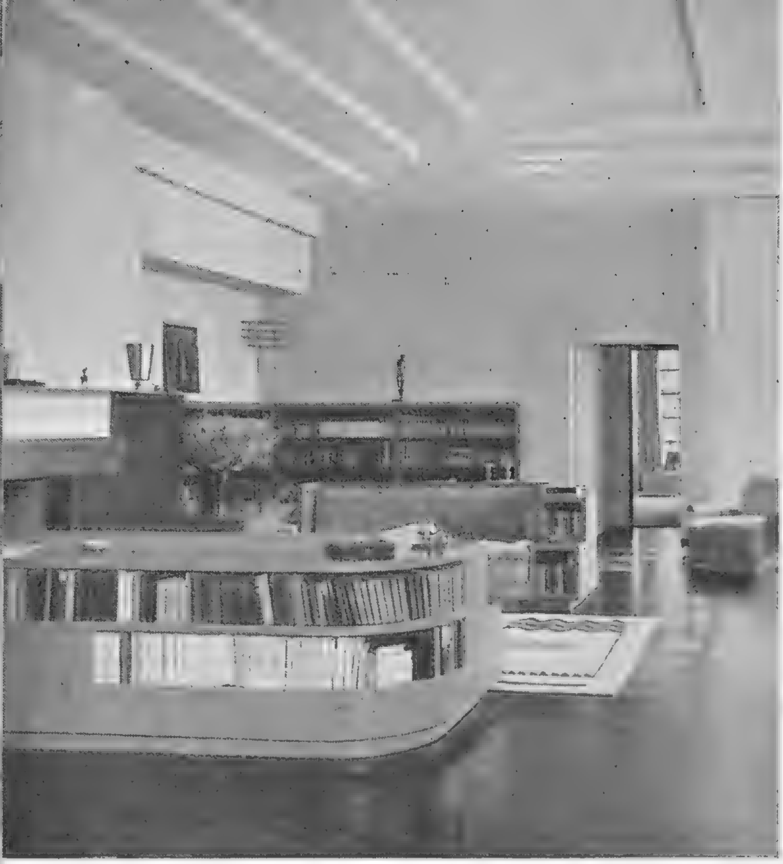
The eyes of young Bishop Talleyrand swept the congregation as he passed, and the severity of his face was belied by their uneasy expression. Doubtless he knew that

(*Continued on page* 110)



AS soon as he had gone Lucille went to her room, and stood at her window, watching, with burning cheeks, the figure of their visitor recede down the drive





THE main room, drawing-room and library combined, in Dolores Del Rio's new house in Hollywood. The colour scheme is Venetian red and buff with a black floor

MAE WEST at home in her Louis XV flat at Hollywood. Many mirrors, much gilding, tremendous luxury distinguish this flat, which will remain Miss West's home until the house she is having built out Beverly Hills way is ready for occupation

Hollywood's Glass Houses

Inside *the* Homes *of the* Film Stars

By Margaret Chute

DINING, lunching, buffet-breakfasting, or playing tennis with the Film Famous, a feeling always persists in my mind that they are living in glass houses. Those spots of concentrated luxury might just as well be completely walled with glass—as one of them is, on the side removed from the public gaze.

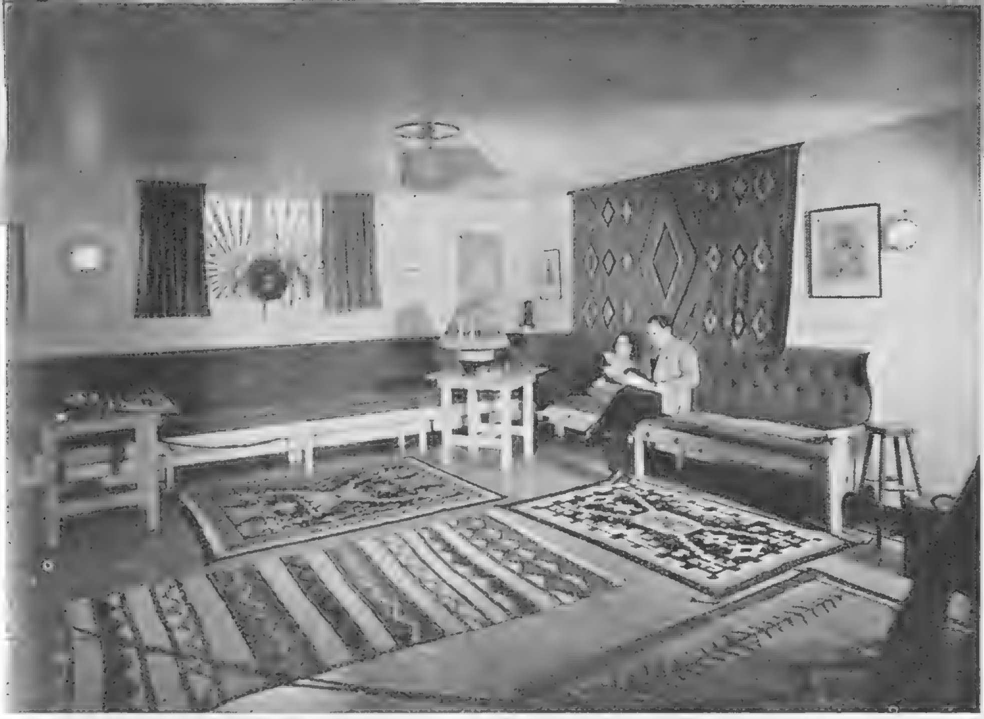
The scorching searchlight of publicity rips plaster from patient framework, exposing the fact that Robert Montgomery takes his daily bath in an apartment ablaze with blue and mauve tiles, that Mae West never sleeps in anything but flesh-pink satin sheets, that Norma Shearer has white venetian blinds to every window and likes yellow tiling in her kitchen, while Clark Gable has a passion for clocks, and insists that at least one finds a place in every room in his house.

These highly paid personages cannot eat their morning grape-fruit without some reporter popping a head over the patio wall, or a sleuth from the studio's energetic publicity department arriving with a camera-man, "just to get a quick flash of you enjoying your morning coffee, Mr. Beery!" A few days later, the world knows that Wally Beery eats his first meal of the day off a green table, in a green-and-gold tiled patio, using a green glass holder for his grape-fruit, and green and yellow porcelain for his coffee. Who says those walls are not made of glass?

I was having lunch with Mr. and Mrs. James Cagney when a questionnaire arrived from the studio, planned to cover every aspect of a star's existence. We read it through, and Jim Cagney, who has a great sense of the ludicrous, proceeded to invent names of weird Russian novelists as being the authors whose works he most admired. A list of said "works" then followed, also imaginary. He found a string of artists, too, whose paintings have a permanent place in the Cagney Art Gallery; and as for the tailors who make the best clothes in the world, in his opinion, that list ran on for a paragraph.

Then came a question hurled in the

THE Musical Bar in Bing Crosby's home. The walls are decorated with many of his song hits. Mrs. Crosby and Sue Carol sample some of the contents of the bar



MR. and MRS. EDWARD G. ROBINSON in the café under the drawing-room of their house in Beverly Hills. The floor and walls are decorated with vivid Indian hand-made rugs, some of which were presented to Eddie Robinson by Indians with whom he made friends when on location

following form: "What are your favourite colours for (*a*) Bedroom, (*b*) Bathroom, (*c*) Dining-room? Have you any health and beauty secrets? If so, BE BIG, BREAK DOWN, AND CONFESS ALL." Which landed the whole bag of tricks in the waste-paper basket. A pity, because those Russian names were works of art.

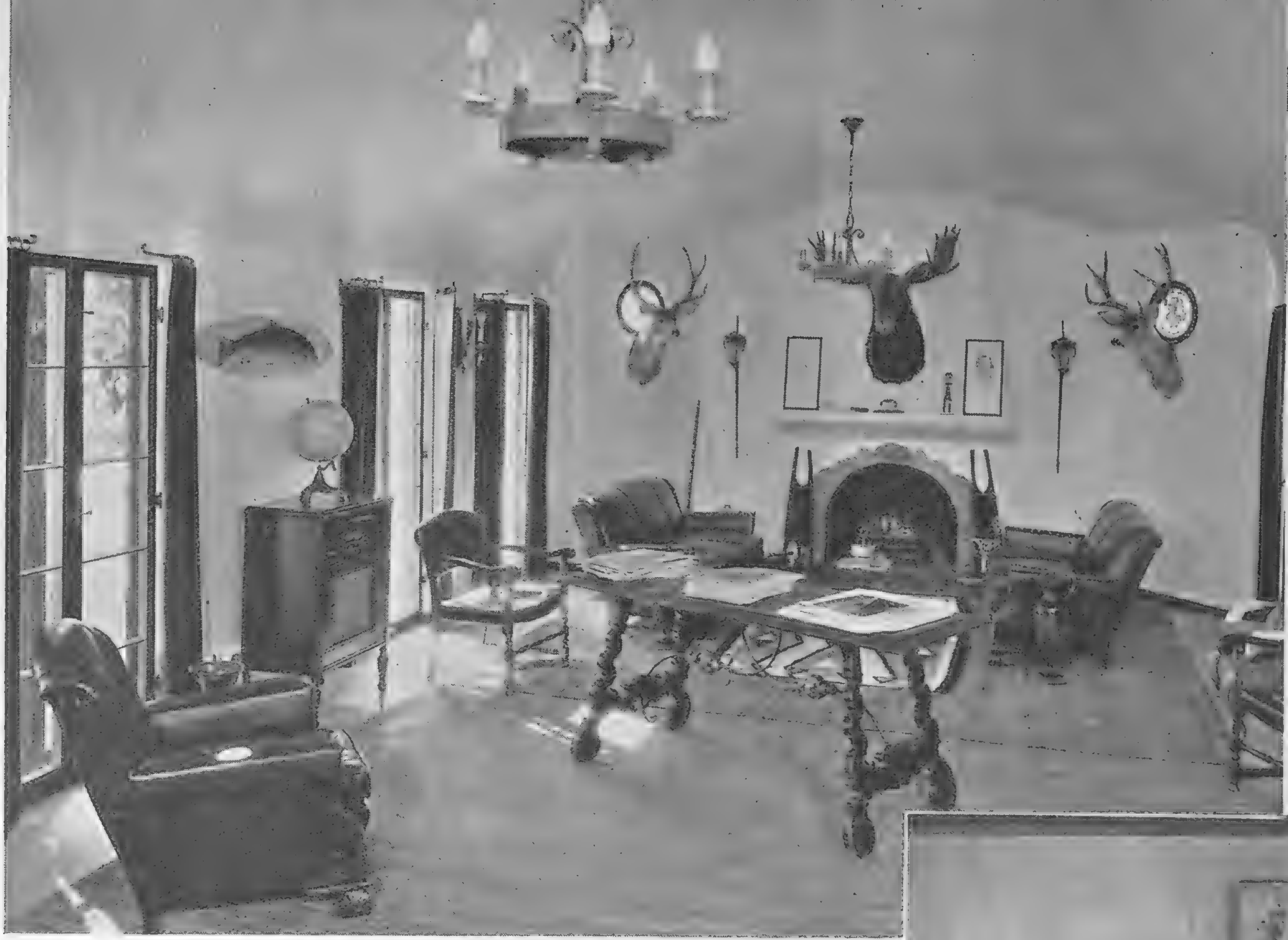
This episode finds a place here to illustrate my point concerning the impossibility of keeping anything hidden from a curious world, if you happen to be a film star. So, things being as they are, let us take a look round some of Hollywood's glass houses. They range from the ultra-modernistic home of Dolores Del Rio, near the sea, to Warner Baxter's Old English manor house, set in a marvellous garden on a hilltop in Bel Air. They jump from the Italian (or is it Spanish?) villa of John Gilbert, gummed to the side of the highest hill above Beverly Hills, to the French Empire apartment of Mae West, in an exclusive block of extremely expensive flats.

Sometimes the houses are early American in architecture; sometimes they are Moorish, Spanish, Mexican, or merely Recent-William-Haines. For Mr. Haines, once a funster on the screen, has turned his quick brain and his flair for good grouping and colouring towards the interior decorating business. Any film star who has his house "done" by Billy Haines goes round shouting about it for weeks and weeks. It is something worth shouting about.

The Hollywood House that really HAS glass walls, away from the street, will always stay in my memory as one of the loveliest in that land of lavish expenditure. It belongs to Dolores Del Rio, who is married to Cedric Gibbons, the man who has been designing marvellous screen sets for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for several years. He designed this amazing house for his wife, as a wedding present; I was one of the first people to be taken over it, soon after they moved in. All the chromium furniture, all those arm-chairs with metal sides, all the glass-topped dining tables and ultra-modern lamps made their *first appearance* in the house of Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Gibbons.

There are no windows at all on the side that fronts the quiet street. Just a long white wall, with a flat roof above it, and a mysterious door, of carved walnut, with a blue lamp.

JOAN BLONDELL in the drawing-room of her house-on-the-hill on Los Feliz Boulevard

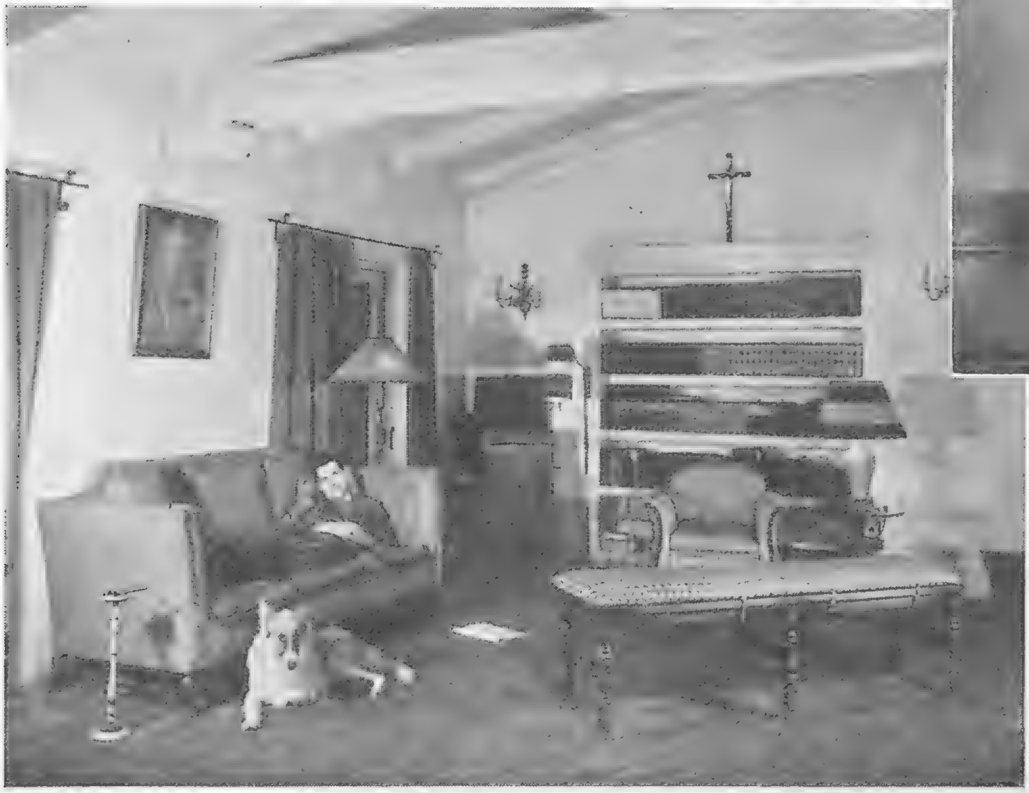


TYPICALLY a man's room is this homelike den in the beautiful home of Wallace Beery. This famous film star is a noted hunter and has mounted some of his prize animal heads over the fireplace to complete the simplicity of the room

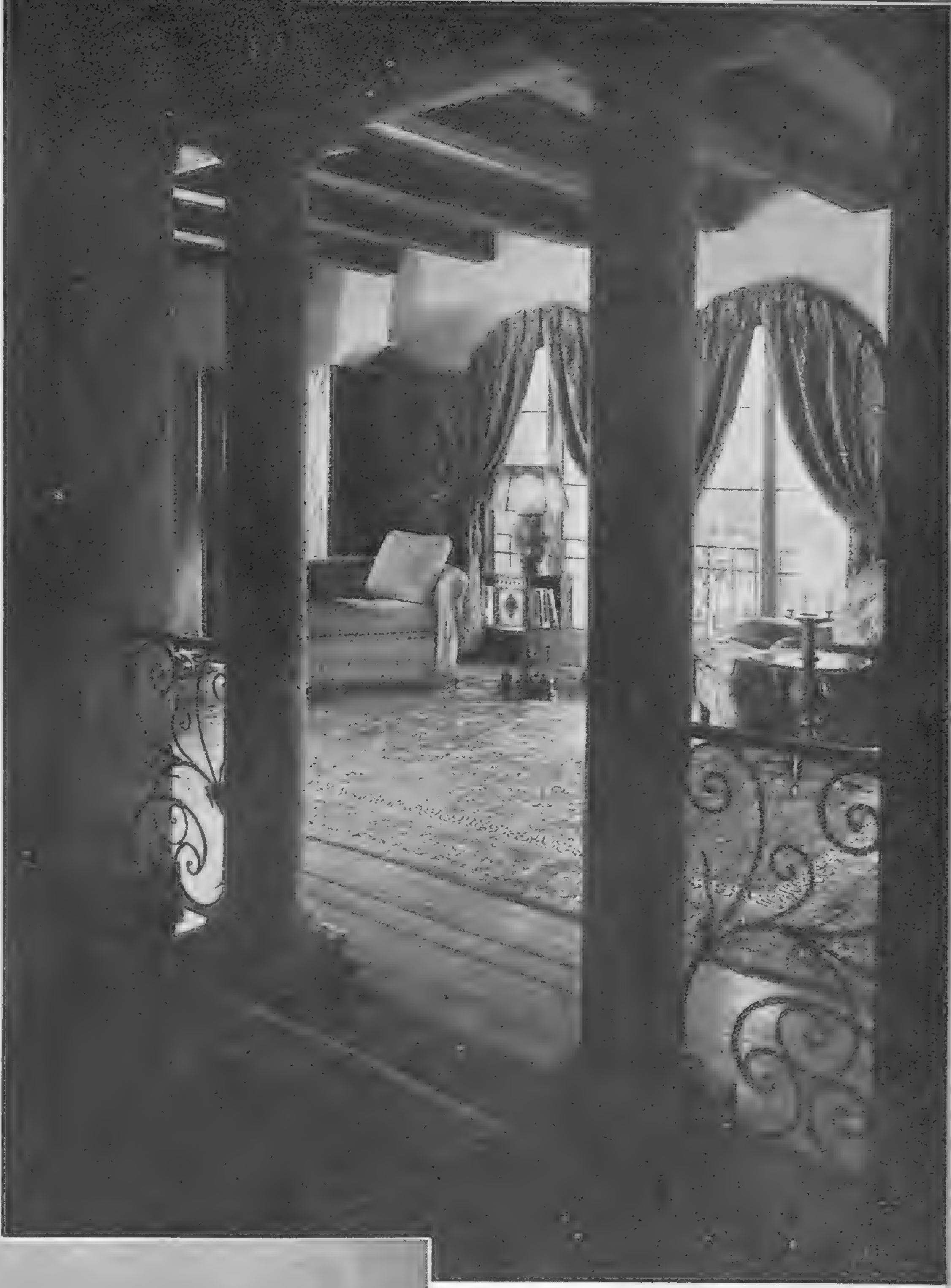
KAY FRANCIS in the drawing-room of her Hollywood home. She has a fine collection of Japanese prints, of which she is very proud. Two of these prints can be seen in this picture

burning at one side. Inside, the dream begins. There are two main colours right through the rooms: a soft buff and a softer dull venetian red. Other colours introduced are apple green and black. Almost all the walls are minus pictures; the floors are black and highly polished; the staircase runs straight up from the hall into the enormous living-room, with no landing or passage to introduce the floor above.

There is just a wide, low fitment of polished buff wood which forms a sort of wide railing and stops guests from committing suicide by falling



THE rustic appeal of Mexican architecture and the vivid warmth of Spanish furnishings are combined with unusual success in the living-room of Richard Arlen's new home. This youthful Paramount player recently had a house built on the edge of Toluca Lake, near Hollywood



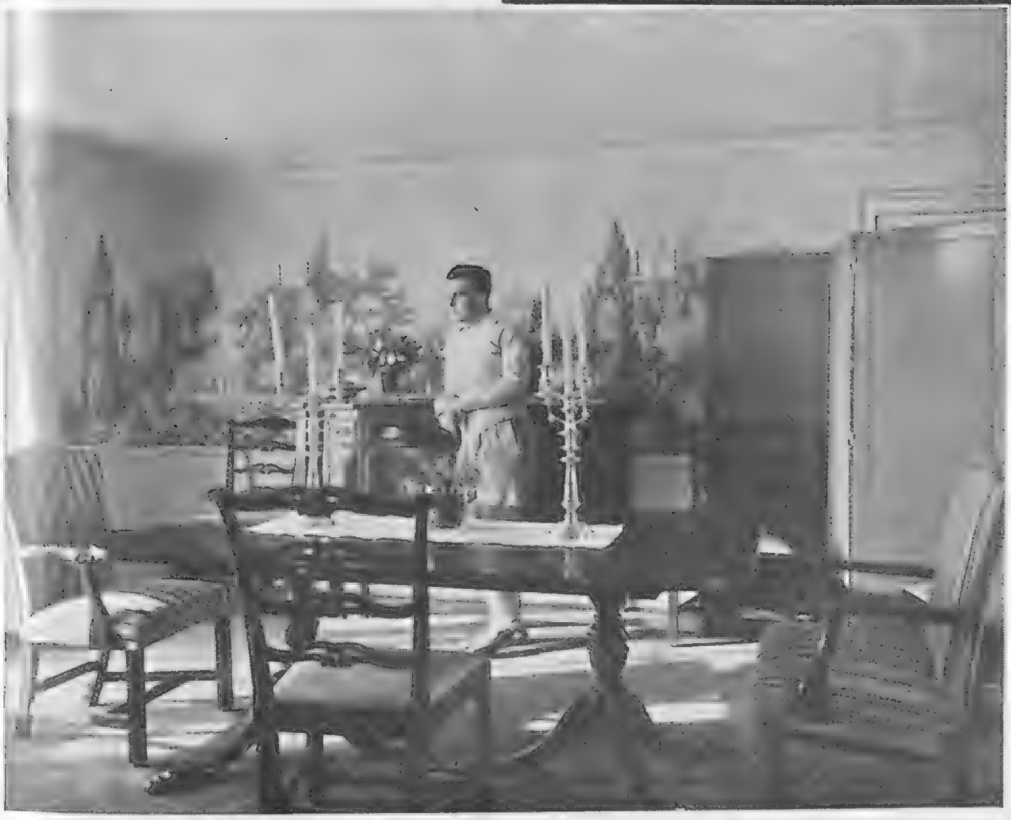
THE upstairs lounge of the upper hall in the house of Adrienne Ames. The colour scheme is red and gold with hand-tooled Spanish leather furnishings

headlong down the stairs. It has another purpose, for in it Cedric Gibbons has built cupboards which hold a radio, a gramophone and a complete library of records. Two huge sofas, each side of the fireplace, are backed and sided with shelves loaded with books; the top of these shelves form tables. All the furniture is upholstered in buff ribbed velvet; the curtains are peachy-buff satin—and the whole of three walls, one looking over the garden, two facing sideways, are made of glass.

The hall is daring; a gleaming black floor, two wide sofas upholstered in brilliant apple-green satin; an octagonal table of black glass stands between the sofas. In her dressing-room Dolores Del Rio has a thick black fur rug in the centre of the floor. It is there for a definite reason. It masks a trap-door which leads to the dressing-room of her husband on the floor below! A flight of stairs swinging from the trap-door—and there is Romance, as in olden days, right in a modern setting. Add to the attractions inside this house a scarlet-floored tennis court and a blue-tiled swimming pool, with palms and roses and canna lilies in massed beauty, and there stands one of the really exquisite houses of Hollywood.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson live in a half-timbered English house on a peaceful palm-bordered drive in Beverly Hills—which means it is in a valley! For Beverly Hills, *qua* hills, is just a snare and a delusion. The main streets and houses of that section are in the valley; the hills rise in the distance, and houses on those hills are very few. The Robinsons have a house with grey walls and a green-tiled roof; it is large, and looks lazily comfortable. At the back is a glorious garden with a special fenced-off section in one corner guarding the tiny house that is the exclusive property of Master Edward Robinson, not yet two years old. Collecting pictures is one of Edward Robinson's hobbies. In his study upstairs the walls are covered with caricatures by A. Birnbaum; other artists whose work finds a place in various rooms are R. A. Blacklock, Bruce Crane, Degas, Monet, Maurice Sterne, George Bellows, and Van der Helst. In the drawing-room a place of specially lighted honour has been given to a Van Gogh still-life and to two brilliantly clever busts by Boris Lovet-Lorski.

NEIL HAMILTON in the dining-room of his beautiful new home at Brentwood Park. The walls are painted in scenic pattern, and an old sideboard of the 1820 period takes up one wall



Under the music-room there is a café, as large as life and completely Parisian (with a touch of Indian) in its *décor*. There is seating accommodation for forty in this café. On the walls and floor are vivid Indian hand-made rugs, some of them presented to Eddie Robinson by Indians with whom he made friends on various locations. There is a hot-dog (*Continued on page* 104)

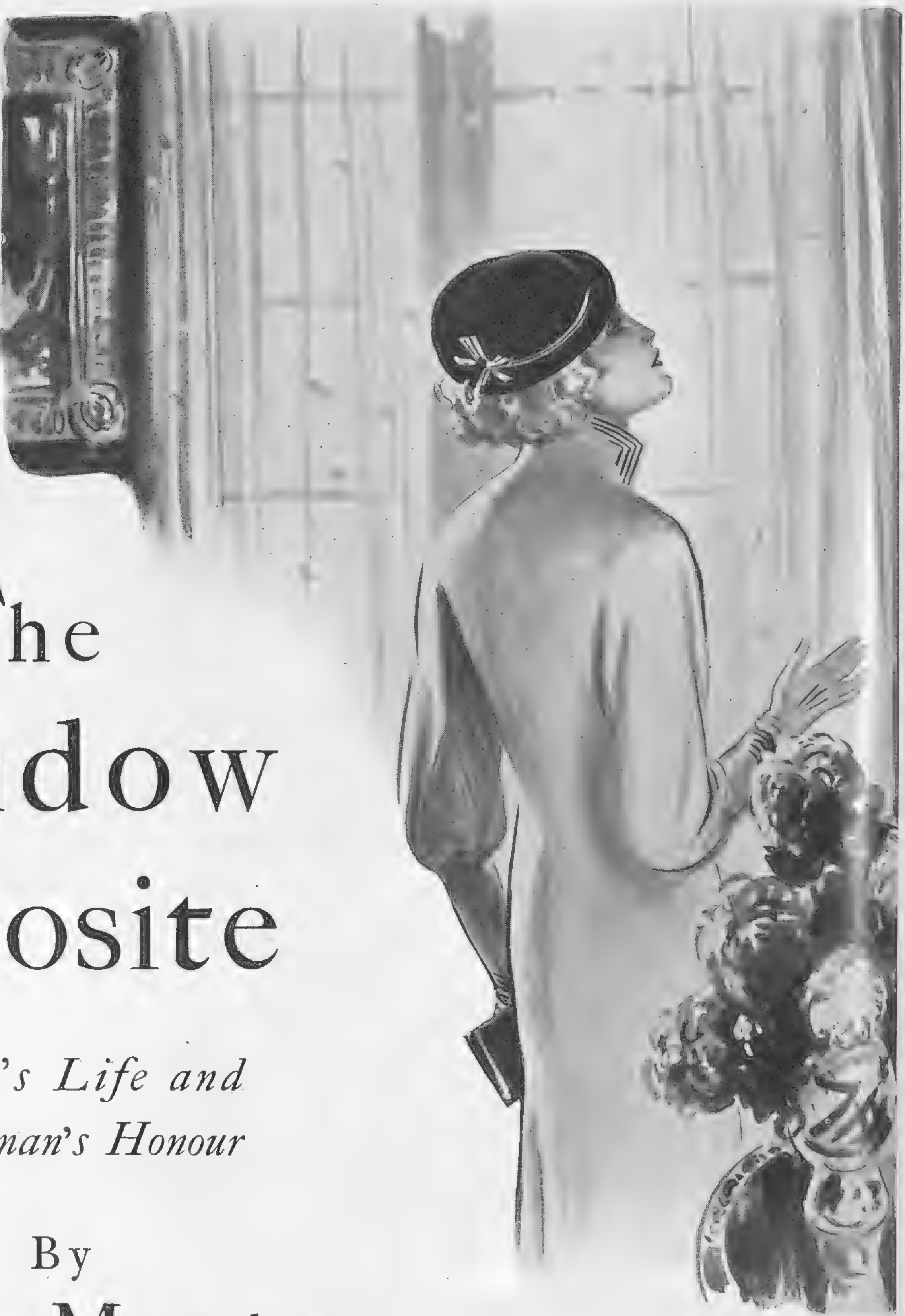
The Window Opposite

One Woman's Life and Another Woman's Honour

By

Miles Mander

Illustrated by D. Lloyd Wynne



HE came forward to kiss her good-bye. "No," she said, " please, no."

Harry looked at her quizzically. " Not even to say good-bye ? " he pleaded.

" I'd sooner not, Harry."

" You must love him very much."

" I do," she said. " I love him more than anything in life."

She saw the look of pain which passed across his face, and she was sorry she had hurt him. Harry had always been kind to her. She had loved him too, but it was not like the love she now felt for John. She was going to marry John—she wanted to ; that feeling was new to her. She did not regret her affair with Harry. It had been wonderful while it lasted, but now it was finished. He would, she hoped, always be her friend—but that was all.

They moved towards the door. " I can only hope he appreciates you, Mary, and that you're very happy. If I can ever do anything for you, I hope you'll let me know. It will be a privilege." She thanked him. It was nice of him to have taken it the way he had. He pressed his lips to her hand and she was gone.

She did not wait for the lift, but ran down the five flights of stairs and out into the street. It was six o'clock, and in half an hour she was to meet John at the house—his house, which was soon to be her home. She jumped on a passing bus and in twenty minutes was shown into his study. To her surprise he was already there, sitting at his desk. She flew towards him and put her arm around his shoulders.

" Darling, you're early."

" Yes," he answered, rising to embrace her. " The Law Courts are down with 'flu ; there was very little doing to-day."

They kissed passionately.

" By the bye," he continued, " when I was passing down Renfrew Street I saw you coming out of Neville Court. Been to a tea fight ? " She tried to suppress a shudder of apprehension. She had long been wondering whether to tell John the truth about her past. She had been on the point of doing so, but the possibility of losing him had always prevented her. She baulked it once more.

"Yes, yes," she replied, with obvious discomfort. "I went to tea with some old friends."

How unconvincing it sounded! He noticed it. "I didn't know you knew anyone living there," he said. "Who is it?"

"Oh, no one you'd know," she stammered, "just some old friends."

John's training at the Bar had quickened his discernment. Why was she so flustered? "Why are you so fussed, my dear? Tell me."

She prevaricated and temporised. Should she make a clean breast of it once and for all and risk the consequences? If she didn't, she would have to live out her married life with this awful thing in her heart. Perhaps it was better to be honest now. She must start square with him. She withdrew to the far side of the room and faced him.

"John," she said, "you've got to know something. I want to be honest with you. I went to Neville Court to say good-bye to the man who was my lover until I became engaged to you."

There was a minute of complete silence. John stared at her incredibly, inhumanly. She couldn't stand it. "Say something, John—why don't you say something?" His gaze fell to the carpet.

"I don't know what there is to say; I'll have to think a minute."

A further silence intervened, only broken by the thumping of her heart. She crossed to him breathlessly and seized the lapel of his coat.

"Has it made a difference, John—tell me, has it?" She swung him round to try to read his face.

"I don't know," he said at length. "I'll have to think."

Interminable seconds. Presently he raised his head. "Do you love this other man?"

How could he ask such a question? "No, no!" she almost shouted. "How can you ask me that? You know I love you more than anything that's ever happened to me."

There was another moment of doubt before he spoke again.

"It's all over with the other man?"

"Absolutely. I knew it was over the moment I met you."

And now he turned willingly towards her. "In that case it hardly concerns me, does it—what you did before we met?"

She flung her arms around him in a paroxysm of relief. "Oh, thank God, my dear, thank God!"

They kissed once more, and then, holding her at arm's length, he said:

"Mary, I want you to promise me one thing—that you will never see or speak to the man again."

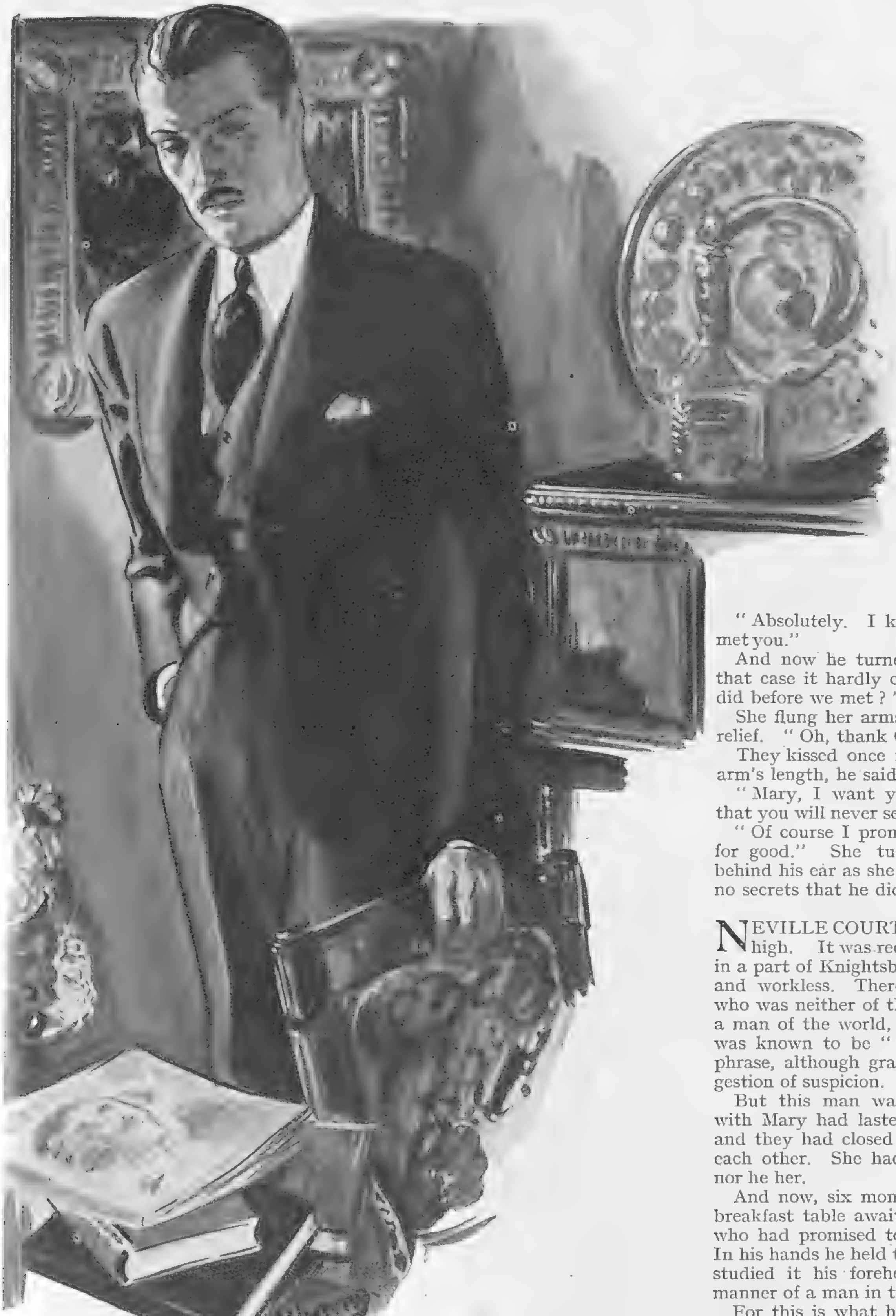
"Of course I promise. I've already said good-bye for good." She tucked a straggling wisp of hair behind his ear as she thanked God that she now had no secrets that he did not share.

NEVILLE COURT was a block of flats six stories high. It was red brick and U-shaped, and stood in a part of Knightsbridge frequented by the opulent and workless. There was one occupant, however, who was neither of these things. Harry Gethin was a man of the world, an attractive one at that. He was known to be "something in the City," which phrase, although grandiloquent enough, held a suggestion of suspicion.

But this man was not a cad. His "affaire" with Mary had lasted the best part of three years and they had closed it with the nicest memories of each other. She had nothing to reproach him for, nor he her.

And now, six months later, he was sitting at his breakfast table awaiting the arrival of his solicitor, who had promised to call on his way to the office. In his hands he held the morning paper, and while he studied it his forehead became contracted in the manner of a man in trouble.

For this is what he read: ". . . In making an order for the compulsory winding up of the company the Judge remarked on the unsatisfactory nature of the evidence given by Mr. Gethin, and stated that he was sending the documents in the case to the office of the Public Prosecutor."



HE came forward to kiss her good-bye. "No," she said, "please, no." Harry looked at her quizzically. "Not even to say good-bye?" he pleaded

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Old Tales Re-Told

Written and Illustrated by F. Matania, R.I.

"Jester of the Brush": *The Merry Pranks of Buonamico Buffalmacco—morning star of the gay humanity of the High Middle Ages*

"WAKE up, wake up!"

The words seemed at first to come from a remote distance, then nearer, then right in the ear of young Buonamico Buffalmacco.

Cruel interruption!

He was not dreaming, but his misty mind, floating and roaming from beauty to dimly-formulated beauty, was in reverie. He was in that happy state of rest of a young, growing body, a young mind free of fret, unmarred by memory, immersed in the rosy fantasies of his age.

"Wake up! Can you hear me? Wake up!" The old grumpy Maestro, Andrea Tafo, ever rose long before dawn. His rule was "Like master, like pupil," and he expected to find his pupils ready in the studio every morning.

Yet every morning he had to go himself to pull them out of their beds.

Buonamico blinked a dozen times before answering—an answer unintelligible and unintelligent—the few random, disconnected words of a man one half on earth and half—God knows where!

"Come on! Come on! Get up, you lazy devil!" Maestro Andrea left the attic only when he saw the dream-dazed Buonamico sitting up and pushing his legs lazily out of the bed.

As he drew the bucket from the well for his hasty toilet, the words of the old man came again to his mind. "*Lazy devil!*"

He'd give him devil! How absurd, getting up at this time! As if one had to prepare morning coffee for the chickens. Painting at this time! The old man must be crazy.

There were no schools of art in the thirteenth century. The great masters used to have pupil assistants who paid a small fee for their board and lodging and, by helping their master with his work, learned their profession.

Buonamico Buffalmacco had been put under the tuition of Andrea Tafo, an artist of the old school: as religious as he was timid, as superstitious as he was religious.

At the same time, he was severe with his pupils. In spite of his advanced age, he gave them a continuous example of tireless industry.

The splash of cold water on his face and neck effectively dispelled at once Buonamico's dreams and his momentary fury with Andrea. The lad was of a very jolly nature, witty and pleasant with everyone, an incorrigible tease. Even if he had a grudge against anyone, it always ended in a joke.

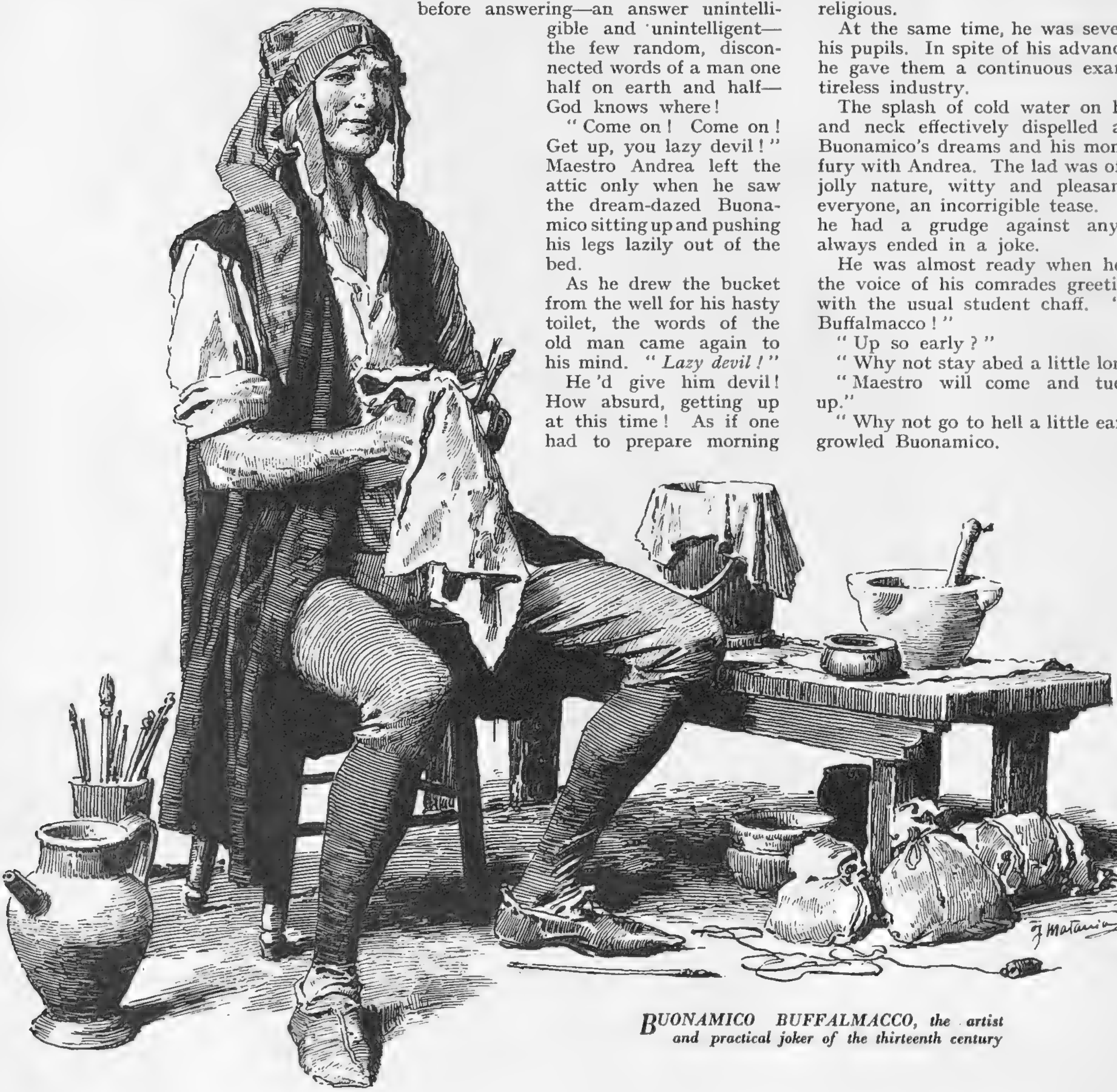
He was almost ready when he heard the voice of his comrades greeting him with the usual student chaff. "Hallo, Buffalmacco!"

"Up so early?"

"Why not stay abed a little longer?"

"Maestro will come and tuck you up."

"Why not go to hell a little earlier?" growled Buonamico.



BUONAMICO BUFFALMACCO, the artist and practical joker of the thirteenth century

"I say, Buffalmacco, the master has got a fine job for you."

"What?"

"He wants you to prepare an inspiring design—something really superb for a fresco—for the lavatory of the new Podestá of Florence!"

Buffalmacco took the basin of soapy water. On tip-toe he reached the door . . . but the joyous crowd knew their comrade. They fled, laughing, down the staircase leading to the studio.

This scene, with little or no variation, repeated itself almost every day—or, to be more correct, every night, for Tafo rose in pitch darkness.

Buffalmacco alone could not accustom himself to get up before the church-bell sent its summons for matins. He hated the early morning. Time and again he had racked his brains for some plan to persuade the indefatigable Maestro to stay in bed a little longer—at least till daylight.

One day, searching for something in the loft of the old house, Buffalmacco, in removing a case, disturbed a thick congregation of enormous beetles.

Inspiration! He looked from the candle that lit the scene to the beetles. . . . Feverishly he searched for a box that could be hermetically closed. Into it he managed to pack thirty or more beetles. He hid the repulsive things in his room, muttering to himself: "'Lazy devil,' eh? I'll give him devil!"

He was exceptionally gay that day. When Maestro Andrea enquired about it, one of his friends said that Buffalmacco had heard that the Maestro was going to entrust him with a new job—the Podestás.

At this fresh allusion, Buonamico cried: "If you don't stop fooling, I'll throw my shoe at you!"

"Which shoe?" they jeered. "If you mean those that you are wearing, you had better make a stew out of them."

"I'm going to, but I'm saving them till you come to sup with me!"

Never before had Buffalmacco been anxious to go to bed. Once in his rooms, he pulled a bundle of tape from his pocket, cut from it a little piece, and managed to stick it on a beetle. He tested to see what length of tape could be carried by the beetle without any effort—something more than an inch . . . and more than an inch of tape would last several minutes.

Thirty-three beetles were prepared—the tapes stuck upright on their backs.

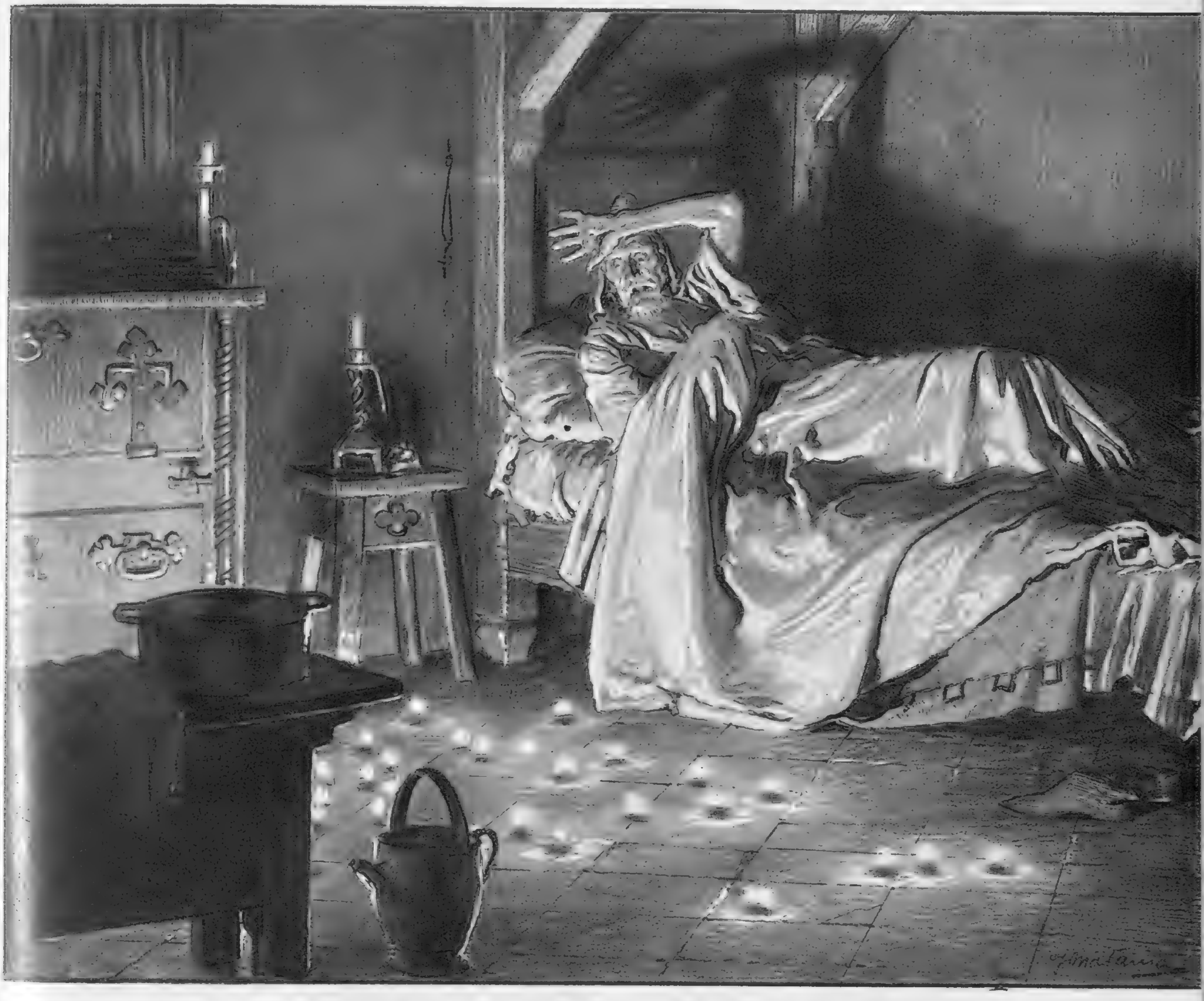
Half an hour before the old man was wont to get up, Buffalmacco went barefoot, for silence, to the door of the Maestro's room. His precious box was under his arm.

Slowly he pushed the door an inch or so. One by one he pushed the beetles through the opening, lighting the tape of each as it passed.

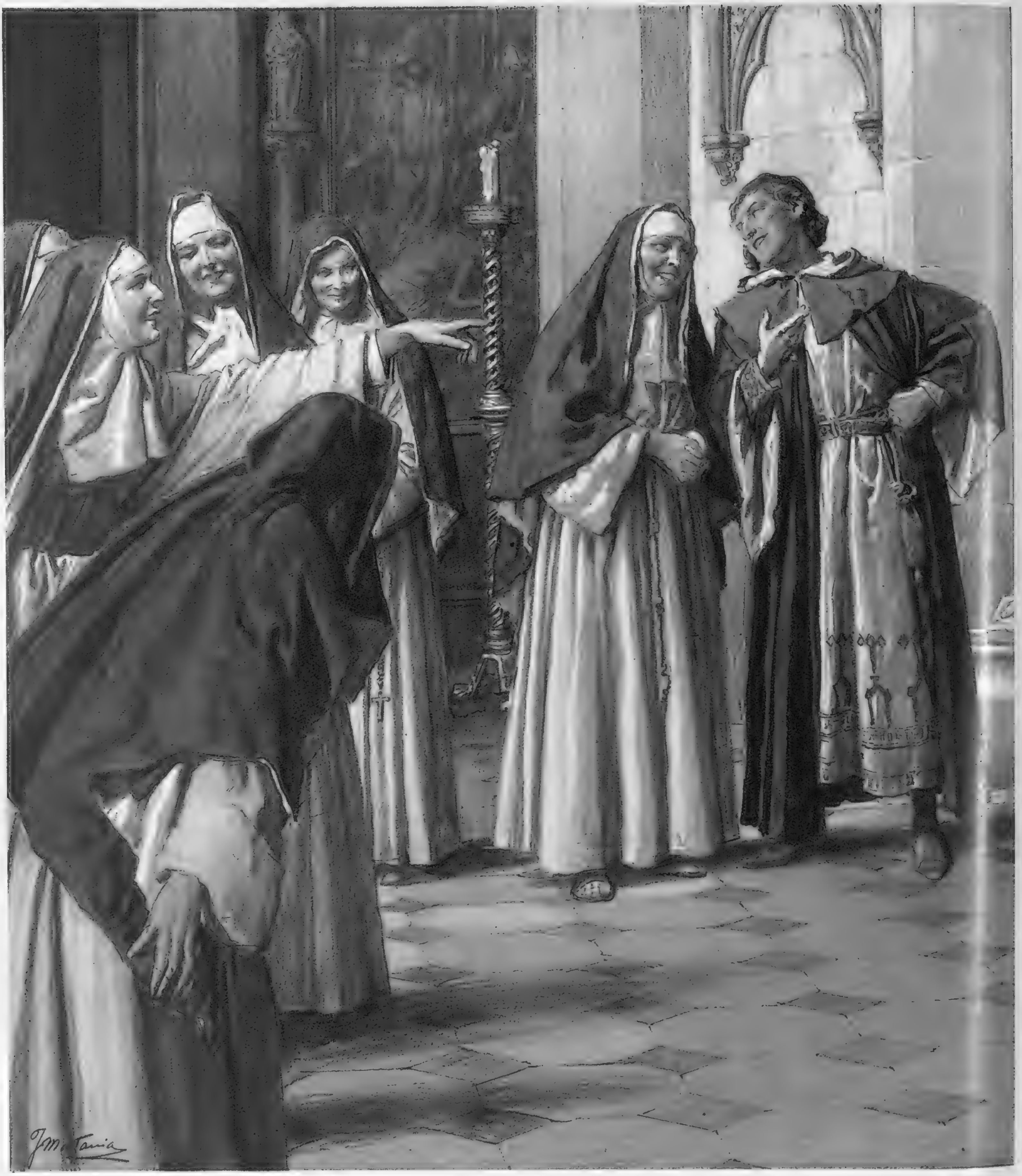
Thirty-three of them, terrified by the light they bore, took different directions.

The effect was ghastly.

For a little while Buffalmacco heard nothing, then an inarticulate exclamation broke the silence, to be followed by frantic crying, to be followed in turn by unsteady Latin: "Ave Maria! Mater



ONE by one he pushed the beetles through the opening, lighting the tape of each as it passed. Thirty-three of them, terrified by the light they bore, took different directions



BUONAMICO had not put his foot in the church for fifteen days. When he
ment, who was doing more and better work: the common colour-grinder or the

Dei!" in a confused, shaking whisper. Even the hushed babble of invocation grew muffled. The old man put his head under the sheets. And still came the murmur of prayer after prayer of the Catholic creed.

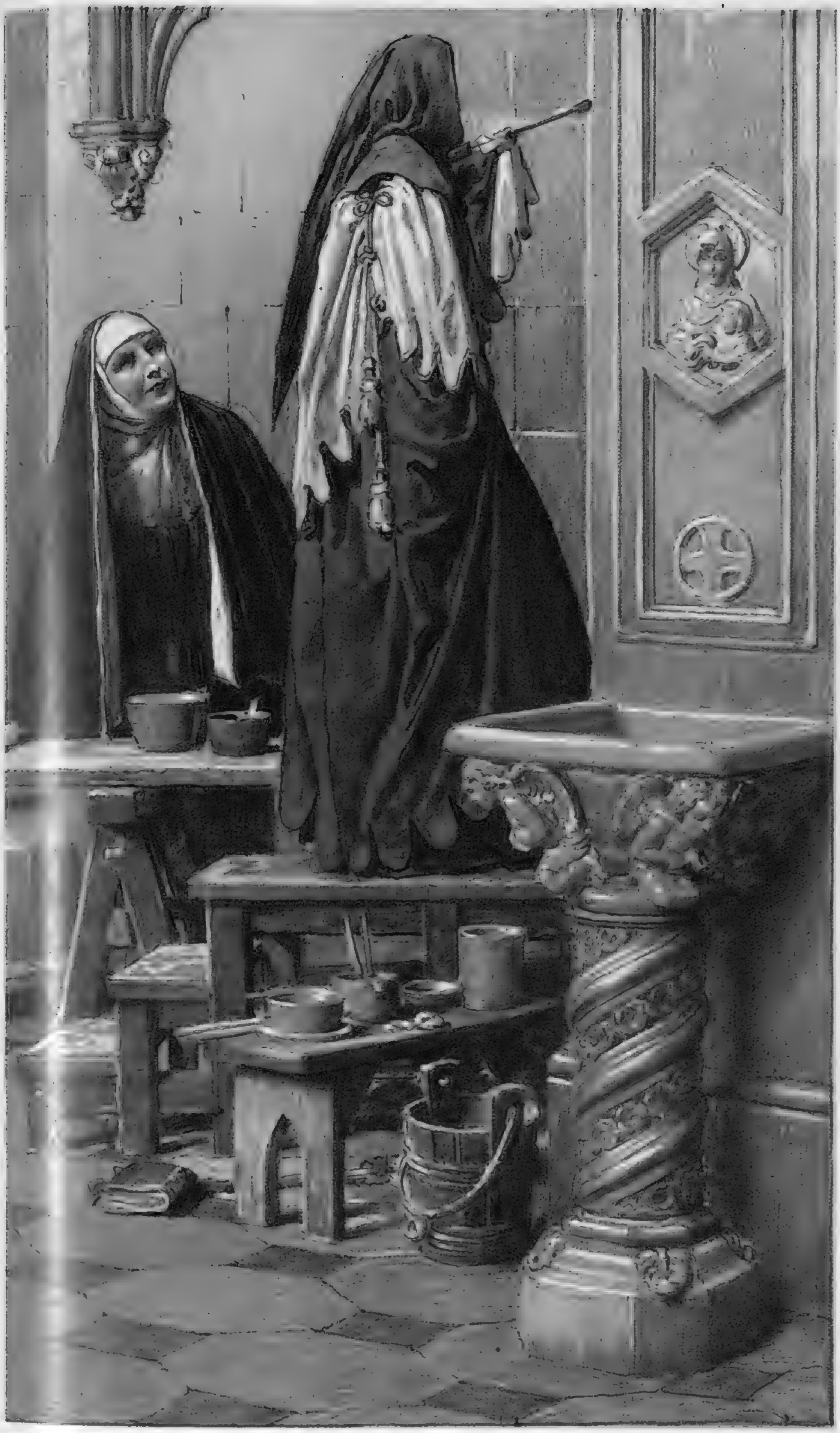
Through the crack of the door, Buffalmacco enjoyed the scene until all the little candles, scattered all over the place, gradually disappeared under the furniture. When daylight peered through the fissures of the shutters, Andrea was still not sure whether it was safe to come out of bed or not. In the studio, there was no end to speculation about the inexplicable, unprecedented delay of the old man.

Someone observed that he might be ill.

"He is never ill," said Buonamico, with a sardonic smile. "Last night I saw him talking to the beautiful Fiorella. He was frivolous as a kitten—jumping about like a blackbird. . . ."

"Perhaps he's married her, then?"

"God forbid!" said Buonamico. "If he had, he would have been out of bed an hour earlier—not later!"



came, he asked, to the general amuse-
great master with the terra-cotta head?

Their laughter was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of the Maestro. He looked ghastly.

Instead of acknowledging the "Buon giorno" of his pupils, he said:

"Tell me, boys; *did* you see anything wrong in this house last night?"

"No, Maestro," was the reply.

He insisted: "No one of you saw anything . . . infernal?"

Again they answered all at once: "No, Maestro."

"Well, I did. I saw something terrible, horrible!" He made the sign of the Cross over and over again. Then he went on: "I was just wondering whether it was time to get up. I was about to light my candle, when I heard a slight noise at the door.

"At the same time a sinister light appeared on the floor and crept along. It went straight to the iron coffer.

"I was following it with my eyes, when the light in the room increased.

"I looked towards the door again, and—God may strike me dead on the spot if I tell a lie—more of those infernal lights were creeping along in all directions.

"It was no use shouting Retrograde Satanas me! More and more appeared. The infernal power had taken entire possession of my room.

"I couldn't stand the sight any longer. Thousands of them—thousands and thousands—under my very bed! I had no strength to shout. I was sure that my end had come.

"In vain I implored all the saints in Paradise. I can't tell you how long I kept my eyes closed, my head under the pillow, until a ray of daylight and the providential help of God gave me enough energy to run away from the infernal room. Why? Why? I always have the place punctually consecrated by the Easter blessing every year."

BUONAMICO had kept his jest a secret from everyone. He appeared very struck by the terrifying experience of his master.

No need to say that one day's work was spoiled. The old man could not keep his mind off the incident. Conversation degenerated from high art into a competition of telling ghost stories.

By the evening, Tafo had made up his mind to find another house.

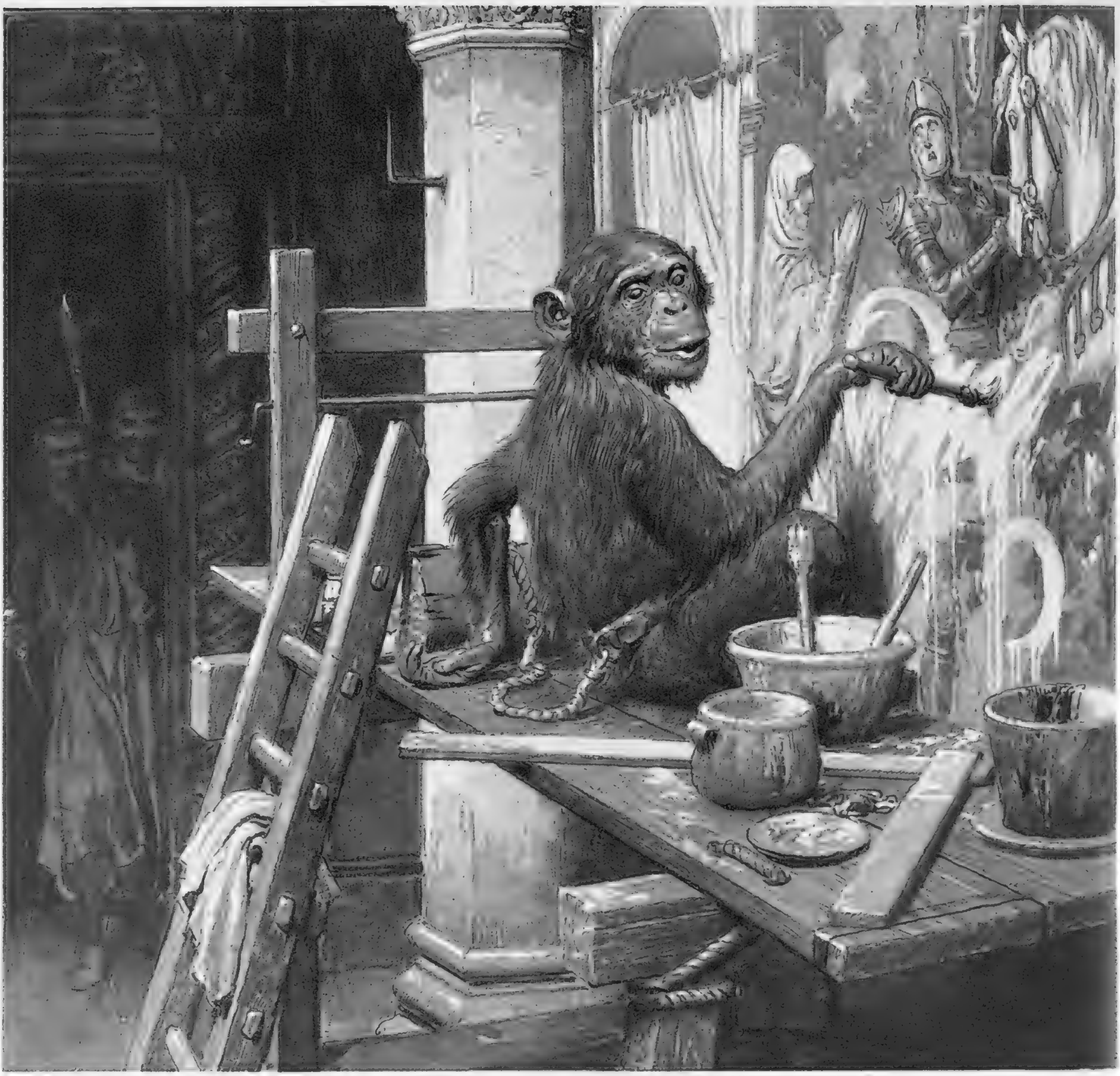
Only with enormous difficulty was he persuaded to sleep again in his room, and, save for a momentary doze, he spent the interminable night wide awake.

Towards the early morning a shout came from his room: "Oh, my God! God protect me! Oh, my God, have pity!"

Later, when he appeared, nothing could stop him from deciding to leave the house at once. He went straight out, in search of a new abode.

After several hours' searching, he was brought back home with the promise that the padre from the parish church would be there to wait for him.

As a matter of fact, a great conference took place. The religious man did his best to console Maestro Andrea. Buonamico took this opportunity of giving his own explanation of the



THEN he chose a big brush and started "touching up" Buffalmacco's picture

awful tragedy. He had a burning eloquence :

" There is no doubt that the last place on earth where demons could come," said he, " is the house of the Maestro. No man in the world is more respectful and dutiful in his religious faith.

" Yet we must not forget that we are painters—*painters*—the most implacable enemies of the devil. Do we not try to paint him in the most hideous ways we can ? What wonder that the infernal kingdom has an especial grudge against us ? "

The priest listened, attentively thoughtful. He nodded his head in agreement during the speech. Buonamico went on, emphasising another point.

He said : " Not only this, but what else do we do but depict saints, Madonnas, Christs, Bambini . . . everywhere ?

" Every one of those pictures is a direct insult to the dark Kingdom of Hell. We go on, stupidly unconscious where we ought to be on the alert and carefully avoid any chance of coming in contact with the evil power."

" How can we avoid it ? " Maestro Andrea cut in impatiently.

" Calm yourself, master. I will tell you.

" The evil power chooses only the night for its exploits. When our Lord withdraws the sun and the blessed daylight, demons have a free hand on us poor miserable sinners.

" Therefore I say, keep your eyes closed peacefully until God enlightens the world, and your pious soul will never be disturbed.

" Demons are powerless against the honest man peacefully asleep."

The padre's full endorsement restored Andrea. He eventually decided to stay in the old studio.

Next morning he dared not get out of bed before the beautiful sun of Florence appeared through the shutters.

FLORENCE at that time was a hotbed of prejudice. The first great men who were to illuminate the world with the blaze of their genius were mere children. Dante was beginning to learn to read and write ; Giotto, the little shepherd, minding the cattle on the hills, was still undiscovered by Cimabue.

Respect for art was a privilege of the few. The Roman and Greek statuary—buried talents of the classic days — occasionally found in the earth, was broken and destroyed by the bottomless ignorance of the peasantry.

Knowledge was still a monopoly of the high clergy, to whose interest it was to maintain the public ignorance as long as possible.

Every prodigy found easy believers, and the jest of the facetious Buffalmacco had been taken seriously, gone from mouth to mouth, had been framed, trimmed, embellished. What is even more amazing is that painters of the time were particularly struck with the idea that the devil had every reason to retaliate somehow or other against their devotional school, and, according to the contemporary historians, night-work was forbidden in many studios of the beautiful Florence.

Buonamico Buffalmacco was a forerunner of modern ideas. His independent mind gave him an unprecedented freedom in his work. His production began to awake the public taste from the torpor of the Dark Ages. He began to kindle the lamp of Art, where the only light for centuries had been the candle on the altar.

He soon started on his own, and in a short while his reputation was such that it gained for him the great commission of painting the entire church in the convent of the women of Faenza.

The ecclesiastical authorities took care to arrange all details of the preliminary contract, while Buffalmacco himself erected the scaffolding and the boarding separating the church from the convent, so that his work could be carried out in perfect freedom.

He had undertaken to complete his task before Christmas, so that the nuns of Faenza could celebrate the Nativity of the Redeemer in the new church.

For some time everything went well. The artist made of the church his little kingdom. He dressed as he liked, lived as he liked, enjoyed his absolute seclusion to his heart's delight.

But only those who have had any practical experience of life as it is lived in a convent can realise how intriguing is any contact with the outside world.

Buffalmacco did not know that, since the first day that the church had been boarded, he had been the object of the most intense curiosity on the part of the sisters. The latter had discovered several little places to serve as spyholes through which they could peep. But they were very disappointed to see someone so different from the description that had circulated.

As a matter of fact, instead of the great and smart Buonamico Buffalmacco, they had invariably seen a man in shirt-sleeves, or dressed in an old doublet, with filthy hands and wrinkly tights.

One day they approached the gardener, remarking on the absence of the Maestro—for painting was run on the guild system in the High Middle Ages: one was first a pupil, then a journeyman, then a master (Maestro). The last term meant one who was a master of his craft—not an employer. And Buffalmacco was now "Maestro" in his turn.

He pacified them, but never mentioned it to Buonamico. He did not wish to reveal that, despite his precautions, he was constantly under observation.

In the long run, the nuns came to the conclusion that, in spite of the contract, the Maestro had never put his foot in the church; that he who worked daily in such a disgraceful attire could only be a common colour-grinder.

The Abbess decided to complain. She went personally to knock at the door of the church.

Buffalmacco was in his usual négligé. When he saw the stately presence of the Abbess he assumed a very respectful attitude, but did not even take the trouble of removing his filthy apron plastered with colour.

He bowed. "Good morning, Holy Mother. God bless every step that brought you here. To what must I attribute this honour?"

"God be with you, young man. It is a long time now that I and my good sisters have waited eagerly to see Maestro Buonamico at his work. Time is getting on, and I desire that you would inform him of our wishes.

"Up to the present it seems that you," she went on, scrutinising him from head to foot, "are the only one who has been about here. The work should have been done by him."

Buonamico bowed so exaggeratedly that his forehead almost touched the ground. With the most engaging smile, he told the Abbess that Maestro Buonamico should be informed. The Abbess should be duly warned of his arrival.

Another person would have felt deeply offended by the humiliating mistake, but Buonamico saw in it only an opportunity for a practical joke.

He placed two stools, one on top of another. On the top of the upper he put a terra-cotta jug with a handle and a spout, the whole erection approximately the height of a man. Round it he put the best morning-gown he possessed. Over that he placed a very smart cape, arranged in the most artistic folds. On the jug he put his new hood.

Then he stuck a paint-brush in the spout of the jug, in a way that it touched the wall that he was painting.

The effect was surprising.

When the dummy was complete, he wished it "Good morning and good luck," and left the church. In going out he knocked at the gardener's door, and told him to inform the Abbess that Maestro Buonamico Buffalmacco was at his work, according with her wishes.

Curiosity brought the nuns to the peep-hole. Their excitement was as intense as it was silent. They admired the stature of the great painter, his dress, his pensive attitude. On tip-toe they left their observation-post, deciding to return in a couple of weeks in order to admire the masterpiece that would doubtless emerge from the magic brush.

And so it came to pass that, two weeks later, a small flock of human doves crowded round the aperture, listening attentively to make sure that there was no one there. Then they lit candles and boldly proceeded to the door of the church to see how the work was progressing.

As they entered they were struck spellbound.

"Santa Madonna benedetta!"

The Maestro was still there, exactly as they had seen him a fortnight before!

One of them, more daring than the others, went round the figure and peered into its face.

There was no face!

The solemnity of the sacred habit was entirely forgotten. The ordered procession of nuns dissolved into a group of schoolgirls, giggling and laughing, pulling the dummy about and enjoying the great joke with gusto. They understood the trick, and admitted that they fully deserved it, especially after they saw the beautiful work which had already been done by the supposed colour-grinder.

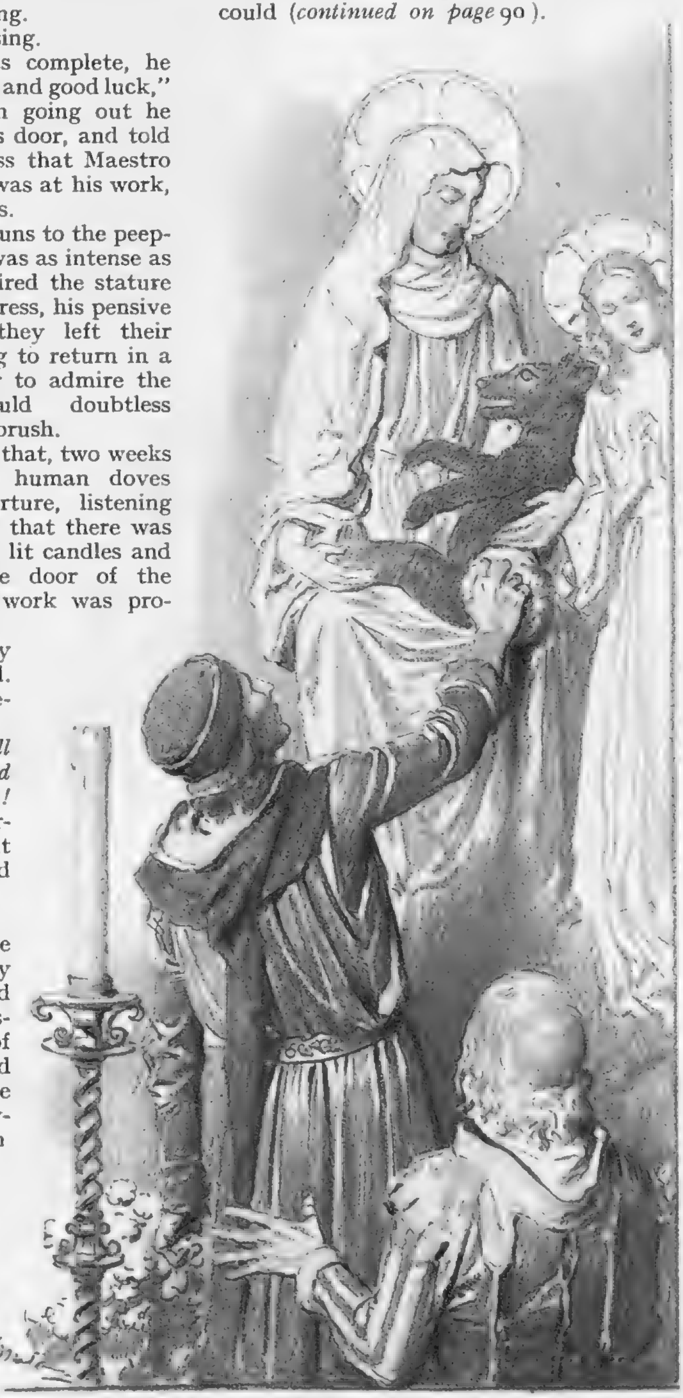
Buonamico had not put his foot in the church for fifteen days. When he came, he asked, to the general amusement, who was doing more and better work: the common colour-grinder or the great master with the terra-cotta head?

After that the nuns came openly to the church, and they enjoyed nothing more than to listen to the jokes and stories of the most pleasant man and the greatest wit in Florence.

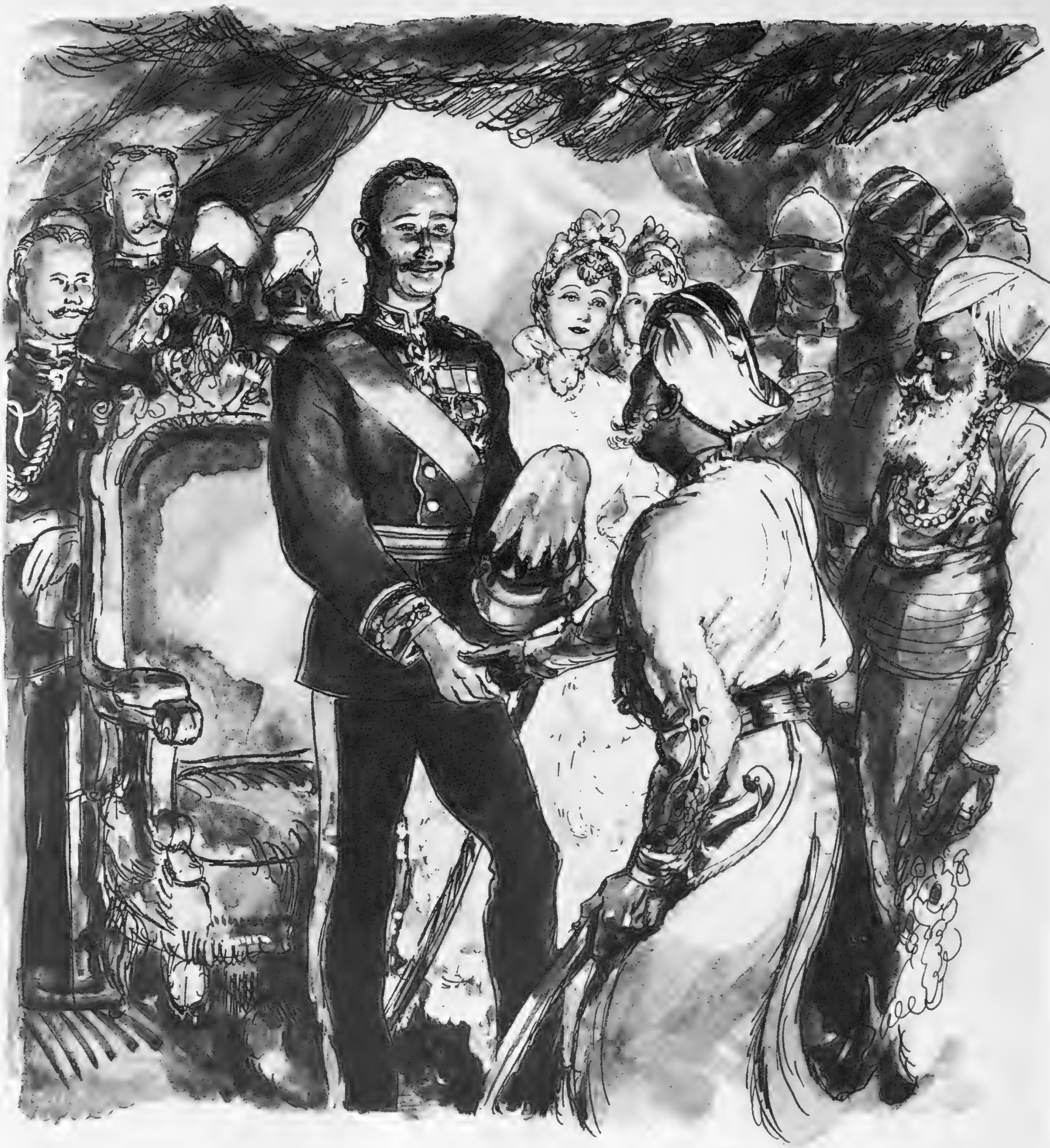
On the other side, the presence of the young nuns proved to be most agreeable to the artist, despite their continuous urging to "hurry up the work. Christmas was approaching. The church decorators were already piling up curtains. Everything was practically ready."

The very viands for Christmas were selected. They told him that they had already ordered red mullets from Livorno; that they were expecting three hundred oysters from the Bishop of Taranto for the penance of Christmas Eve.

Buffalmacco enquired whether he could (*continued on page* 90).



THE paint with which the bear had been depicted had no size in it. When Buonamico washed away the powdery colour, the Infant reappeared in Its previous splendour



GEORGE REGALE had been one of the first Governors of the Province after its annexation to the Crown in '81

"IT seems," complained Miss Myra Dawn pathetically, "so frantically Victorian. I mean," she amplified, "to be paraded before one's entire prospective 'in-laws' (and, remember, I haven't met any of them yet), at a dinner party alleged to be given in celebration of our engagement but actually in anticipation of our estrangement. . . ."

"Darling," soothed Captain Regale, "I 'm sure it won't be as bad as that. Of course, I know it will be grim for you; grim for us both, in fact, but I don't think it is a 'put up' show, as you suggest. And even if it were, the result can only be that my family will fall for you as completely as I have."

"Clive, dear, you have the most charming faith in my powers of attraction," Myra dimpled. "All right, I 'll come, if only for the fun of the thing."

She glanced at her watch:

"I must hurry, dear. Do you mind? Rehearsal at two, and I want to get in as much rest as possible before the show opens to-morrow night. . . ."

Clive Regale protested against her desire to rest, her determination to depart, and, most vehemently of all, against her refusal to announce their engagement before his return to India in ten days' time. He was still protesting when he saw her into a taxi.

"You see, dear," she said, while the driver, with one gleeful eye on the meter, waited for permission to start, "it 's all been so very rapid, hasn't it? You really know nothing about me and I know almost as little about you. . . ."

"No doubt my mother's dinner-party will put that right," Clive interrupted.

"And it 's a bit of a wrench to give up the stage and go out and live in Halalistan. . . ."

Captain Clive Regale, of the 50th Horse (Regale's Halalis), could not follow her last argument. To compare life in his beloved Province with a career, even that of the stage, of which the glamour had recently enthralled him, was little short of sacrilege.

He was still enlarging on the attractions of the Province when the taxi

Came *the* Dawn . . .

A Family Affair of Social Distinctions

By John Kent

Illustrations by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

driver, on the instructions of his fare, regretfully let in his clutch.

THERE had always been a Regale in Halalistan, ever since the days of John Company, when old "Shikar" Regale raised the regiment of irregular cavalry in which his grandson now served.

His son, George Regale, had been one of the first Governors of the Province after its annexation to the Crown in '81.

George Regale had, in fact, made Halalistan. His determination, disregard of red tape and indifference to public opinion appealed to the simple minds of the Halalis. They appealed also to the simple mind of Hannah Brown, a chambermaid some fifteen years his junior who worked at the hotel at which he stayed when on leave in England. He married her ten days after he became one of the youngest knights on whom the Star of India had ever shone.

And Lady Regale, to the surprise of all and the disappointment of many, made him an excellent wife, lacking, perhaps, in the niceties of social etiquette so essential to the wife of a Governor, but, by her forthright manner and the honesty of her opinions, gaining the friendship of all whose friendship was in the slightest degree worth gaining.

The year after a grateful government had conferred a knighthood on George Regale, his wife conferred Albert, their first-born, on him, and Albert, as soon as he reached years of discrimination, lost no time in demonstrating that the latter honour was far greater than the former.

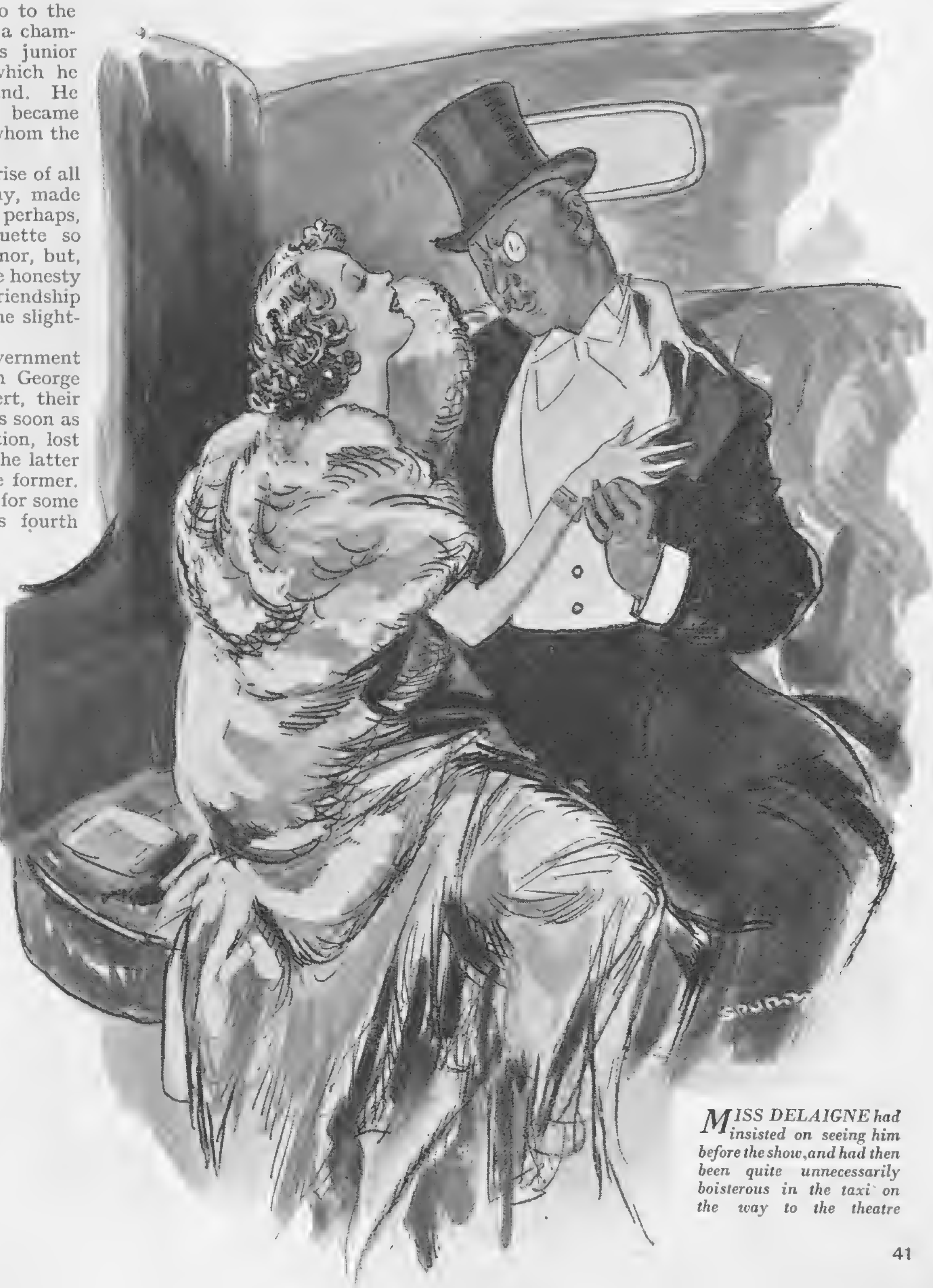
His father put up with Albert for some seventeen years, but when his fourth hild, Clive, was born, the late Governor of Halalistan could tand it no longer.

Sir George died in 1911 at the early age of fifty-six, nd Albert graciously assumed he duties of Head of the House, proceeding later to Halalistan in the Civil Service, with a view to accepting the Governorship as soon as it was offered. At the age of forty he was still prepared to accept the appointment, but as yet he was still waiting for the offer to be made. Therefore he whiled away his eight months' leave by practising the arts of governorship, or, to be more accurate, dictatorship, in his mother's house in London.

That his leave coincided with that of his brother Edward (Public Works Department, Halalistan) and Clive (of Regale's Halalis I.A.) and the timely visit of his sister Hannah (wife of the Commissioner of Police, Halalistan) was fortunate, as it gave him ample scope for his exercise.

Lady Regale, his mother, was amused for some three weeks and thereafter relied upon her ear trumpet as an effective means of escape from her first-born's pompous interference.

"It seems," said Albert, voicing less colloquially the remark of Miss Myra Dawn, who was then lunching with his youngest brother, "perhaps a little . . . er . . . Victorian. Yet, at the same time, I cannot but feel that a demonstration of this chorus girl's lack of polish against the background of The Family . . . ."



MISS DELAIGNE had insisted on seeing him before the show, and had then been quite unnecessarily boisterous in the taxi on the way to the theatre

Albert contrived to pronounce the two capital letters and Lady Regale giggled.

"I beg your pardon, Mother?" Albert paused in gentle rebuke.

"Can't hear a word," said his mother unblushingly. "Lot of silly rot!" she added thoughtlessly.

Albert, faintly pained, addressed himself to his brother and sister: "After all, Edward, where did Clive meet this young woman?"

"Picked her up in a bus, I expect," said Hannah crisply before Edward could frame his reply. Lady Regale beamed on her daughter. There was much in common between them.

"If you mean, Hannah, that he scraped an introduction on some public vehicle . . ." said Albert.

"I don't," said Hannah. "I mean he picked her up on a bus."

"The distinction is, after all, immaterial," conceded Albert.

"I understand," said Edward, having worked out his contribution to the debate to his own satisfaction, "that he met her at a sherry party, and, as is usual at these Bohemian gatherings, they got into conversation without introduction."

"It is possible," said Albert, indulgently doing his best to excuse his brother's social lapse, "that Clive was slightly inebriated."

"You mean tight," snapped Lady Regale.

"Really, Mother, is that expression exactly pleasant?"

"Well, if you don't like it, try bottled, binged, sozzled, screwed or canned. You make me sick, Bertie," she concluded warmly.

"My dear Mother," replied Albert, more in sorrow than in anger, "I wish you would abstain from these outbursts. And I do implore you to refrain from calling me Bertie."

"What?" said Lady Regale, raising her entirely unnecessary ear trumpet, and retiring unfairly upon her never-failing supports.

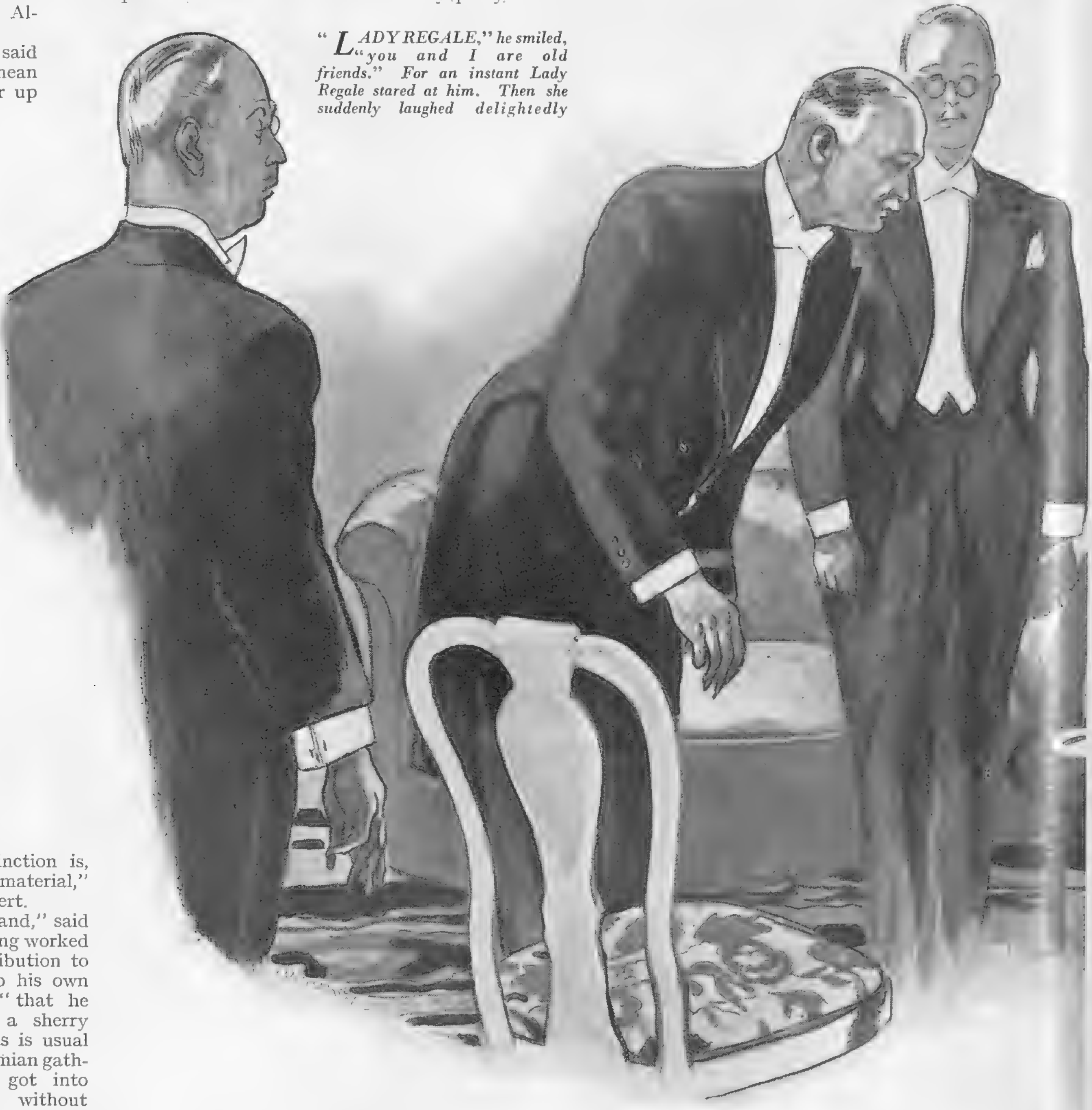
Albert gave it up.

The timely arrival of his erring brother Clive saved him further effort.

"Hello, Mother."

Still suffused in the afterglow of his lunch with Myra, he contrived to beam upon the remainder of The Family.

"Hullo, Clive," said his mother. "Been to another sherry party?"



"LADY REGALE," he smiled, "you and I are old friends." For an instant Lady Regale stared at him. Then she suddenly laughed delightedly

Albert raised a protesting hand, but she continued: "Bertie's been telling us about your last. Oh, I forgot, I mustn't call him Bertie."

"I thought you said that you couldn't hear my request," demanded Albert suspiciously.

"No more I could," retorted his Mother and reached for her trumpet.

"What about my last party?" said Clive sharply.

"Oh, nothing, nothing, Clive. We were just talking about your future."

"It sounds as though my past had been the topic."

"Only so far as it affected Mother's dinner party next week, Clive. By the way, we have had no reply from your Miss . . . er . . . What is this young woman's name?" asked Albert.

"Meaning Miss Dawn?" Clive demanded dangerously.

"Yes, yes, of course. I suppose I should have known it. What piece is she playing in?" asked Albert with a bland air of innocence which did not deceive any one of his audience.

"She is in 'Left Foot First' at the Frivolity Theatre. In the chorus. I suppose that when you have finished your cross-examination Mother sums up and the jury retires?"

"My dear Clive, you take my interest in your affairs, which, as Head of the House, are after all somewhat my concern, far too truculently. You should remember that I have to consider the prestige of our name in Halalistan. . . ."

" Cheers and some laughter," interrupted Lady Regale unexpectedly.

" Upon my word, Mother . . ." snorted the Head of the House.

" Speak up, Bert, my lad. I can't hear a word," commanded his mother, entirely unabashed. " Only you look so funny," she added unnecessarily.

" Neither Bert nor Bertie, if you please, Mother," Albert requested plaintively.

" What ? " queried his mother, bringing her trumpet into action.

" Damn ! " muttered Albert.

" That's better," Lady Regale approved.

" ' Prestige of our name in Halalistan,' " Albert's sister prompted him.

" Oh, yes, of course. Well, as I was saying, Clive, the sort of marriage which you appear to contemplate may go down fairly well in England, but. . . ."

Clive crossed the room and selected a cigarette from the box at Albert's elbow.

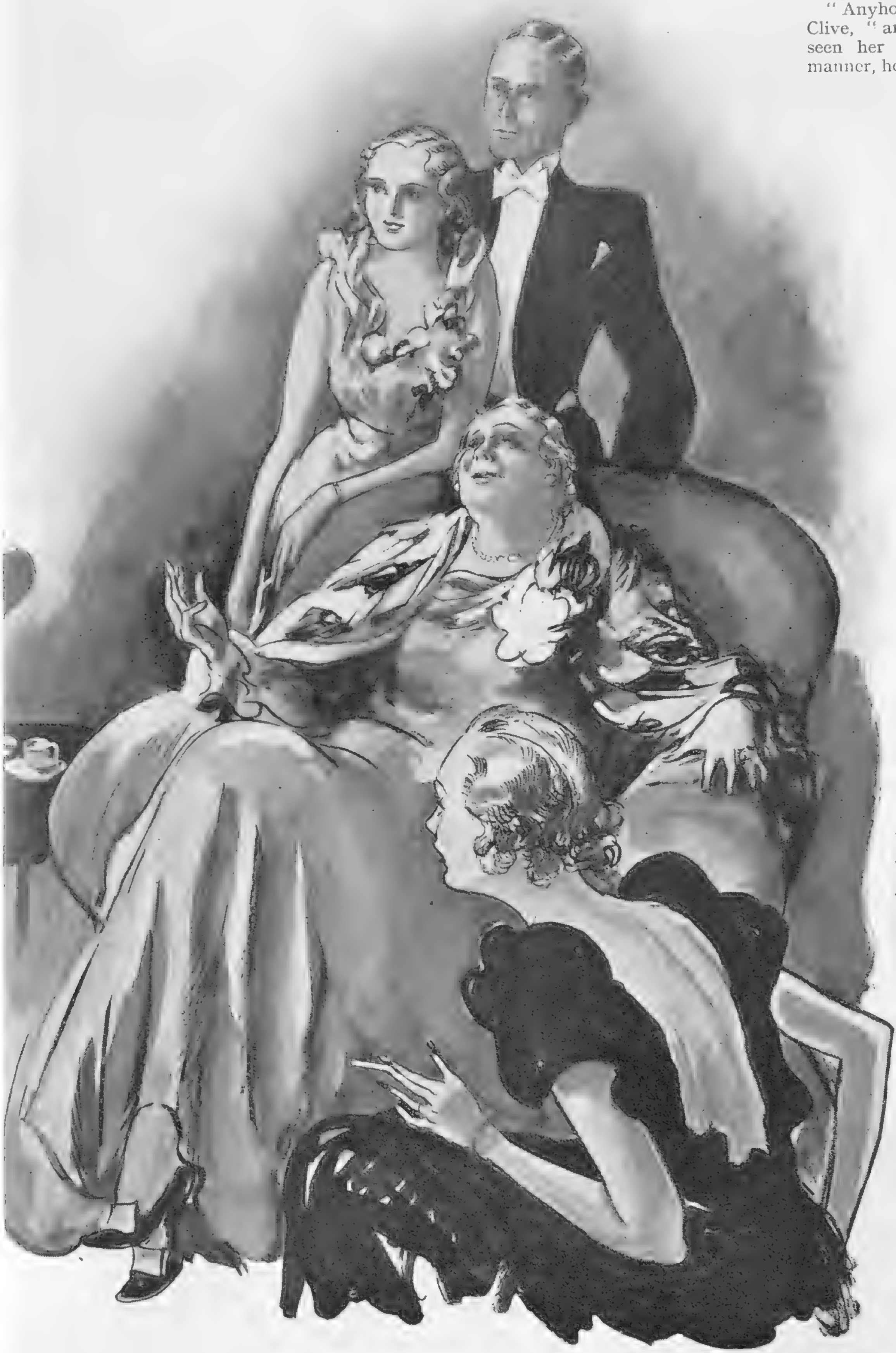
" Now, do you mind shutting up ? You have never met Miss Dawn. You know less than nothing about her. Your opinions don't matter one diminutive hoot to me because——" said Clive, warming to his subject, " I happen to love her. You seem to think that she is unworthy to live in Halalistan. I only wonder if it is worthy of her society. When you have seen her next week, and I was surprised to hear from her that she will come and dine with us. . . ."

" I consider that she should be highly honoured," Albert protested.

" She certainly seems to be highly courageous," commented his sister.

" She hasn't seen Albert yet," remarked Lady Regale unpleasantly.

" Anyhow, she is coming," continued Clive, " and when you have seen her, seen her perfect poise, her charm of manner, her . . . her. . . ."



He paused in search of further assets to describe. Actually, he knew very little of Myra Dawn. He was perforce driven back upon her more obvious attractions.

" Her hair like ripe corn," he continued, unoriginally, " her eyes, her lips. . . ."

" I have heard quite enough," snapped Albert, " too much, in fact. You seem to forget that I am your eldest brother, Clive. How dare you stand over me and flaunt the lady's lips in my face . . . ? "

Lady Regale laughed disconcertingly.

" I should think that would be a highly improbable situation," she remarked.

" I protest against these constant interruptions," barked the Head of the House.

" You mind your own business, Bertie," retorted his mother with sudden heat. " This is my house and my money and my dinnerparty. If you don't like it you can push off. Go and fetch me a peg, you great hypocrite, and don't sit there looking as hurt and haughty as a singed cat on a block of ice. . . ."

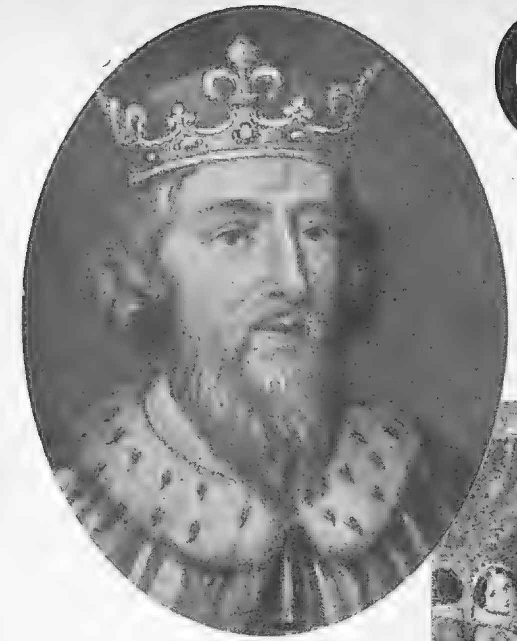
The Adam's apple in Albert's scrawny throat continued to rise and fall, although he uttered no coherent word, like a metronome after the music has ceased. One word of the many which his mother had employed had frightened him. Did she in fact know him to be a hypocrite, or had the shaft been fired at random ? Surely his little affair with Dolly Delaigne of the back row of the chorus of " Left Foot First " could not possibly have come to light.

He rose stiffly and carried out his mother's orders.

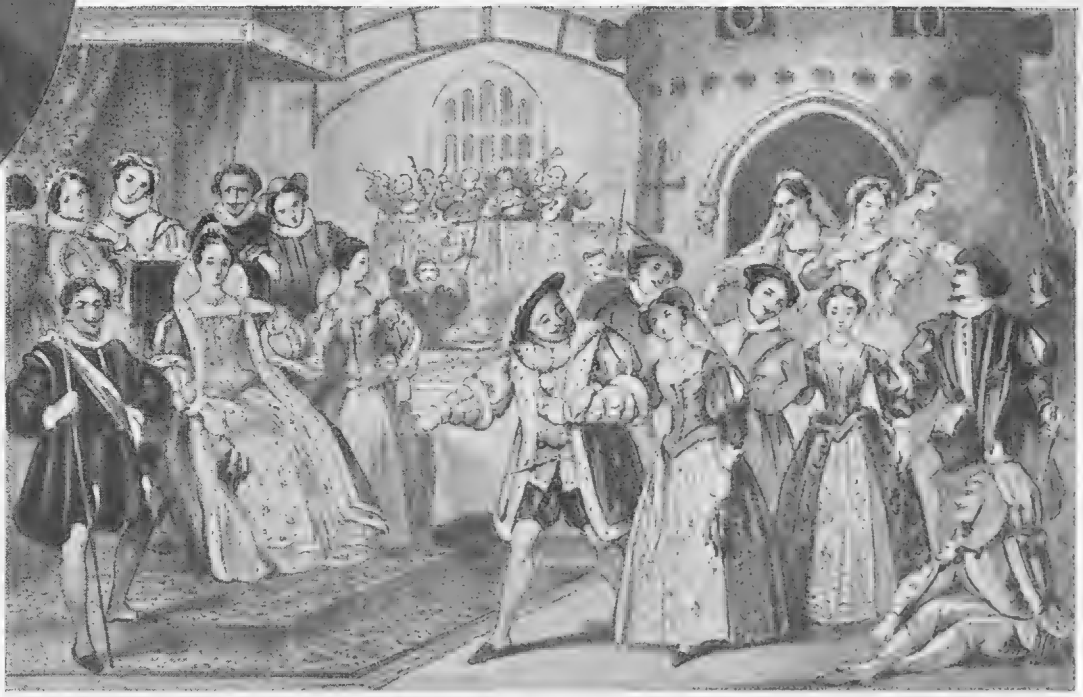
He was so worried that he actually poured out a

(*Continued on page* 145)

Christmas *with* Famous People



HAD you been a friend of Alfred the Great it is probable you would have received an abbey for a Christmas gift. Failing that, a trifle of incense, perhaps—"as much as a strong man could carry on his shoulders"



HENRY THE EIGHTH, exuberant as ever, is here taking part in one of the magnificent pageants which were a feature of the festivities at Greenwich. The ladies have just been "rescued" from the castle in the background

"IF you want a true picture of a man, find out how he spends Christmas," said a sage to me once. I was sceptical at the time, but on thinking it over I've decided he's right.

Even if he's wrong, investigations are interesting, and in some cases amusing, so let's look at the Christmases of some famous people.

We can't begin too early, so we'll start with Alfred the Great. Every one knows that Alfred was a very saintly person, so it follows that he spent Christmas very reverently. We read that he was in the habit of distributing a few abbeys as gifts—which is what you might expect of a devout man—though there were occasions when he contented himself with just a *"rich silk pall and as much incense as a strong man could carry on his shoulders."*

Now, does that give you a picture of Alfred?

Henry the Eighth had quite different ideas about things and Sandys reveals him to us at Greenwich on the occasion of a magnificent Christmas.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK, the film director, is a Christmas "fan." As a student of food this is to be expected of him, though he has other reasons

It seems that Henry spared no expense in his entertaining, and on this occasion there was erected in the hall a castle with gates, dungeons and towers, garnished with artillery and other warlike weapons.

"In the castle were six fair maidens, no doubt selected for their grace and beauty, all clothed in russet satin, laid over with leaves of gold. . . .

"After the castle had been dragged about the hall and the Queen had seen it (she seems to have been fairly popular for the moment), in came the King with five select companions dressed in coats of which half was of satin velvet with spangles of gold. . . .

"These gallant knights vigorously assaulted the castle, and the ladies, seeing them so courageous, capitulated and yielded it up, after which they came down and danced together, when the ladies, in their turn, became the conquerors and took the knights into the castle, which vanished out of sight!"

Queen Elizabeth, with her fondness for luxury and dress, her passion for adulation, might naturally have been expected to make some excellent play with Christmas for the indulgence of her weaknesses.

The magnificence of the pageants put on before her were such that, according to Sandys, her own conscience smote her at the vastness of the sums expended on them, so an attempt was made to economise. The effort seems to have been abortive, however, for, the next year, the bills were heavier than ever.

In her younger days, it is recorded that at Christmas Elizabeth gave to her brother, King Edward, a translation in Latin, in her own hand, of an Italian sermon of Occhini. Whether the sermon were intended for the improvement of her brother's mind, however, or merely to lay emphasis on her own accomplishments as a scholar, one is left to imagine.

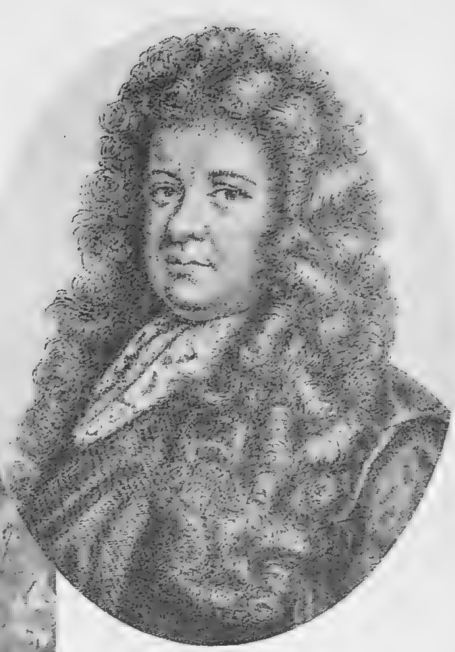
And then there's this, for a quiet picture of Christmas in the sixteen-sixties, taken from Pepys's Diary:—

"Lay pretty long abed and then rose, leaving my wife desirous to sleep, having sat up till four this morning watching her maids make mince pies.

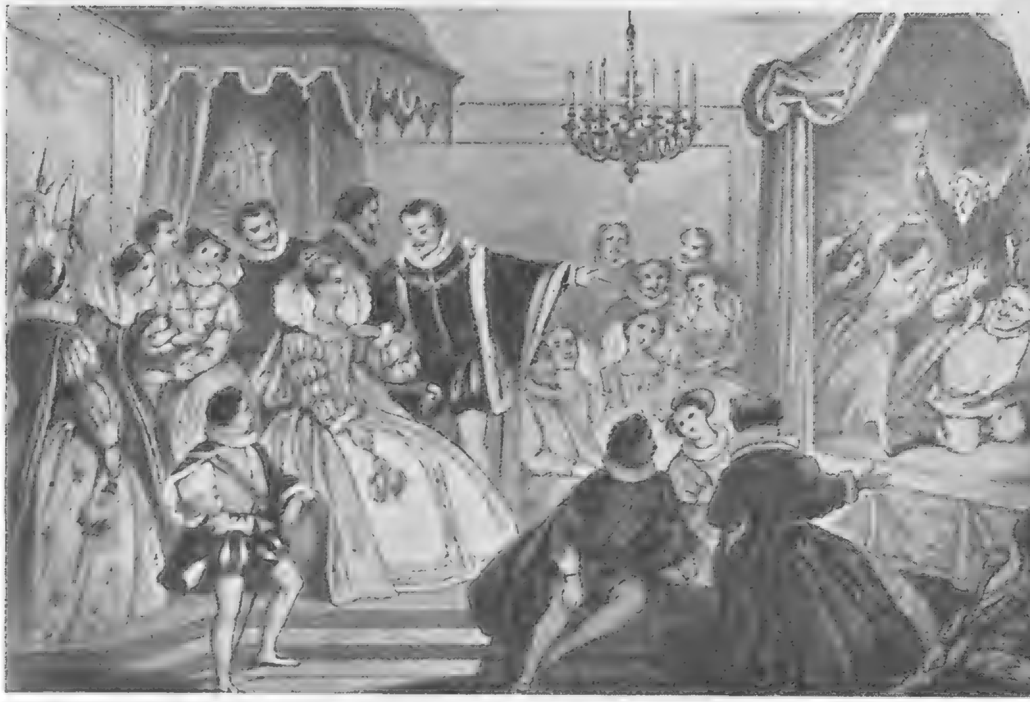
"I to church where our Parson Mills made a good sermon. Then home and dined well on good ribbs of beef and mince pies. Only my wife and brother and Barker and plenty of good wine of my own; and my heart full of true joy and thankfulness to God

Some Interesting Portraits Framed in a Seasonable Way

By Winifred Lewis



SAMUEL PEPYS, the inimitable diarist, gives a delightful picture of a quiet Christmas in the sixteen-sixties. An incident three hundred years old which repeats itself in simple households to-day



AT the Court of Elizabeth the Christmas pageants were of such magnificence that the Queen's own conscience smote her at the expense. An attempt was made to economise, but next year the bills were heavier than ever!

Almighty for the goodness of my condition this day. After dinner walked alone on foot to the temple, thinking to have seen a play all alone, but there missing of any bills concluded there was none, and so back home, and there with my brother reducing my books to an alphabet. And then to supper and to bed."

But now to take a look at some modern people, beginning with the picture of an exile's Christmas, taken from Carveth Wells's delightful story, *Six Years in the Malay Jungle.* Imagine him, hundreds of miles deep in the jungle, with a few coolies and some Malay servants—

"*This was my first Christmas away from home and I was determined to have a real Christmas dinner. Unfortunately I had to put up with a full-grown roast deer, which was served up whole on my plate.*

"*The Christmas pudding, however, was to be the pièce de résistance. I had ordered all the ingredients from Singapore, and Salleh (the Malay cook) took the keenest interest in preparing everything, although he hadn't the faintest idea whatever I was going to do with such an extraordinary mixture. . . .*

"*The largest boiler I could find was the big iron kettle used for heating my bath water. So that was pressed into service. Dinner was served at two o'clock, and I sat in solutude amid the most magnificent decorations I have ever seen in my life for a Christmas dinner. In one corner was a Christmas tree and on the top of it were two unopened letters, one from my mother and the other from my wife. . . .*

"*After eating the whole deer, I called for the Christmas pudding, and in walked Salleh, looking very much puzzled, carrying a large soup plate in one hand, a huge black kettle in the other. Before I could recover from my astonishment he had placed the plate before me and was solemnly pouring the pudding out of the spout! Then it dawned on me that I had forgotten to tell him anything about tying up the pudding in a cloth.*"

Christmas being what it is, it seemed only proper to introduce here a student of food, so I sought out Alfred Hitchcock—one of our most famous English film directors. "Hitch" is a Christmas "fan" and a very great figure, in more than one sense. "We spent last Christmas in St. Moritz, but it was wrong—all wrong," he told me, his large countenance arranging itself into folds of disapproval.

"You can't reproduce Christmas away from home. It's too deeply implanted in familiar things—places and people you like. St. Moritz was all right, but not the atmosphere for Christmas. You can't get it in an hotel, it's too formal. Besides, who wants turkey sandwiched into a dozen other courses? . . ." "Hitch" looked plaintive, as if he'd rather have a turkey to himself.

"If you want to enjoy Christmas," he confided, balancing his huge bulk on a very small chair, "you want children . . . paper hats, crackers; they make the atmosphere, but they're just fatuous without.

"I've spent Christmases abroad—in Vienna, Mexico, Munich (the Germans think they invented Christmas), but none of them can do it like we do.

"Mind you, I don't say that Christmas hasn't got its snags." He grinned. "Relations, for instance. . . ."

But that's quite another affair.

We wondered what a famous humorist would have to say of Christmas, so I talked to Nathaniel

(*Continued on page* 124)

THIS is Nathaniel Gubbins, the famous humorist. "I hate turkey and I burn mince pies!"

THE famous Christmas Party scene at Dingley Dell, from "Pickwick Papers," by Fortunino Matania, R.I.

On the *Sweet* Side

Sixteenth- and seventeenth-century cookery books reveal the extravagance of the kitchens and capacity of the appetites of those days. Cut down the quantities described to suit modern pockets and appetites, and you will find some delightful recipes for cakes and puddings which will give an old-fashioned background to your Christmas Party

IF you look through an old cookery book, you will be astounded at the extravagance of the recipes and the richness of dishes they describe.

Sixteenth- and seventeenth-century plum cakes, which seemed to be quite normal in those days, would cost a fortune to make to-day, and when they begin to describe Christmas dishes you simply have to close the book at once.

Apart from the expense of these festive dishes, we, with our comparatively modest appetites, cannot imagine how so much food and drink could be consumed at one sitting and how the people who sat down to table in those days ever managed to get up from it. Indeed, we do know that some of them moved under, rather than away from, the table at the end of dinner.

Here and there, however, in these old books you find charming recipes for old-fashioned cakes and sweets which can be adapted quite easily to modern kitchens, tastes and purses, especially at a time like this when we are not thinking quite so much about saving pennies.

The shops are already ablaze with gay trimmings, and price-lists from stores are packed with every possible ingredient you could wish for.

These lists show that we have not only the finest selection of foodstuffs in the world, but that they are offered to us at prices incomparably lower than anywhere else.

So why not try your hand at some of the old-fashioned recipes which I quote here?

A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY BRANDY CAKE

"Take four pounds of flour well dried and sifted, seven pounds of currants, washed and rubbed clean, six pounds of butter, two pounds of almonds, blanched and pounded with orange flower water. Then take four pounds of eggs, put away half the whites, three pounds of good lump sugar pounded and sifted, mace and nutmegs to your taste, half a pint of brandy and whatever sweetmeats you like.

How to mix the cake

"Work the butter to a cream with your hands, then put in your sugar and almonds; mix these all well together and put in your eggs. Beat them till they look thick and white, then put in the brandy and shake in your flour by degrees, and when your oven is ready, put in your currants and sweetmeats, just before you put in your hoop. It will take four hours in a quick oven to bake it."

That is the recipe as it was written (I have, of course, changed "ye" to "the" and "flower" to "flour"). Divide the quantities by four, and you should have a very good cake. "Sweetmeats" must mean crystallised fruits, and a hoop is surely a cake-tin.

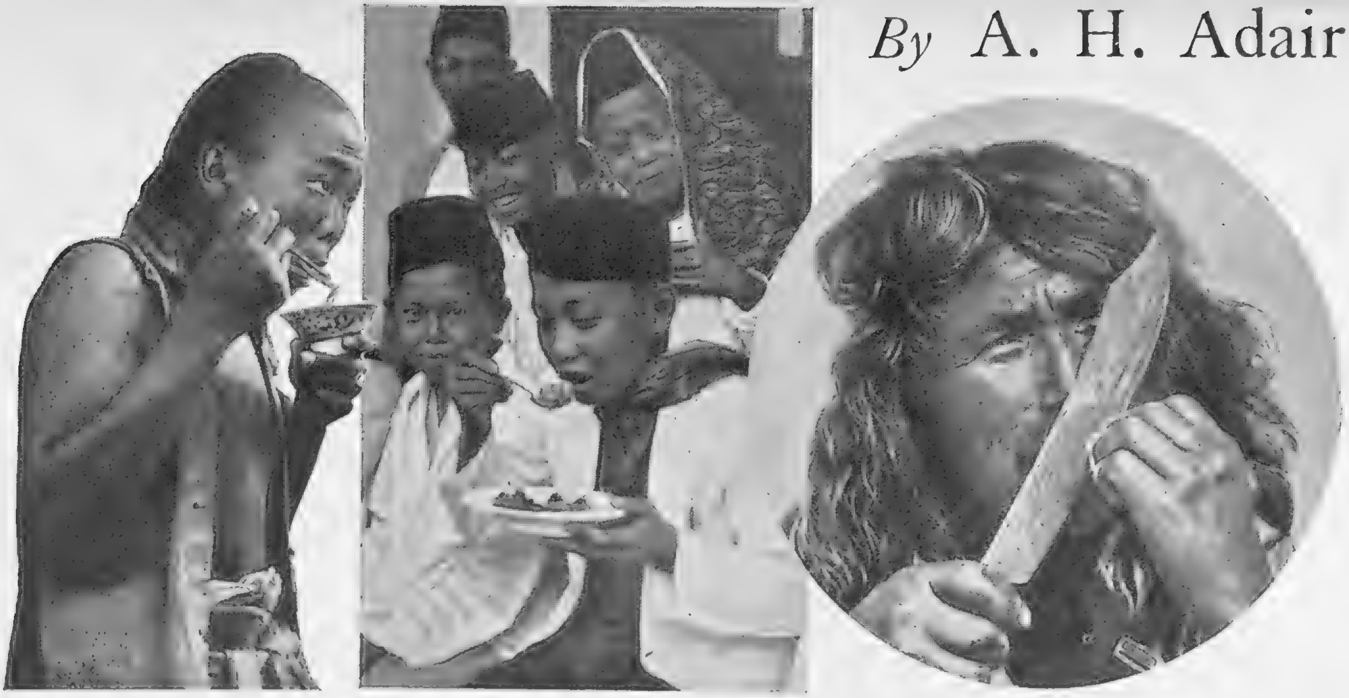
EXCELLENT SMALL CAKES

"Take three pound of very fine flour well dried by the fire, and put to it a pound and half of loaf sugar sifted in a very fine sieve and dried; three pounds of currants well washed in a cloth and set by the fire; when your flour is well mixed with sugar and currants, you must put in it a pound and half of melted butter, ten spoonfuls of cream, with the yolks of three new laid eggs beat with it, one nutmeg, and if you please, three spoonfuls of brandy.

"When you have wrought your paste well, you must put it in a cloth, and set it in a dish before the fire, till it be through warm. Then make them up in little cakes, and prick them full of holes; you must bake them in a quick oven unclosed. Afterwards ice them over with sugar."

Castor sugar, of course, would be better than sifted lump sugar. "Wrought" obviously means worked.

(*Continued on page* 110.)



By A. H. Adair

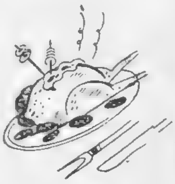
Feasts *in Other* Lands

Monkey is the star dish at a Borneo Dinner Party; Shark, eaten raw, is relished by Polynesian savages, and Elephant's Foot is a great delicacy among certain African natives. . . . But we still think Turkey and Plum Pudding make the best Christmas dinner

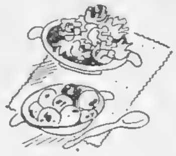
Our Christmas Dinner

DON'T serve rich soups or fish before the bird. A good clear soup is all that we want, leaving the palate clean and fresh for the good things to follow.

HAVE plenty of stuffing and garnish with the bird. A good plan is to surround the dish with crisp rolls of bacon, tiny sausages and little balls of extra stuffing.



TWO vegetables at the most. Potatoes—baked or croquettes—and one green vegetable, though even this is hardly necessary. Some people serve a dish of chestnuts boiled and browned in the gravy of the bird.



BE generous with the flaming spirit on the pudding and let there be plenty of sauce. Brandy butter or sauce is the best, though a good orange sauce is not to be despised. Recipe for the latter is given on page 110.

TRAVELLERS in far-away lands have strange stories to tell of feasts they have witnessed and partaken of.

I myself have eaten Christmas dinners in three continents, but as they have always been in civilised countries, these meals have not differed very much from the normal European version.

I remember thinking it very odd in one tropical country to be sitting down to Christmas dinner wearing a white suit and wondering how much hotter I would feel after the plum pudding; finding, also, bread fruit, avocado pear and other exotic vegetables not quite right with stuffed turkey.

But, apart from these comparatively unimportant details, and the fact that the punch served before we left was iced instead of being boiling, everything was more or less the same as it is at home.

* * *

What is really interesting to hear about is the very queer festival foods eaten by natives in various parts of the world, for we must remember that our own Christmas dinner, based on religious celebration, is not the only meal of its kind.

When you come to examine its origins, you find that some of the traditions of Christmas are definitely pagan, such as the decorations of mistletoe and greenery, which were customary centuries before there was such a thing as the Christian Church.

The burning of the pudding in flaming spirit, too, is an outcome of the incantations of ancient priests in an age when people worshipped the sun.

Monkeys, greatly appreciated for their "delicate" flavour, provide the main dish at the festival dinner parties of various natives—Borneo, Ceylon and certain parts of South America—while they also enjoy a kind of land crab which is extremely good eating, for I have tasted it myself in the West Indies.

The shark is much esteemed in all the four quarters of the earth, and various parts of the monster are deemed to be the best according to the taste of the natives. During certain feast times the savages of Polynesia consume vast quantities of raw shark with as much enjoyment as we would eat our portion of turkey.

Another great delicacy among certain African natives is elephant's foot. Don't forget that some of us like pigs' trotters and calves' foot jelly.

The preparation of this tasty joint is a matter of considerable effort, for great holes have to be dug in the earth; these are made red hot by fires burnt in them, after which the foot is put in, covered with hot earth and more fire, and left until well cooked and, we suppose, "nicely browned."

(*Continued on page* 152)

This *is the* Children's Holiday

YOU people who don't enjoy Christmas, take a tip from me. Get some children around; give them a romping good time. Forget your dignity and go in for paper hats. If you emerge from the experiment without feeling the better for it, you're in a bad way—but you won't.

Christmas is the children's festival, so enjoy it with them and renew your acquaintance with happiness of a vintage that is growing very rare.

I know an old man who every year fills his house with children—any children. His housekeeper is kept busy for days providing dainties, and he himself dresses the Christmas tree. They call him an eccentric, but they're wrong. He knows the way to enjoy life.

I have known people who stand agape at the prospect of entertaining children, and " What shall I give them . . . ? " is a kind of perennial fever. Yet, really, children are very easy to please—even the superior modern ones.

My own little girl friends are always flattered and delighted with a " grown-up " gift. An umbrella, a purse or a handbag; a workbasket, a flat-iron; a pair of gloves with fur on them—" like *you* wear." These gifts always go with a swing. You see, they flatter as well as please.

Children are no less immune to flattery than we susceptible adults; the only difference is that they love to be thought older than they are.

Buy a boy a policeman's uniform for Christmas and he is puffed out with pride and importance. He *is* a policeman. Give him a toy telephone and he is, at once, the business man.

They're really just like their elders—always emulating someone else. Give them something that adds to their stature—physically or metaphorically—and you are a friend for life.

You never miss the elusive spirit of Christmas if you keep touch with the simple pleasures connected with it. My only recollections of dull Christmases are concerned with sad occasions when, for some reason, we were unable to spend it with children. On the other hand, I have delightful memories of a houseful of measles at Christmas time, when all we grown-ups devised a show to put on in the sickroom (they were convalescent by this time).

Our home-made turns may have lacked a good deal in professional sang-froid, and our make-up, though creditable, was indiscriminate.

The most one could say of the singing is that it was hearty, while the accompanist may not always have been playing the same tune; but the shrieks of approval from the audience showed no distaste for these trifles, and the final speeches from the stage seemed to indicate that even measles were welcome at Christmas.

A fond study of parties bears out the theory that children are happier when playing with grown-ups. A seasoning of adults among the guests and a break-away from conventional children's pastimes are generally acceptable.

Left to themselves, youngsters are quite likely to drift into clans; and even disputes are not unknown, but the presence of adults invariably solves the difficulty.

A stage show is great fun at a children's party, if the children themselves will perform.

" Surprise items " coming in the shape of efforts from the grown-ups are acceptable interludes, and when young and old are really enthusiastic it is impossible to say who has the greatest fun.

You can say what you like about carol singing, but for my part, the festivities wouldn't be complete without the Christmas Eve tour conducted by my young relations and their friends.

Their warblings are strictly confined to the doorsteps of friends and relatives, and I am aware that their reward at each call is more in keeping with Christmas than with the safe keeping of their digestive systems—but who wants to be safe at Christmas?

WINIFRED LEWIS.

Presents *on the* Christmas Tree

" BUN-BUN," a Chad Valley toy in softest plush, is an ideal bedtime companion. Price 3/6 from Hamley's.

A BOX of Batger's delicious Chinese Figs—a healthy dessert for nursery and schoolroom.

" SQUEAK" and her baby (attached to mother by a press stud) are "Happy Days" toys from the Treasure Cot Co. Price 6/-.

CLARK'S Sheepskin collar slippers in nigger blue, and red are cosy and practical, for they have substantial flexible leather soles. In children's sizes from 8/6.

CADBURY'S half-moon " Piccadilly Casket " is temptingly filled with their de luxe Carnival Assortment. Price 12/6.

" SCOTTIE," the Aberdeen Terrier, is an attractive container for Mackintosh's Assortment de Luxe. Price 1/6

RAPHAEL TUCK'S " Crazy-Cut " jigsaw puzzle will liven long winter evenings.

A BOX of Harbutt's Plasticine always provides instructive and amusing indoor entertainment.

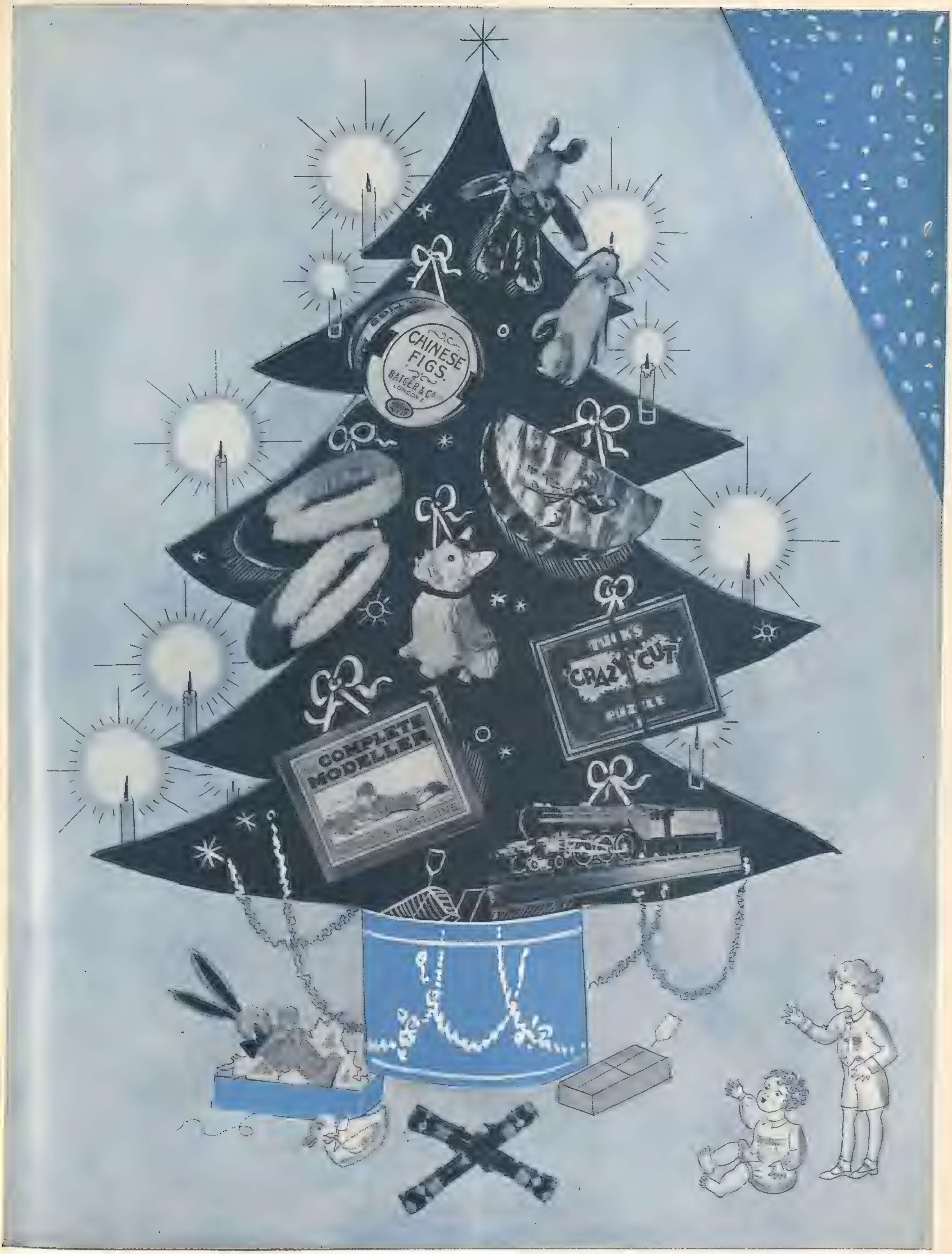
A SCALE model L.N.E.R. "Flying Scotsman," clockwork and electric. Price £4 . 4 . 0 from Bassett-Lowke.

At *the* Foot *of the* Tree

SOFT, cuddly rabbit and duck, made by "Chilprufe."

TOM SMITH'S " Pompadour " crackers add decoratively to the fun of any party.

NO need to fear draughts and their attendant colds when the children are wearing " Chilprufe " crawlers and " Buster " suits.

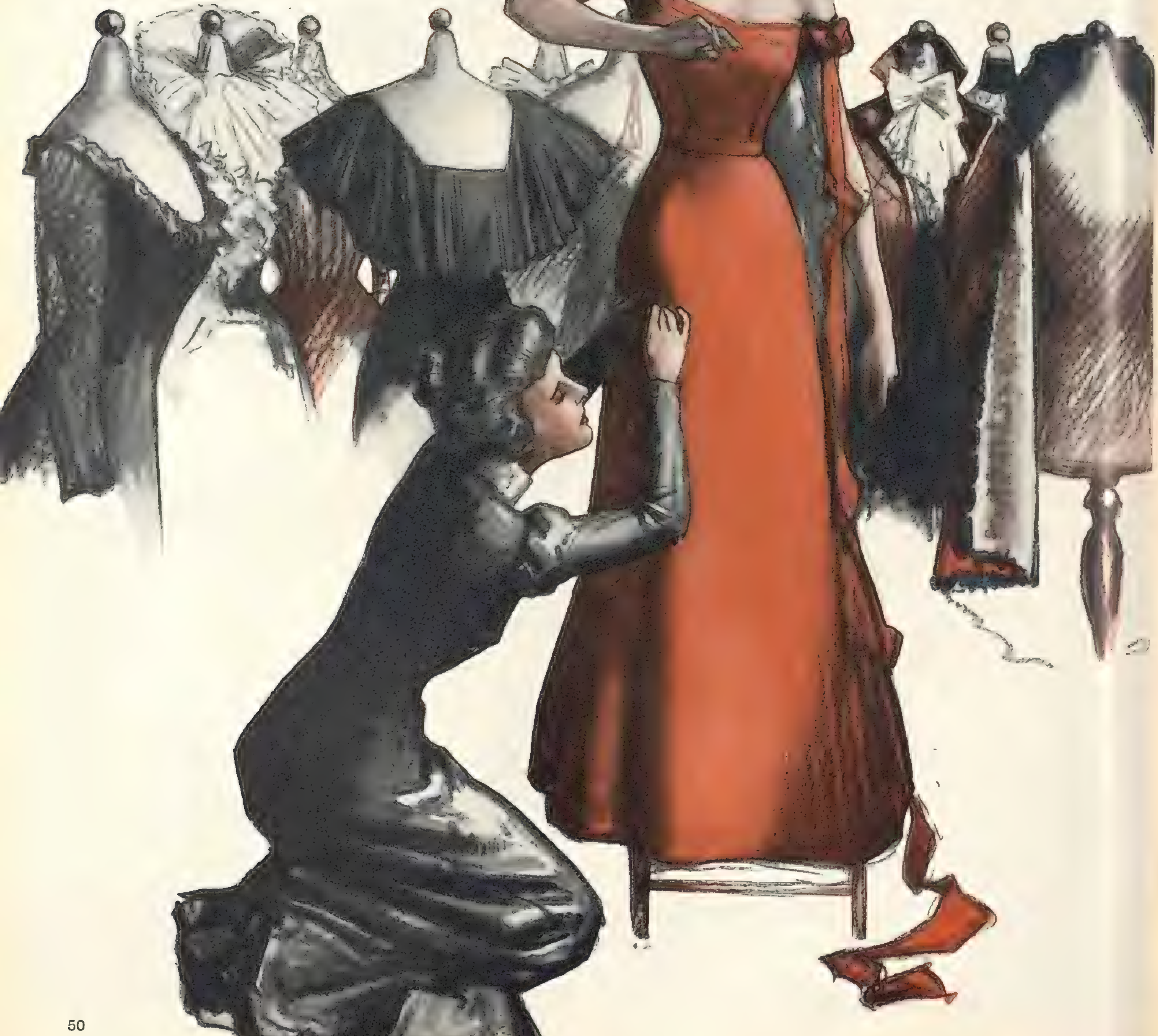

CHINESE FIGS.
BATGER & Co
LONDON E
TUCK'S
CRAZY CUT
PUZZLE
COMPLETE MODELLER
PLASTICINE

The Napoleon

By
Anthony
Gibbs

Youth and
trick on

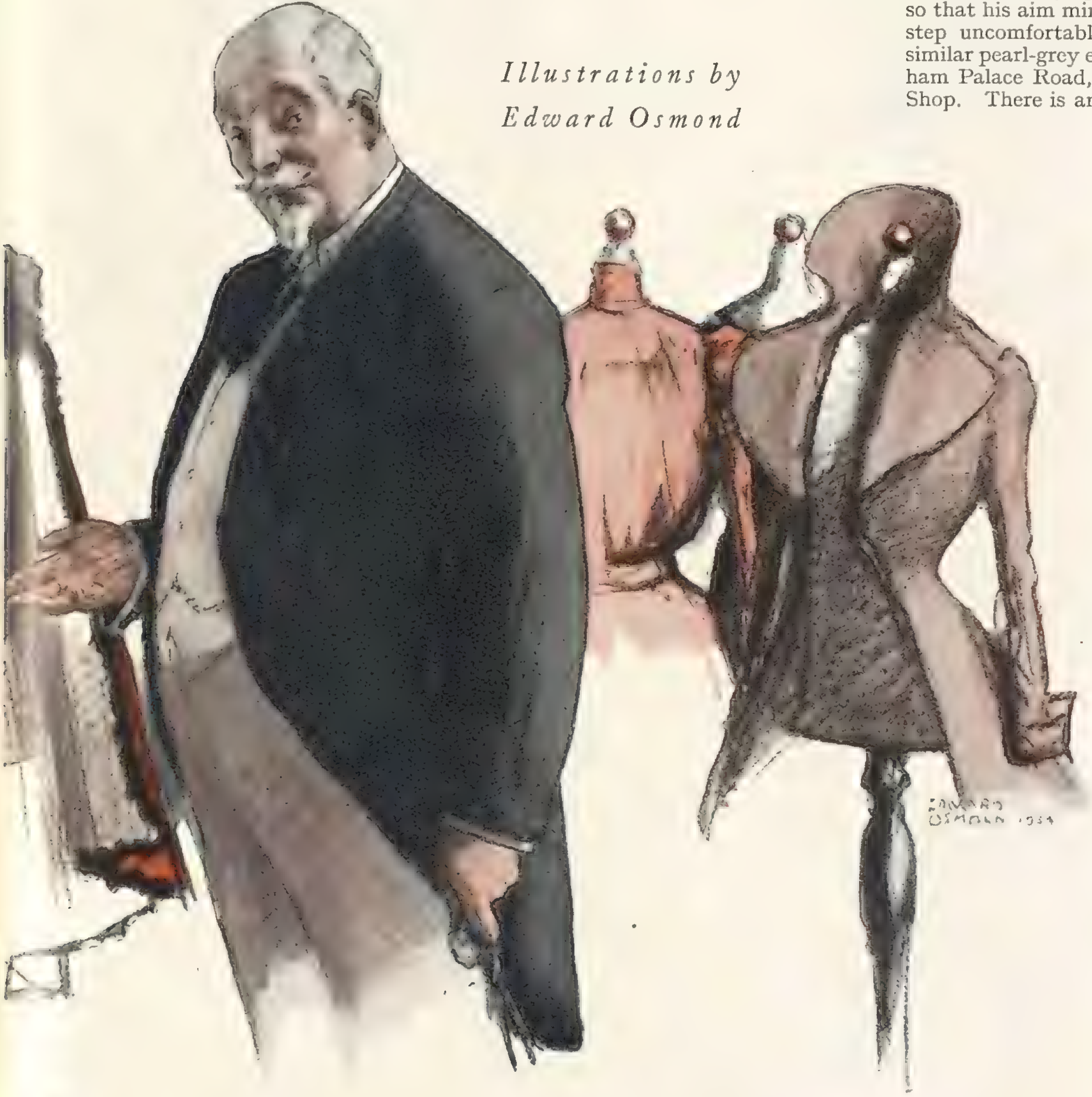
QUICK as the torrent of his thoughts Monsieur Paul shaped his dream in stuff, shaped it on the model with a "la ! la ! la !" where the silk lady should put her pins



# of Fashion

Time play a shabby Genius past its prime

Illustrations by Edward Osmond



It is said, rather incredibly, that the Frenchwomen were the worst dressed women in Europe when Monsieur Paul first set foot in Paris. But then Monsieur Paul is now elderly. Even in the days when King Edward never passed through Paris on his way to Biarritz without supping at that magnificently ostentatious demesne in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne—an exact replica of the Petit Trianon at Versailles—his noble head was hairless, his eyebrows non-existent, his fierce moustache and his imperial beard a distinguished and speckless white. *Autres temps*, as his adopted compatriots have it, *autres mœurs*. It was in the year eighteen hundred and seventy that he was set down at the Gare du Nord. He was an Englishman. He was driven in a fiacre through the streets. The French ladies were abominably dressed.

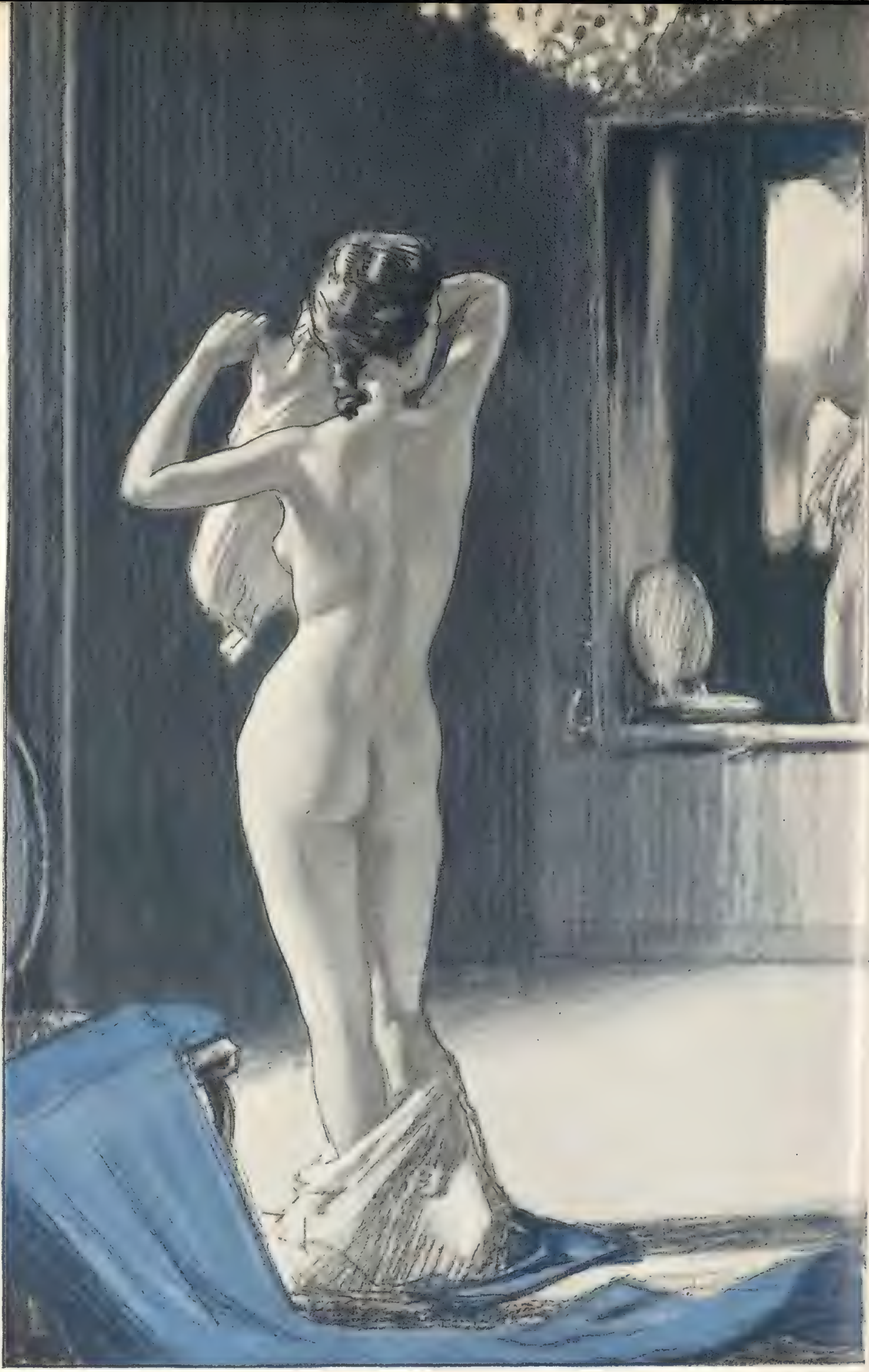
It is perhaps a little unkind to exhume these secrets from the buried past. In thirty years Monsieur Paul had forgotten his English ancestry as conveniently as he had forgotten the English language. The French ladies—the great French ladies who were dressed by Monsieur Paul in person, and the little French ladies who sewed with their own hands such elegancies and such simplicities that they might be said with certainty to be dressed vicariously by Monsieur Paul—the French ladies have very conveniently forgotten too.

The fortunate ones who know their Paris may recollect the pearl-grey establishment in the Rue de Rivoli, with the name " Paul " scrawled in a facsimile of his handwriting across the window with its pearl-grey curtains. On one side there is a shop which sells ridiculous Parisian trinkets, and theatre tickets, and naked dolls, each with a fly fixed so that it appears to be crawling across its stomach. On the other side is a window entirely filled with the photograph of a man aiming a revolver so that his aim miraculously follows you as you step uncomfortably by. There is an exactly similar pearl-grey establishment in the Buckingham Palace Road, next door to the Boy Scout Shop. There is another half-way up the steep incline which leads from the harbour of Monaco, past the Sporting Club to the gentlemen's lavatory and the bust of Massenet at the corner of the Monte Carlo Casino. There is, or was, another in the Nevsky Prospect at St. Petersburg. It is sacred to the memory of the name across its window, just as the windows of next door are sacred to Rolls-Royce, just as St. Petersburg is now sacred to the name of Lenin.

A certain decadence, you understand, has descended upon Monsieur Paul. The Boy Scouts and the Bolsheviks have clamoured at his gates. An air of archaism clings to his establishments. Other and newer names have arisen in the firmament of *couture*. The pink palace in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne is empty, untenanted, untenable. The very Avenue du Bois de Boulogne itself no longer exists, and has become the Avenue Foch, *tout court*, as bald as the brain-case of Monsieur Paul himself, and much less magnificent.

But imagine Monsieur Paul, if you please, in the year 1902 and the thirty-second of his era. A Napoleon of dress if ever there was one. An Emperor of fashion. The wasp waist ? Monsieur Paul had created it. The bell-shaped skirt ? A little conception of Monsieur Paul. The braided jacket ? A trifle. The picture hat, loaded with the produce of the vinery, the hothouse, the aviary ? Monsieur Paul had thought of it. The motoring veil with the talc eye-pieces ? The dust jacket ? The cycling costume ? The whaleboned lace collar ? The hair arranged in three dollops over the face ? The velvet opera cloak ? The evening décolletage without visible means of support ? The black band, diamanté around the neck ? The elbow-length black glove ? The lace cuffs, the——? But why continue ? Monsieur Paul had invented them all. Not a dowager of the *ancien régime*, not a midinette but was clad from heel to top-knot in the decorative conceptions of Monsieur Paul.

And what a change in thirty-two years ! In that brief time the Frenchwoman had become the very embodiment of the



THE lady in black precipitated herself
The greatest creation of your brain! The

essential *chic* of Monsieur Paul. Paris was the acknowledged capital of the elegances just as Monsieur Paul was their acknowledged arbiter. His fortune ran into millions. Wherever the gay world of fashion congregated, at Longchamps, at Biarritz, at Monte Carlo, there was the expression of the genius of Monsieur Paul. There, as likely as not, was Monsieur Paul himself, heavy, debonair, with a fat cigar, and a fat roll to the brim of his Homburg, the tiniest feet and the little white hands of a baby.

Suppose that you had been passing on your way along the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne one fine morning of October in the year 1902. The chestnut trees were brown, perhaps, but not altogether bare of leaves. It was eleven o'clock, and the Parisian sun glinted on the spokes of the carriage wheels and lit up the green lawns and made a tracery of branches on the fronts of the great private houses on either side. Perambulators of the most expensive sort rocked gently by the benches, and the air was filled with the clop of horses and the shouts of children and the sparkle of autumn. Occasionally there was a motor car.

And in front of the immense, ornate residence of Monsieur Paul a knot of idlers gaped and pointed out to one another that therein was Monsieur Paul and that it was the Petit Trianon completely exact, except that one of the sides of the courtyard was false, being nothing but a wall with windows in it.

Presently, if you had stayed to watch, you would have seen Monsieur Paul come out, in an open carriage and pair, the former being made of wickerwork, in which he sat in the precise mathematical centre. The cigar was in his mouth. The Homburg, recommended to him by King Edward, sat jauntily upon his head. The coachman whipped up his horses. The harness jingled. The wheels sped round in the sunshine. Involuntarily the onlookers raised their hats. Monsieur Paul acknowledged the salutation with a wave of his hand and a whiff of the mildest and most expensive Havana.

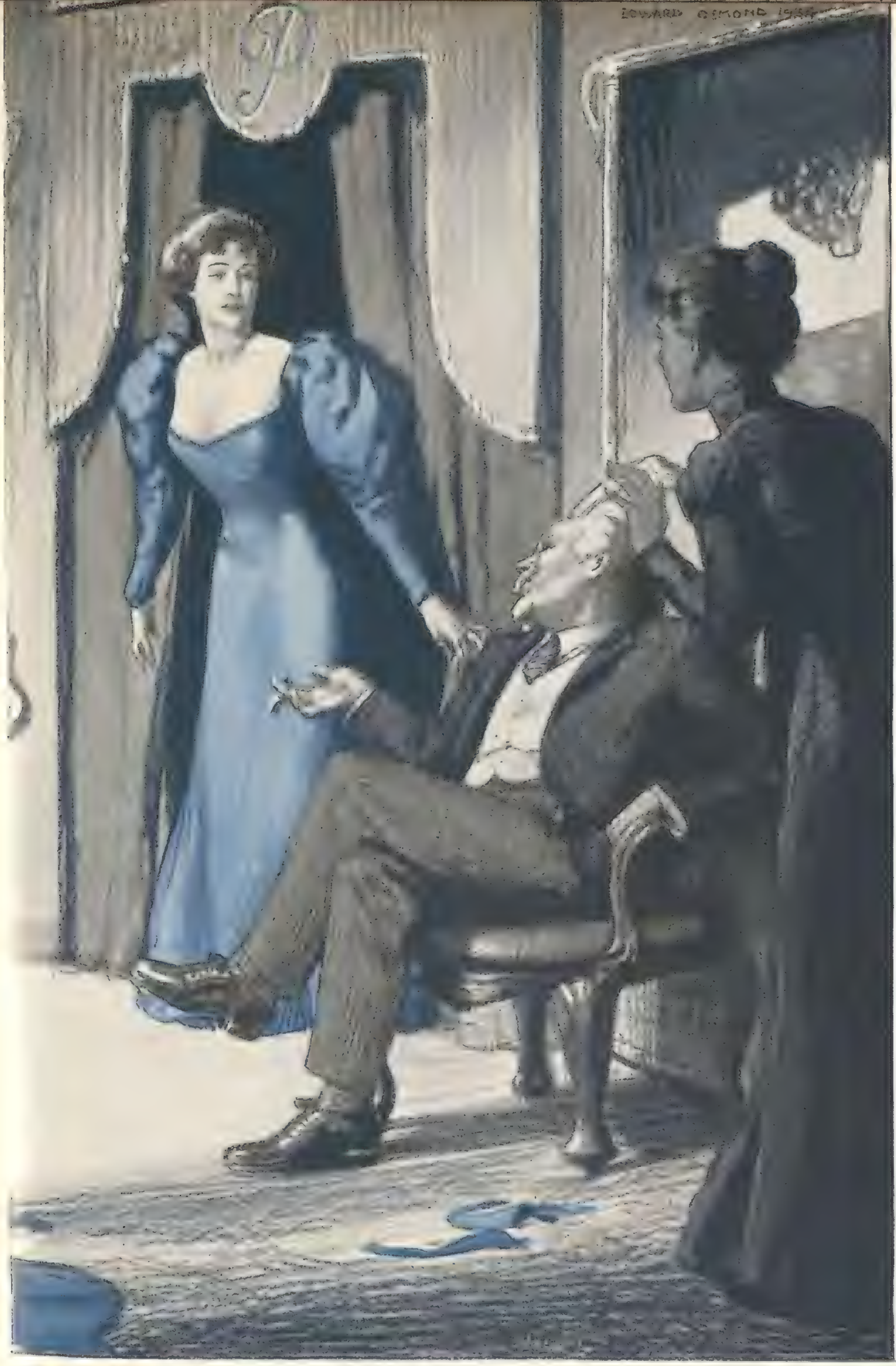
In answering carriages the ladies bowed. Equestrian gentlemen raised their crops. Photographs were taken. American lady journalists scribbled violently in their books. The unintroduced overtly stared. The gendarme at the crossing removed his hat. As he rolled down the broad highway of the Champs Elysées only the children of the rich ignored him, intent upon their swings and the squawks of the Punch-and-Judy. At the Place de la Concorde a man hailed him with familiarity: " Paul! Hola! "

He squirmed in his seat and waved his cigar in a friendly way over the back of his disappearing carriage. It was the Spanish Ambassador.

In the Rue de Rivoli he was received like royalty. Rumpelmayer's was on one side, a jeweller's on the other. A man in evening dress took reverently all that was left of his cigar, and the Homburg hat. He passed within. A lady in black silk curtsied.

" I have an inspiration," said Monsieur Paul.

The lady rang a discreet bell, while Monsieur Paul glanced about him at the



forwards in pious horror. "Mais, m'sieur! too great generosity! Monsieur, I beg . . ."

universal greyness, the curtains, the cupboards, the shelves, the carpet, the elaborate pelmets, all blazoned with the initial "P." It was very *chic.*

A model entered in a corset and mounted a four-inch chair and stood waiting with absolute composure.

"Corduroy!" said Monsieur Paul. "Quick! Scissors! or in whipcord, no? Tch, tch, tch!"

The man in evening dress was immediately in possession of several bales. The black silk lady filled her mouth with pins.

Monsieur Paul rubbed his baby thumbs in the materials, seized the scissors, and with the swift, decisive strokes of genius began cutting the stuff in bold slashes. The lady watched him reverently. The man in evening dress hung upon each movement of the blades. No one else in France, no one in Europe, no one in the world could cut material thus blindly, without patterns, without chalk-marks. It was a gift. Quick as the torrent of his thoughts, Monsieur Paul shaped his dream in stuff, shaped it on the model with a "là! là! là!" where the silk lady should put her pins.

In three minutes the paroxysm was finished. The model preened herself and turned slowly upon her axis.

"*Les manches, n'est-ce pas?*" said Monsieur Paul, rubbing his hands on the seams of his trousers and swallowing delightedly, giving the completed dress a pull here, a pat there, and standing back again to calculate the effect.

The lady in black silk sighed as if ravished.

"*Superbe!*" said the lady.

"*Oh,*" exclaimed the man in evening dress, "*c'est le mot juste, en effet!*"

At that moment the door opened from the Rue de Rivoli and a footman stood in the aperture. There was a carriage visible without.

"*En arrière,*" cried Monsieur Paul, agitatedly thrusting the model through some grey curtains and dusting himself with an air of innocence. The man in evening dress sprang to the door. The lady in black silk took up a position of sweet deference.

"Lady Caroline Campbell," said the footman.

She was a very large lady, youthful, breathless and exuberant.

Monsieur Paul bowed, still with a trace of agitation, and said in French English: "Lady Caroline, 'ow do you do?"

"Monsieur Paul?" exclaimed Lady Caroline, and her eyes widened delightedly. "Oh, I've heard so much about you. My sister, Lady Maureen, you know, told me on no account to miss seeing you. So sweetly pretty! I mean her things, you know, not her, of course!" She broke into peals of delicious laughter.

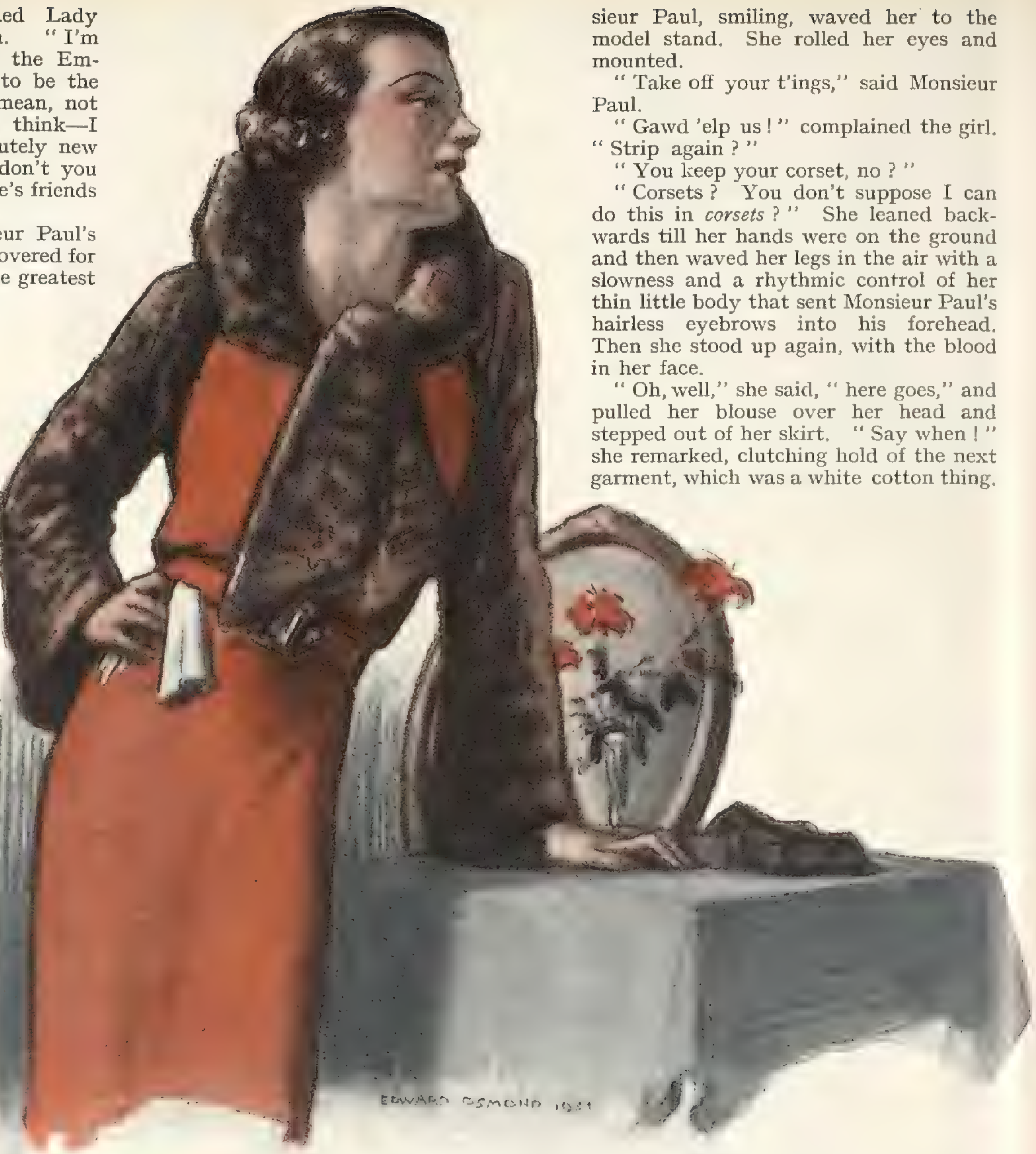
"Precisely," agreed Monsieur Paul, politely.

Lady Caroline gurgled on with diminishing momentum until she came to a thoughtful stop.

"And what," said Monsieur Paul, "can I 'ave the pleasure of doin' for you?"

"Well, you see," explained Lady Caroline, all breathless again. "I'm getting married. I mean, at the Embassy, you know. It's going to be the most awfully swell affair. I mean, not that that matters, but I *did* think—I mean, if you had some absolutely new idea—something that would—don't you know?—I mean *convulse* all one's friends with envy——"

Almost involuntarily Monsieur Paul's eyes wandered to the curtain, hovered for a moment on the thought of the greatest creation of his mighty brain concealed behind.



"I mean it might do you a tremendous lot of good if you did have anything—I mean instead of waiting for the autumn show—I mean I *did* think——"

"Oh," said Monsieur Paul, "you t'ink?"

She was startled at the venom of his manner.

"You t'ink, eh?" repeated Monsieur Paul. "Oho! And I tell you *jamais, jamais, jamais, jamais de la vie!*"

Lady Caroline stared and licked her lips.

"What, *jamais?*"

"*Vous croyez ça! Une de mes créations tellement exquises pour une taille comme ça?*"

"Well, I'd like to know what's the matter with my *taille?*" demanded Lady Caroline, furiously blushful.

"*Une taille, voyez-vous,* like an apple dumplin'! *Ah, non!*" said Monsieur Paul. "*Je vous prie d'accepter mes excuses.*"

There was a full minute of horrid silence. Monsieur Paul remained, his bald head magnificent, smiling a little sardonically somewhere in the middle of his milky-white moustache and his milky-white beard. The man in evening dress hovered, with perfect attention. The lady in black smiled with exquisite sympathy and embarrassment.

"Oh!" said Lady Caroline and, turning, rushed from the pearl-grey establishment and could be seen through the door making a scene upon the pavement with a young man in a tall hat and another lady in the carriage, while the footman stood, impassive, at its door.

But Monsieur Paul was not looking at the younger daughter of the Duke of Firth and Forth.

His attention was arrested in mid-shrug by the round eyes in the doll-like face that were peering at him through the grey *filet* curtain that hung before the door. It was a young girl, cheaply dressed in the worst possible coat and skirt, but there was something so impertinent about her face, of such a *gamin* quality, that Monsieur Paul was interested; and as he looked she winked.

"*Tiens*" said Monsieur Paul, and opened the door suddenly.

Lady Caroline Campbell and her party still vociferated in the carriage, but he took no notice of them. The little girl cowered back.

"Are you Mr. Paul? she asked, in a strident Cockney.

"I am," said Monsieur Paul.

"My Gawd!" said the girl.

Monsieur Paul's eyes were running up and down her figure, appraising here, approving there.

"You want a job or somet'ing?"

"Oh, no," she said. "I got a job."

"Oh, you 'ave," exclaimed Monsieur Paul. "Then what for the 'ell you wink, no?"

"I 'eard you was a bit of a sport," she confided. "I got a job in the Folies Bergères, and it's a wonder I ain't 'arf dead of pneumonia, I don't mind telling you. Gawd, these Frenchies do 'ate to see a girl strip, I don't fink!"

Monsieur Paul chucked her under the chin and laughed.

"You amuse me," he said.

"Well I'm busting meself to do wot I can," the girl admitted.

"Hein?" said Monsieur Paul. "Ha, ha!"

"I got the chance of me lifetime tonight."

"Oh?"

"Yus. Mademoiselle Gabby's took queer."

"Oho!" said Monsieur Paul, nodding with great geniality and understanding. "*Alors*, we see what we do, eh?" And he led the way in and sat in an armchair.

The girl swaggered in with an exaggerated movement of her body. Monsieur Paul, smiling, waved her to the model stand. She rolled her eyes and mounted.

"Take off your t'ings," said Monsieur Paul.

"Gawd 'elp us!" complained the girl. "Strip again?"

"You keep your corset, no?"

"Corsets? You don't suppose I can do this in *corsets*?" She leaned backwards till her hands were on the ground and then waved her legs in the air with a slowness and a rhythmic control of her thin little body that sent Monsieur Paul's hairless eyebrows into his forehead. Then she stood up again, with the blood in her face.

"Oh, well," she said, "here goes," and pulled her blouse over her head and stepped out of her skirt. "Say when!" she remarked, clutching hold of the next garment, which was a white cotton thing.

But Monsieur Paul did not say "when." Instead his eyes narrowed and his lips pursed and his head went a little to one side and began to nod approval as he saw the minute, the flawless perfection of her limbs, the impudent perfection of her little breasts, the dusky perfection of her colouring.

"Well," she demanded, "'ow about it?"

"*Avancez, Lucille,*" said Monsieur Paul to the grey curtains.

The lady in black precipitated herself forwards in pious horror. "*Mais, m'sieur!* The greatest creation of your brain! The too great generosity! Monsieur, I beg——"

"*Avancez, Lucille,*" repeated Monsieur Paul quietly.

The model stepped from behind the curtain and as she did so the girl gave a yowl of delight.

Monsieur Paul waved from one to the other.

With a sigh, the lady in black silk began to transfer the creation, piece by piece, pin by pin. It was only when she came to the sleeves that Monsieur Paul himself rose and said, "Là! Là! Là!" to show where she should put them. Monsieur Paul was very careful over the sleeves.

Never had Monsieur Paul lavished a greater solicitude. For an hour he pulled a little here, stood back, and patted a little there, stood back, and altered a pin here and a pin there. Finally he stood back with narrowed lids and nodded.

The lady in black silk gave a deep sigh of ecstasy. "Ah!" said the lady in black.

The man in evening dress, too, expelled his breath in an almost religious fervour. "Oh!" said the man in evening dress.

The model, even, clasped her hands. "*Qu'elle est ravissante!*" admiringly whispered Lucille.

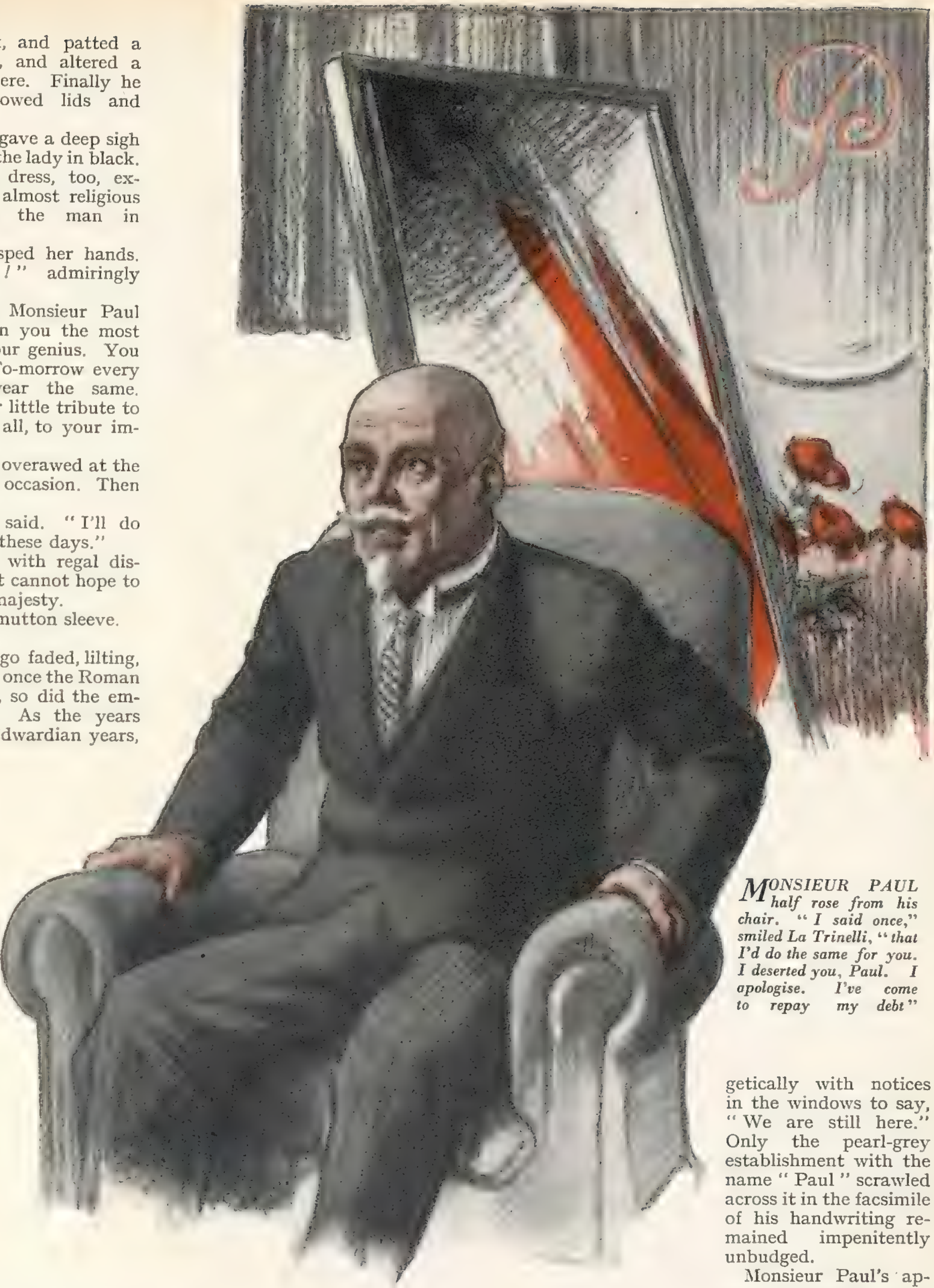
"*Mademoiselle*," said Monsieur Paul gravely, "we have given you the most momentous product of our genius. You will wear it to-night. To-morrow every *soignée* woman will wear the same. Will you accept it as our little tribute to your beauty and, above all, to your impertinence?"

The girl looked a little overawed at the evident solemnity of the occasion. Then she rolled her eyes.

"Thanks, Paul," she said. "I'll do the same by you one of these days."

Monsieur Paul smiled with regal disparagement. The subject cannot hope to reciprocate the gifts of majesty.

It was the first leg-of-mutton sleeve.



MONSIEUR PAUL half rose from his chair. "I said once," smiled La Trinelli, "that I'd do the same for you. I deserted you, Paul. I apologise. I've come to repay my debt"

THE waltz and the tango faded, lilting, into the distance. As once the Roman Empire declined and fell, so did the empire of Monsieur Paul. As the years rolled by, the spacious Edwardian years, the pre-war years, the war years, a certain conservatism, an inanition almost, settled on the creative impulses of Monsieur Paul. In 1914 he was still supreme in the world of dress, its unchallenged dictator. In 1918 the fashionable world remembered him with a start of reminiscence, as if he already belonged to the past.

Fashions change, and the fashions in dress are not the only fashions. In thirty years the population of the *haut monde* shifts its capitals. Biarritz, once the undisputed mistress of the *Côte d'Argent*, the *Pays Basque*, had become a bourgeois resort, and the little fishing village of St. Jean-de-Luz had sprouted gay umbrellas all over its beach and filled its scented nights with the sound of softly modulated jazz. Already Monte Carlo bore a slightly "period" look, and had become haunted by old ladies and Edwardian ghosts. The white yachts had gone from Monaco harbour and were now at Cannes. The pearls had gone from the Casino and the Sporting Club. They, too, were in Cannes. In St. Petersburg—there was no St. Petersburg, but Leningrad. In London, Buckingham Palace Road attained a momentary prominence on the occasions of Their Majesties' Courts, but slumbered otherwise in the lethargy contingent upon a public bath, a railway station, half a dozen photographers, the char-a-banc of the palace sight-seers and the boy scouts' shop.

But it was in Paris that the more startling change had taken place. Not only the centre of fashion, but the complete shopping and amusement focus had edged two miles to the west. The Champs Elysées, once shared by the private houses of the aristocracy and Claridges, had been invaded by the automobile showrooms and finally vanquished by the cafés, the cinemas, the dress-shops and the vendors of the *Evening Standard*. One by one the select establishments had fled from the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue St. Honoré as if the plague were upon them, and settled either in the Elysian Fields or in the Faubourg St. Honoré, which is the Rue St. Honoré's distant continuation.

Rumpelmayer's had gone. The furrier's was next door to the British Embassy. The few shops that clung on did so apologetically with notices in the windows to say, "We are still here." Only the pearl-grey establishment with the name "Paul" scrawled across it in the facsimile of his handwriting remained impenitently unbudged.

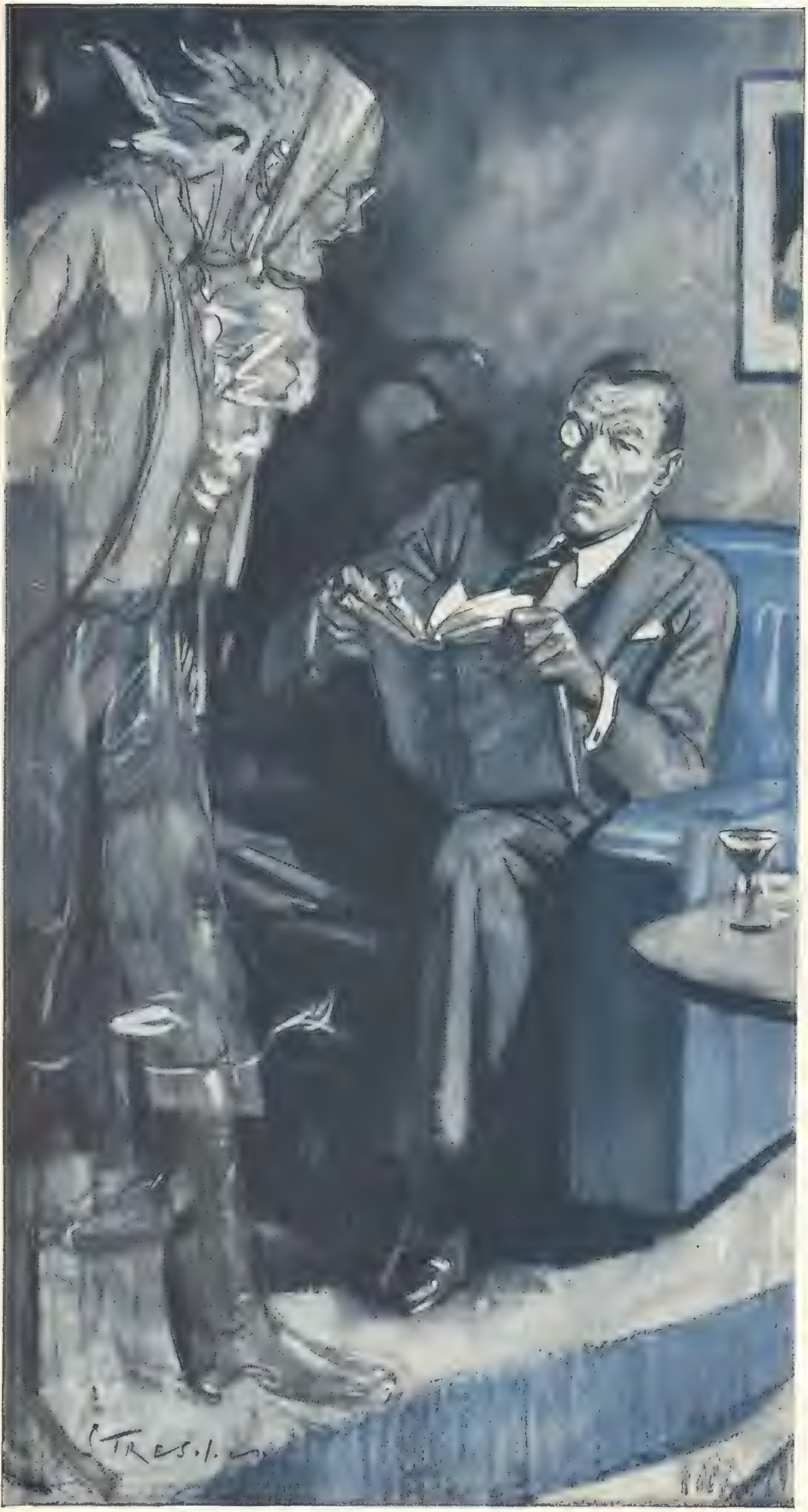
Monsieur Paul's appearance was the same. His brain case was as magnificent as ever. The whiteness of his beard and his moustache was as speckless as before. It was only when he bowed, or even when he stood, that you saw he was an old man and that his legs did not carry him.

His sceptre had crumbled in his hand. His clientele consisted solely of the matronly, the middle-aged, the more than middle-aged. It was years since a new design had issued from the Maison Paul. Captain Macdonald had seen to that.

For the empire of Captain Macdonald had arisen on the ashes of the Empire of Monsieur Paul. In Paris his white and chromium place next door to Claridge's itself was the very last word in modernistic pseudo-functionalism. In London he occupied an eighteenth-century mansion in Brook Street,

(*Continued on page 116*)

Marley's Ghost Comes Back



BUT then, suddenly, he saw in front of him a figure. "Who on earth are you?" he asked

A Modern Version of a Seasonable Classic

By Hannen Swaffer

NO, there were no turkeys in the windows outside. . . . No one was saying "Merry Christmas" to anybody else in the streets. . . . There was no sound of bells. . . . . It was not snowing. . . . . You could not see any holly in the windows. . . . If there was any mistletoe—well, it was carefully hidden by the curtains and the blinds. . . . .

Nor was there any sound of bustle, or rushing about, or dashing for trains, and there were no more people about than usual. . . . Yet, all the same, it was Christmas Eve.

In far-away vulgar London, perhaps, the ordinary common people may have been more boisterous than usual, more eager with greetings, a little more enthusiastic in their walk. But in Mayfair what was Christmas, anyway?

There were "parties" every night. The Cocktail Set ate well and drank well, whatever was the time of year.

The weather did not matter, in these days of motor-cars, which took you wherever you wanted to go, and kept you comfortable and warm, whether you were bound for the theatre near by, or whether your destination was some country town miles away.

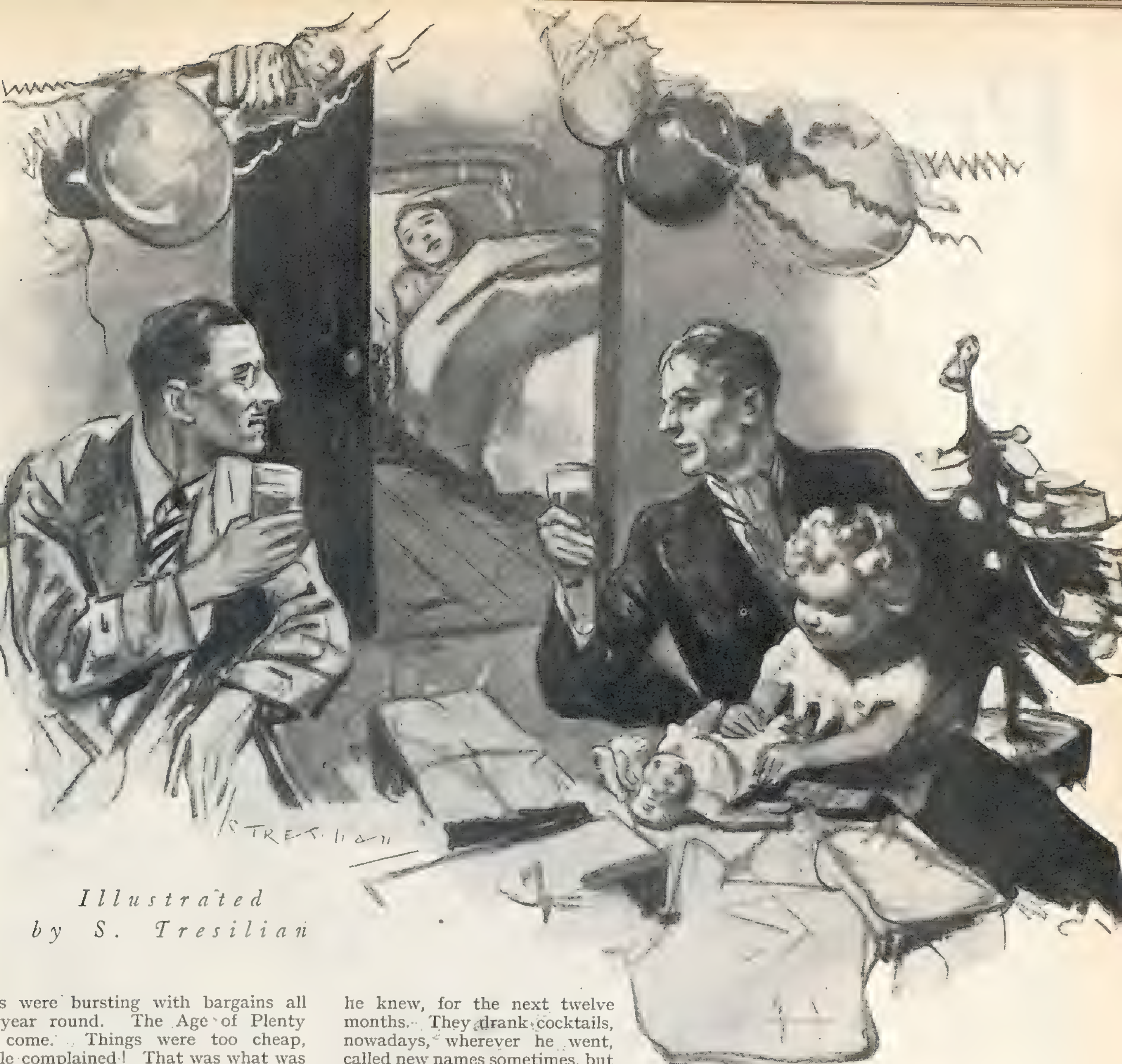
Besides, what was there particularly holy about a plum-pudding at Christmas time? You saw one on the menu in the hotels and restaurants weeks before. Turkeys were eaten for months, while as for goose, well, it was more or less out of date.

No, in Mayfair this might have been any other evening in the year.

The streets were well lit, but they were well lit always. There were lights in the windows, but in these days of electric chandeliers, lights went up every night when the sun went down.

There was a rather raucous sound of some carol round the corner, but carols were not peculiar to Christmas Eve. The moment the small boys and girls of London gave up being Guy Fawkes on November the Fifth, they started to learn "Hark, the Herald Angels," so that, for a month before Christmas at least, they could make noises outside people's doors until they were sent away.

Christmas gifts? Why, in 1934 the



Illustrated by S. Tresilian

AND in Ryften that night, although there was no Tiny Tim, it was all four of them—Percy Smith, his wife, his little girl, and Mortimer Monkton—who said, " God bless us, everyone "

shops were bursting with bargains all the year round. The Age of Plenty had come. Things were too cheap, people complained! That was what was wrong with the world.

Mortimer Monkton, man-about-town, bored and blasé, like thousands of others of his type, treated Christmas Eve just like any other night of the year.

There was nothing peculiar about him, his looks or his garments. He was like hundreds of other young men, with rather more money than the rest. His clothes were of a pattern that you see everywhere.

Dukes wear them, and, when they are not working, so do dustmen. The Machine Age had made everybody look alike. The countess and the chorus-girl, the marchioness and the machinist, they all wore clothes of a pattern. Yes, they all wore furs, or most of them. The expert could tell which was the real expensive sable, and which was rabbit ingeniously dyed. But you and I didn't know.

Yes, in his very ordinary clothes, cut in Savile Row it is true, but not much better creased than if the wearer had been a shop assistant—shop assistants, to-day, can shame many a peer when the peer goes shopping—Mortimer Monkton sat bored, during cocktail hour.

He had nowhere particular to go. He had been to all the places the night before and the night before that, and he would be going to all the same places, for all he knew, for the next twelve months. They drank cocktails, nowadays, wherever he went, called new names sometimes, but made of the same old gin.

He turned the wireless on, and then he turned it off again. Then he turned it on, and left it on, for it was one of those evenings when the programme was of a kind that was almost as unexciting when it was on as when you had turned it into silence again. A band made noises exactly like those a similar band had made the night before. Who knew these tunes, anyway? Only the titles were new.

Bored, alone, feeling that he would be as tired of things if he went out as if he stopped indoors, Mortimer Monkton walked around his rooms.

His man was out. Out of curiosity, he went into the room where his man slept. Tired of his own books, he looked among those belonging to his man.

Why, there was a set of Dickens! He need not have been surprised.

Rival newspaper proprietors had, not many months before, flooded the country with volumes of Dickens. Each one of four different newspaper proprietors had given away hundreds of thousands of copies of the Dickens works. You could have found them in almost every house in the land.

They were in the homes of the poor, yes, and they were in the homes of the rich who, quite as eager for a bargain as were the very poor, had filled in coupons. Some of them had them in bookcases, given away as an extra inducement to buy this paper or that. Many had just dumped them in corners and left them there.

Well, Mortimer Monkton's man had left beside his bed a large, flat volume. On the paper cover it said: " Here is your Surprise Gift." Inside was *A Christmas Carol.*

Mortimer Monkton looked at it. Then Mortimer Monkton picked it up. Then Mortimer Monkton looked inside. There, inside, was a picture of an old man looking out of a window and a most energetic boy running somewhere as though his life depended on it.

" I have never read this darned thing," said Mortimer Monkton to himself.

And so, picking up the flat volume which had been a " Surprise Gift " to his man—he wondered how much surprise his man had shown when he came across his " gift "

(*Continued on page* 106)

Prelude *to a* Party

Illustrated by Albert Bailey

By Nancy Yates-Smith

WITH the drawing apart of the curtains and the sudden advent of the pale November sunlight on his pillows, the old man woke up. First one eye was opened and then the other.

Malevolently he stared up at the huge, luxurious room, at the deft, noiseless figure of his valet waiting by his bedside with a breakfast tray.

He said nothing. Just stared at the servant, and Hodges, aware of his scrutiny, knew better than to speak. The old man was liverish again, he thought. Well, he wasn't the only one . . .

The tray grew heavy in his hands. He longed to put it down, but did not dare. It was more than his job was worth. And so much depended on his job. . . His thoughts went swiftly to that tiny creature who lay on a sickbed in the children's hospital. . . .

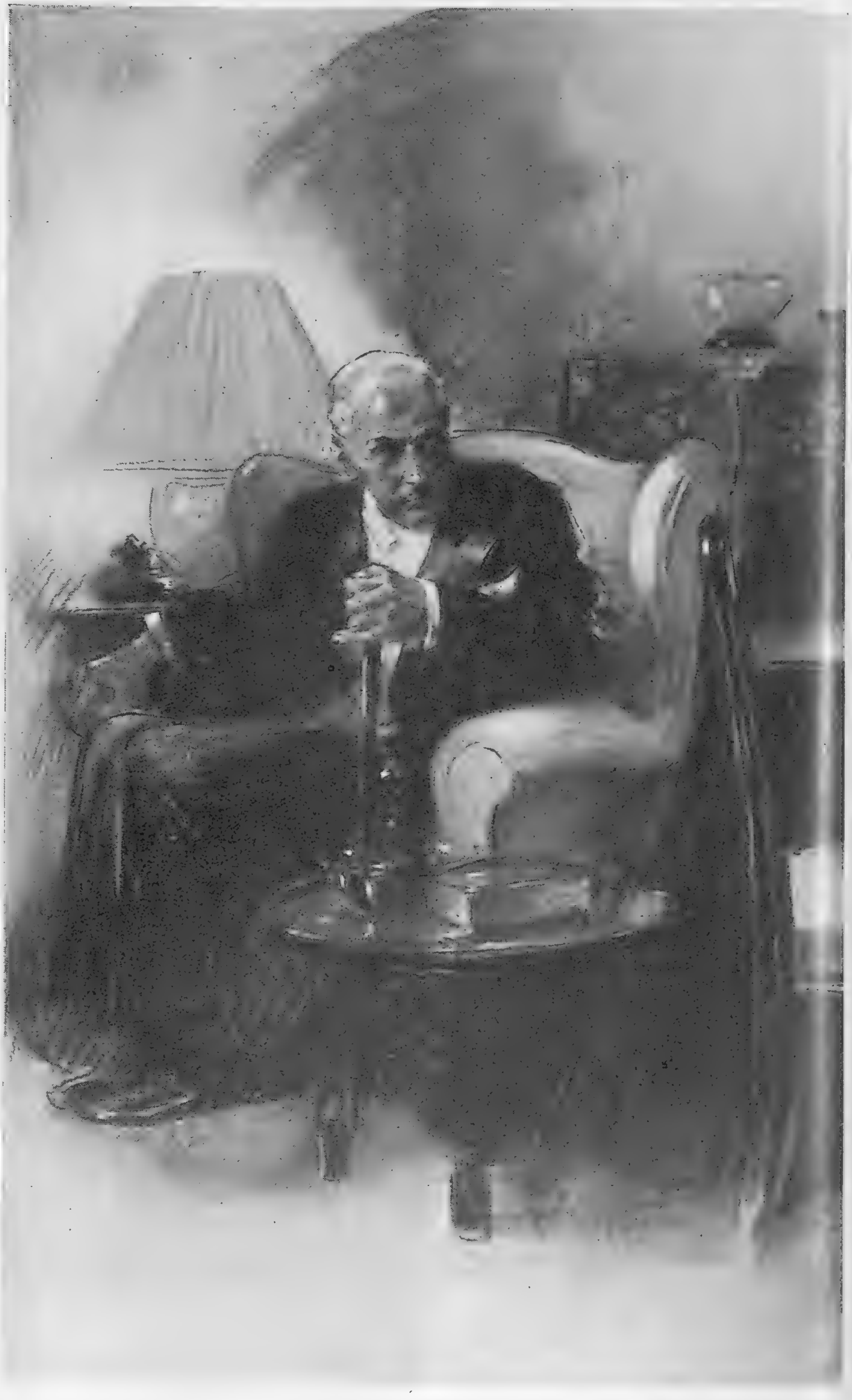
So, because of his child, Hodges held on to the tray and let no trace of his irritation show on his impassive features.

Herman Khan's eyelids flickered. He spoke abruptly :

" Put the tray down."

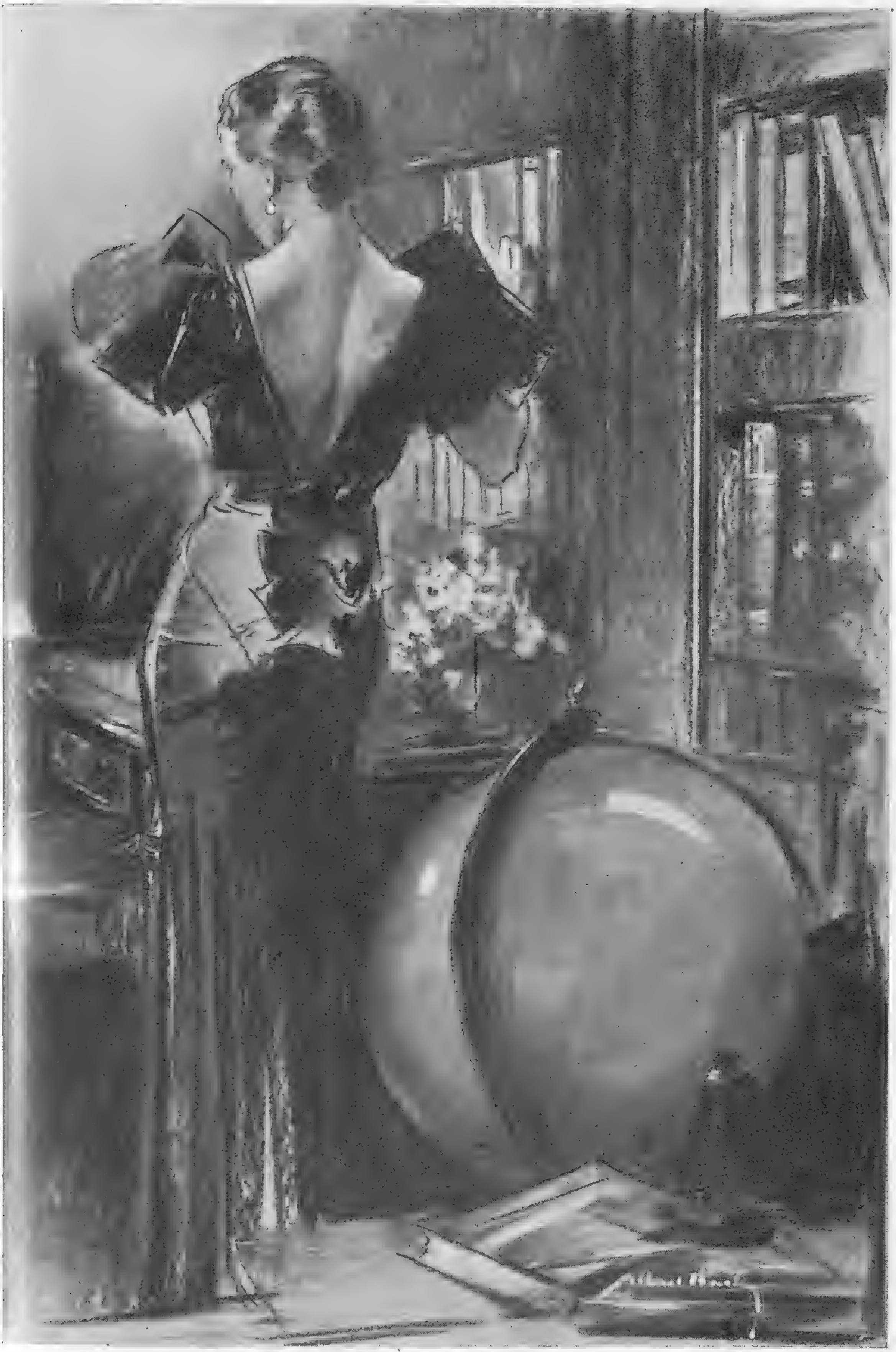
Then, as Hodges obeyed him, he stared angrily up at the ceiling. He had not wanted to be wakened. He resented his sudden intrusion into reality from the comfort of unconsciousness. It was years since he had granted himself the luxury of remaining in bed on a cold morning. He had recognised that as being impossible for a man who meant to make a success of his life. And he had meant to do that. It was the one idea that had stuck to him and carried him through his early life with its poverty and disappointments.

That in his ruthless seeking after wealth and power he had trampled on the hearts of those who had loved him did not deter him. Well, he had made himself



HE had got what he wanted—only of late had he caught eyes, and he had known hate—the hate that men

An Uninvited Guest intervenes in the Grim Drama of an Old Man's Millions



her looking at him with a strange expression in her
experience when they know that they are in the wrong

successful. Travel and money had broadened his mind and his outlook, but it had not softened his heart.

He stirred comfortably in his great bed. Overhead a gilt eagle clawed at the red draperies behind his head. Herman looked at it, again feeling the same pride of possession he had known when he had bought the bed.

An Emperor's bed . . .

It was suitable. They called Herman Khan the " Nickel King."

That Emperor had known failure. Power—the Tuileries—Fontainebleau—and then St. Helena . . . Failure.

His lips began to move. " Fool," he said, " I shan't make that mistake." No one could take away the power of millions . . .

And he drew one hand out of the coverlets and saluted the eagle ironically. Then stared at the hand intently. It looked yellow and withered, the veins standing out in sharp relief. " Getting old," he thought, and a sardonic smile curved the corners of his mouth. He struggled to sit up. "Hodges, help me up," he said. His teeth clenched. "I'll beat them yet. Age can't touch me . . ."

And he thought of the few friends and still fewer relations with whom he had kept in touch. " Waiting for me to die," he muttered angrily to the gilt eagle. And malevolently he thought how he could cheat them, as life had so often cheated him in his greatest moments of success.

He thought about his wife lying asleep at the other end of the house, and he stirred uneasily. The marriage had been a strange one. A cold woman. . . . For years she had kept to herself. Not a flicker of emotion had crossed her face since that first week of their married life. She had cried then—bitterly, resignedly. It had not been a pretty sight.

But she had said nothing since then, and he knew that pride—the pride born of gentle breeding—would make her keep to her part of the bargain. The daughter of an Earl . . . a suitable woman to sit at the end of his table. He had got what he wanted—only of late had he caught her looking at him with a strange expression in her eyes, and he had known hate—the hate that men experience when they know they are in the wrong.

Yet on the whole the marriage had been a success. He had felt proud of her—just as he felt pride in his house—in his furniture and his books . . .

Hodges, coming to the bedside, was surprised to see the old man smiling.

" Sly old devil," he thought, " I wonder what he's thinking of." Aloud he said :

" Pardon me, sir. You told me to remind you that to-night is the dinner-party."

The millionaire looked up quickly.

" So it is," he said thoughtfully, " so it is . . ."

His smile deepened. A coincidence ? What a chance to cheat them—cheat them when he was still alive to savour the delights of his triumph. To announce at the dinner, when they were all gathered together hopefully, that he intended to leave all his money to charity or to someone who did not expect it . . . What a chance !

" Ring up my solicitors—ask for Mr. Waye. Tell him to call on me at four. And to bring a draft of a will."

Hodges bowed. " Very good, sir."

The old man lay back on his pillows. " Wait ! " he commanded. " Whom have I asked for to-night ? "

Hodges said there were eight.

" Give me the list," the old man said testily.

Hodges handed him the paper and took away the tray.

Herman Khan chuckled delightedly, then frowned. His eye had caught the name of his nephew, Victor Slade. That puppy !

He had spoken to him on the phone last night. The boy had wanted to speak to him—urgently.

" Over what ? " The old man had demanded.

At first the boy had not wanted to say. " Let me come around and explain, please," he had said. But Herman would not have that. " You'll waste my time drivelling . . ." he had said to Victor cruelly.

The boy had protested " I shan't—I promise you."

" Very well then," Herman was impatient. " Come to dinner."

And then he had rung off abruptly.

He knew what Victor wanted. He had heard things, rumours about his nephew and some girl. And once he had seen them in the distance in the park, walking arm-in-arm oblivious of their surroundings. The young fool was in love.

Love ! He laughed scornfully. Love was an overheating of the brain ; a phase of sexual desire . . .

No. There would be no rise in salary for Victor. He thought shrewdly : " He's worth a good deal more to the firm. Do him good to be without it, though—I hadn't anything when I was his age . . ."

" I've turned your bath on, sir."

Herman struggled out of the great bed and drew his dressing-gown around his ugly body.

" I see Mr. Noel Russell's name is on the list. I didn't ask him."

Hodges said blandly : " Her ladyship asked him, sir."

" My wife, eh ? "

It was not often that Eleanor asked her friends to the house. Once when he had commented upon this, she had merely said that she did not choose to. They had never approached the subject again.

He stood in the bathroom and thought about the letter that he had received from Noel Russell some days before. " . . . Two months more and I can pay—but just at present it would almost make me bankrupt and certainly be the ruin of my business."

Herman toyed with the idea. Bankrupt, Russell couldn't pay back a farthing. Left alone he'd pay—in time. Herman had no doubts as to his honour.

And Eleanor ?

He was quite sure that Russell was in love with his wife. Weeks of uncertainty and careful watching had culminated in the evidence he required.

But he was not sure of Eleanor. If she was in love with Russell, she hid it well.

This night he would find out. She would be bound to show some flicker of emotion. If she did——!

His lips tightened.

Hodges made quite sure that his master was in the bath before using the telephone. Then he called up the hospital. A nurse spoke. She was quite impersonal.

" The patient is doing as well as can be expected," she said.

Hodges cupped the receiver with his hand. He spoke quickly, furtively :

" Isn't there any change ? "

Faintly over the phone came the answer: " If there is, I'll phone you and let you know."

Hodges put down the receiver. Great beads of sweat stood out on his forehead, and he wiped them away mechanically before laying out the rest of the old man's clothes. But his fingers still trembled a fraction as he handed Herman the bath towel and helped him deftly out of the bath.

The old man wrapped it around himself and shivered a little bit. It seemed to him that even the weather had cheated him by being cold.

Next month, he thought, I'll go down to Cannes . . .

And then, with the bitterness of helplessness, he realised sharply that there mightn't be another year. . . .

DRESSED, he stood in front of the mirror and surveyed himself. Age had bent his shoulders and lined his face, and given his skin that scale-like appearance, but his eyes were bright and that same indomitable will was still there—the driving power that had goaded him to success.

CYNICALLY he thought, sitting at the opposite end of her little luncheon table, that hers was the only home that he had known

He spoke without taking his eyes off his reflection.

" My hat."

Then, with it placed at exactly the right angle on his head, the old man proceeded at a snail's pace to his car.

Outside a faint sun warmed the air, and he changed his mind.

" I'll walk."

It took him a long time to get to his club, though it was barely ten minutes away from his home. At every street corner, he was forced to stop and wait for a considerable time before the road was free from traffic. At each stoppage he grumbled and wished that he had brought the car.

There were six large steps up to the main entrance of his club. The old man stood at the foot of them and glared. Those damn steps! Why the devil could they not have a decent entrance?. . .Then, gripping his stick tightly, so that the skin over the knuckles of his hand stood out clearly, white and tightly stretched, he negotiated them with difficulty.

In his accustomed corner of the magnificent club room he defied anyone to open a conversation with him. His whole attitude was repellent. Being so occupied in avoiding the eyes of his fellow members, he did not see Oscar Swartz enter the room, pause for a minute in the doorway and then, catching sight of Herman Khan, come straight across the room to him.

" Morning, Khan . . ." Swartz drew up a chair beside him. " They told me that you were here."

" They! Who's they? . . ." rumbled the old man.

" Your butler."

Herman muttered beneath his breath: " Damn fool!"

Then he turned his head and looked straight into Swartz's face.

" I suppose you want to talk about amalgamation," he said.

Swartz looked a bit taken aback. It startled him that the old man had realised with point-blank directness what he wanted of Herman. A worried wrinkle creased the clear ruddiness of his forehead.

"It would naturally," he put forward, " be to your advantage."

But as he said that he knew that it was weak——a futile remark. Like someone uttering platitudes—mouthing meaningless words. Damn the man, he thought angrily; he hadn't bargained for this open-air skirmish. In his mind, ever since the project had come to him as being the only solution to his problem, he had always intended to lead up to it gently, gradually, and tactfully. He prided himself on his tact. And now to have it brutally exposed to the sharpness of the millionaire's brains . . .

" Advantage!" the old man snorted. " I see that. Plain as a pikestaff. Well! What's yours? Don't shilly-shally, man! What's your advantage? . . . Always like to know motives."

Swartz felt tiny beads of sweat break out on his forehead.

" Well—" he began to stammer, " well, of course——"

Then, as the old man sat motionless with his eyes tightly closed, Swartz gathered courage and blurted out:

" It means everything to me, Khan. And that's the truth! This amalgamation will put us on our feet again."

Behind his impassive face and closed eyes, the millionaire's mind was working swiftly. Hum! A dying firm, he thought . . . " Putting it on its feet again," as the little Jew said, would cost a pretty penny. He stood to lose a few thousands, on the chance, on the other hand, of making (*Continued on page* 120)

BOOKS

Fiction in the Age of Speed

Reviewed by Arnold Palmer

IN the course of a literary career extending over a quarter of a century, the lady who writes under the name of Henry Handel Richardson has produced, as far as I know, six volumes. The first five of these—*The Getting of Wisdom*, *Maurice Guest*, and the three volumes of *Richard Mahony*—have long been cherished by a public which, possibly not very numerous, glows with a deep, rather proud enthusiasm at the mention of her name. The sixth volume has just arrived. It is called *The End of a Childhood* (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.), and it contains four complete stories, eight sketches of girlhood, and four chapters, supplementary to *Richard Mahony*, in which the lives of his children, Cuffy and Luce, are traced a little further.

To some of us the works of Henry Handel Richardson have provided so transcendent an experience that the appearance of any new volume from her pen must always be the principal event of a literary year. In what, precisely, does her quality consist? All her admirers must, like me, know what it is to lend her stories to sensitive and usually appreciative friends, only to have them returned a little later with rather subdued thanks and questioning glances. One pockets the counterfeit thanks; one restores the volume to the place kept by its anxious brothers and sisters; but what does one reply to those unspoken questions? The author has no surface glitter. There are no lovely passages to be underlined, no magic phrases, nothing to which the disappointed seeker can be reverently led. How is it, then, that the writer can take a group of harassed people, living humdrum lives amid surroundings uninteresting and alien to us, and make us forgetful of the whole world, even of the quiet voice to which we are listening?

HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON, author of "The End of a Childhood"

FRÄULEIN KATRIN HOLLAND, a remarkable German author whose novel, "A Girl Tumbles Out of the Sky," is the first of this writer's pen to be published in English

I do not know what explanation is given by others. To me, the secret of her power seems to lie in the preliminary effort of her imagination. This preliminary effort is, of course, made by every artist, no matter what his medium. But I think that, in the case of the creator of *Richard Mahony*, this effort is of an intensity of which very few people are ever capable. And when this supreme effort is complete, but not till then, comes its expression in firm, unhurried statement, simple words in inevitable succession, the orderly transcription of a picture in which the part of every detail has long been settled, and which nothing, not even beauty, can conceivably be allowed to disturb.

It is clear, I trust, that I consider very few contemporary writers worthy of being discussed in the same breath as Henry Handel Richardson. We must now, therefore, start this page all over

Old 'Frisco

NINETY-NINE years ago a Captain Richardson erected a canvas tent, supported by four redwood posts and covered with a ship's foresail, on a spot on the west coast of America, and in so doing he began the city now known as San Francisco. In 1849 there was a Gold Rush to California, and Captain Richardson's tent grew in a twinkling into the toughest and wickedest town in the world. Many cities, perhaps most cities, have had an unsavoury start. For vice, cruelty, lawlessness, corruption and greed, San Francisco held the record for more than half a century. Then it was destroyed by an earthquake. It may still be worth visiting. It is no longer worth writing about.

Mr. Herbert Asbury knows this well enough, and in *The Barbary Coast* (Jarrolds, 18s.) he writes of the mad, bad old days, so deplorable and so thrilling. In calm, matter-of-fact tones he tells you, if you care to listen, just what men are like when all restraint is absent; you will also learn how, in time, restraint inevitably comes. With all his moderation, he produces a blush to every page, two or three squirms a chapter. It is perhaps worth reflecting that, however degenerate the habits of the early San Franciscans, the degenerate stomachs are ours. Lurid as it is, Mr. Asbury's book is a contribution to history. To some readers that excuse will be welcome; to others it will seem slightly comic. To others again, the humour will lie in the thought that the terrible conditions described by Mr. Asbury do not always sound so very unlike what we hear of the Bowery and Chicago to-day. The astonishing mixture of races, the fact that the immigrants were so often the most violent, undesirable and energetic representatives of their various countries—these causes, no doubt, have produced special difficulties in the United States. But the book shows once again, as has been shown times without number in the past, that the main source of America's domestic troubles has always been the prevalent corruption in public places.

again, several steps lower, but still, it is to be hoped, at a respectable level. The autumn, as usual, has been prolific of novels, and there are plenty to be noted. *Winding Road* (Collins, 8s. 6d.) is by that sound writer Mr. Neil Bell, author of *Bredon and Sons* and other books. But whereas *Bredon* had a theme fit for lengthy treatment, *Winding Road* seems to go on unwinding for the reason that Mr. Bell has got into the habit of requiring 600 pages to turn round in. An author who devotes himself exclusively to short stories may become unable to develop a great theme greatly. But I doubt if his fate is not to be preferred to that of so many modern novelists who have learned, or never unlearned, to treat every incident with equal emphasis and at equal length. Mr. Bell is far too good a writer to be allowed, without loud protest, to drift in the direction of boredom. I implore him to make his next book 200 pages long, and let it sell, if necessary, for five bob. It will do his style all the good in the world; indeed, he has shown, in his short stories, that he can sharpen his spear when he chooses.

SINCE I shall be dealing with several long novels, and it is wearisome to go on repeating that almost all of them are, in my opinion, longer than their merits warrant, I should like to allude here to a story, written in German, as well as in its English form, by a German girl aged twenty-two, Fräulein Katrin Holland. It is called *A Girl Tumbles Out of the Sky* (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 7s. 6d.), and, as its title suggests, it deals with the lives of professional air-pilots. Fräulein Holland's own life has been sufficiently eventful. When she was sixteen her parents' very considerable fortune vanished overnight, and she went to work in a chemical factory. She tried her hand at writing articles in her spare time, and by the age of eighteen had produced a successful novel. One has heard of such careers, but unfortunately the rumour is, as a rule, too good to be true. Fräulein Holland's case is the exception. She is not yet a writer with serious claims to immortality, but she has the gift of remarkably swift narrative, of great powers of selection; and in a crisp, decisive style which is as refreshing as it is rare she has written a brave and heartening romance. But it is her swiftness that I particularly wish to praise; it is on that account that I have set her book in the midst of a Stonehenge-like group of immense, everlasting, and ponderous works. The first page of Fräulein Holland's tale is a masterpiece of compression. It would take some English novelists 150 pages to say what she says in eight sentences; and yet she has discarded nothing essential. This first page is a model of its kind. I only wish I saw any likelihood of its being taken as one.

Herr Alfred Neumann is another "best seller" in Germany. Several of his novels have been translated into English, but *The New Cæsar* (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.) is the first to make clear to me the reason of his popularity. It is a long but distinctly impressive account of the life of Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte up to the time of his accession as Napoleon III. It is a pity that no genealogical table is supplied; the ordinary reader will find the early part of the novel rather hard work, which the author's allusive style does nothing to mitigate.

AFTER Herr Neumann's realism, Mr. Ivo Pakenham's mediæval romance, *Fanfaronade* (Rich and Cowan, 7s. 6d.), is easy, but not convincing, to read. It has a make-believe flavour. We get back to actuality with a vengeance in Michael Pravdin's *Double Eagle* (Selwyn and Blount, 8s. 6d.), a detailed and unprejudiced account of political, military and court life in Russia during the War. It is labelled as a novel, though it might be argued that the label is misleading. An interesting book, it should be read carefully or not at all. *Princess in Uniform*, by the Georgian Princess Dadeshkeliani (Bell, 7s. 6d.), is an account, from a very different angle, of the Russian Front, where the Princess, disguised as a man, saw service.

A far better book, though it also presents difficulties to the English reader, is *Fontamara*, a novel from the Italian of Ignazio Silone (Methuen, 7s. 6d.). This is the tale of a lonely village in the early days of the Fascist regime—of the merciless exploitation of the inhabitants by their new rulers. The question that one asks oneself all the time is "Can this really be true?" The author guarantees the truth of the picture he draws, and he writes with such simplicity and directness that one's natural doubts are muffled, if not silenced.

This time of the year is the paradise of the voracious novel-consumer. Here are a few more names. *Worlds Away*, an active if rather crude tale of the Guinea Coast, by Mary Gaunt (Hutchinson); *Chinese Chapter*, by J. van Dyke (Jarrolds), on the theme of East and West trying, in spite of Mr. Kipling, to meet; *Crime Cargo*, by Maxwell Knight (Philip Allan), a story of gangsters and a millionaire's yacht, energetic and improbable; and *London Symphony*, by Anthony Gibbs (Hutchinson), a criss-cross pattern of lives arranged against the background of a London day.

All the Best!

"Time I Was Dead": *by Cecil Aldin*
(Eyre and Spottiswoode, 25s.)

"From the Stocks to the Stars": *by Stanley Lupino*
(Hutchinson, 18s.)

HERE are two most enjoyable autobiographies of men who have worked hard, achieved fame, and retained throughout a capacity for happiness. The ambitions of both seem to have been limited to the acquisition of high technical efficiency. If they have had spiritual struggles, they do not mention them. They both radiate a straightforward, courageous good fellowship, and in their company one does not ask for more. To do so would, indeed, cause embarrassment and spoil the atmosphere of a very jolly party.

Whereas Mr. Aldin may be considered a prodigy, an artist who turned up inexplicably in a family not given to art, Mr. Lupino, like so many members of his profession, comes from a long line of ancestors who have spent their lives in the theatre. He has drawn up a family tree, a most interesting affair, beginning with the Luppinos who were hereditary puppet players in Italy. The first Luppino to come to England was Georgius, in the reign of James I, and at the end of that same century, the seventeenth, his namesake and great-grandson dropped the second *p* in his surname and gave the family label its now customary and well-known look. In the index the reader may observe that thirty-three different Lupinos are mentioned, not counting Mr. Lupino Lane. Small wonder if, as the author remarks, people have been known to count Lupinos as a cure for insomnia. Although priced at twenty-five shillings, Mr. Aldin's volume contains no index—a pity, since he has met many celebrities, great and small, and in a book of this kind half the reader's fun comes from making the acquaintance of the author's friends and also from the opportunity of returning to them later. Both autobiographies are illustrated with unusual profusion—Mr. Lupino's with photographs, Mr. Aldin's with reproductions, in colour and in black and white, of drawings, mostly his own.

CECIL ALDIN, the famous painter and illustrator, with some of his canine friends

A Chinese rice-bowl makes an attractive table centrepiece

AN old ship's lamp finds a haven of rest lighting a half-landing

A COPPER Dutch milk-pail which makes a useful and decorative coal-scuttle

Hidden Treasure

By Enid Corrall

Have you ever hunted for it in a junk shop? If you know what to look for, you can pick up pieces of old brass and copper for a few shillings, which, properly used and disposed about your house, will add the touch of individuality that expensive furnishings alone cannot give

WITH a few shillings—in no instance here given more than fifteen shillings and sometimes less than one has been spent—endless variations in brass and copper can be played on well-worn household themes.

You want a new tray. For about 9d.—and a little patience—you can unearth in some old junk shop a brass tray which, after applications of ammonia and elbow-grease, may prove to be a "find."

Ships' lamps are attractive and exciting-looking means of lighting your room. In antique shops and marine stores beautiful specimens may be picked up very cheaply, and they can be wired quite easily for electricity.

For wood or coal the most enviable container possible is a copper Dutch milk-pail. It will cost you about 10s., and is so strong, roomy and beautifully made that your great-great-great-grandchildren, still using it, will be grateful to you.

When you want odd door-knobs, handles or knockers, choose a likely-looking junk shop, and root about there in boxes full of nails, screws and bolts, and very possibly dirt. You will unearth quaint, fascinating, often valuable specimens which have been overlooked in the wholesale clearance of some great house. They may cost you about 2d. apiece.

Copper Chinese rice-bowls are to be picked up often for a few shillings.

Italian contadini bowls—mostly deeper, like a bowler-hat—look extraordinarily attractive with a freight of fruit disposed in their copper laps. And contadini water-pitchers, also copper, make attractive flower-vases.

Fascinating brass clock-faces—really old, because they don't make them that way now—with lovely brass pendulums threaded on ropes and adequate insides, but no cases, are about 2s.

They can be found, like the other mouth-watering treasures described, in antique and junk shops all over the country, in the markets of London and of country towns.

There are such places in alleys at the back of the big termini; in the King's Road, Chelsea; in London districts which once were fashionable and now have fallen into decay. St. Albans market sometimes gives a rich yield, so do little shops in Tring.

But there are finds to be made in almost every part of England. Now, more than at any time, is the combing of junk shops profitable. So many mansions have been sold up, lock, stock and barrel, so many people are converting possessions into pence, that valuable bits find their way, via unknowing or uncaring dealers, into appreciative hands.

THIS copper Italian contadini water-pitcher looks most attractive as a flower-vase

A FRESH coat of paint gives metal toys a new lease of life, while a dry clean and a new bow of ribbon makes a surprising difference to "cuddly" toys

WOODEN splints, glue and a piece of string will soon mend "Dobbin's" broken leg, and even "Dismal Desmond" will cheer up after a good scrub or a dry clean

First Aid *for* Toys

Before sending shabby discarded toys away to the children's hospitals, give them a little home treatment

By Elsie H. Shand

AT this time of the year you will probably be turning out the nursery cupboard to find some toys which can be spared for the hospitals and to make room for the new toys which will doubtless be arriving for Christmas.

Don't send the toys away as they are. Give them a little first-aid treatment before despatching them. This only needs a little time and patience and will give their new owners so much more pleasure.

The nursery-table makes an excellent first-aid station. You will find that the job is not at all difficult and that the work will soon be done if you get the older children to help.

The boys can work with the glue-pot and paint and the girls can do any washing, dry-cleaning and stitching which may be necessary.

You will not require any special tools, but you will need a glue-pot, some Chinese lacquer—the more colours you have the better the result—a supply of brushes, some ribbons for trimming the animals and a few pieces of material for re-dressing the dolls.

If the wooden toys are only dirty through constant handling, all they will need is a good scrub with soap and water, but don't make them too wet. Allow them to dry and then give a fresh coat of paint, stain or varnish.

If you are dealing with that popular wooden horse which has for decoration coloured stripes running round his body, don't attempt to renew any stripes which may be missing with paint, but cut out some strips of coloured paper, and gum these in position.

The strips sold for making paper chains are excellent for this work and only cost a penny a packet. If the horse has lost his mane as well as his stripes, use an odd scrap of fur to replace this—a scrap from an old sheepskin or goatskin rug is ideal.

When a wooden toy is broken you will need the glue-pot for this repair. A proper glue-pot is the best thing to use for melting glue, but should this not be available melt the glue in a stone jam-jar, standing in a saucepan of water, until it is about the thickness of thin cream.

While the glue is still hot brush it well over the broken surfaces, pressing the two pieces together neatly, and then bind the join firmly with string, using a wooden splint on either side. This "dressing" should be left on until the glue is quite hard.

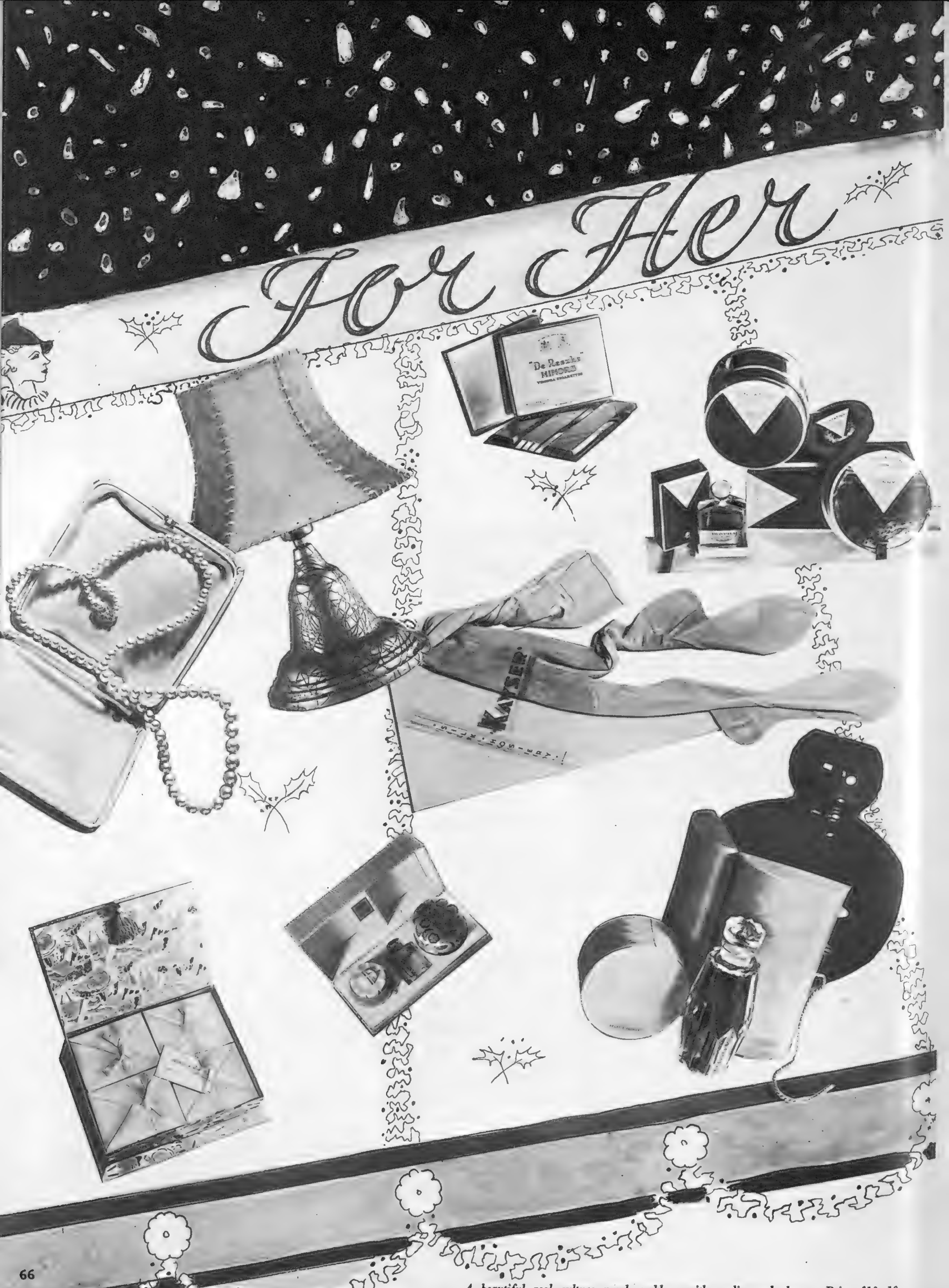
A join of this description can be made even stronger by putting a screw or veneer-pin through it.

BROKEN soldiers, or other metal toys, require soldering. Before attempting to do this, scrape off any paint near the break or the solder won't hold. After soldering give the toy a new coat of paint.

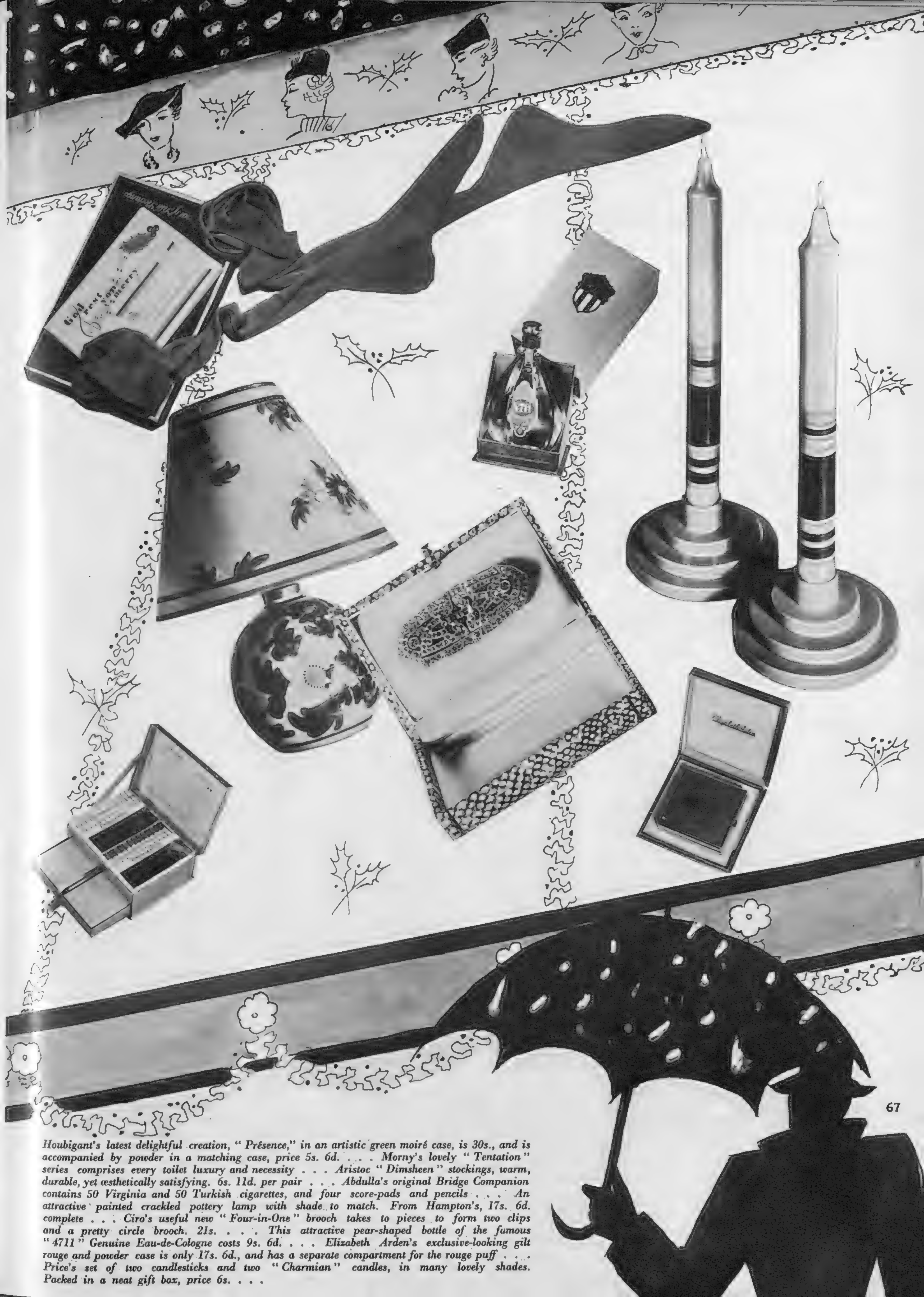
If metal toys are merely scratched and shabby-looking, then all you need do to freshen them up is to give a touch or two of paint where necessary. Cut out a small square of cardboard for each and use these cards to stand the toys on while the paint is drying.

A doll with a missing limb should be sent away to a (*continued on page* 96)

For Her



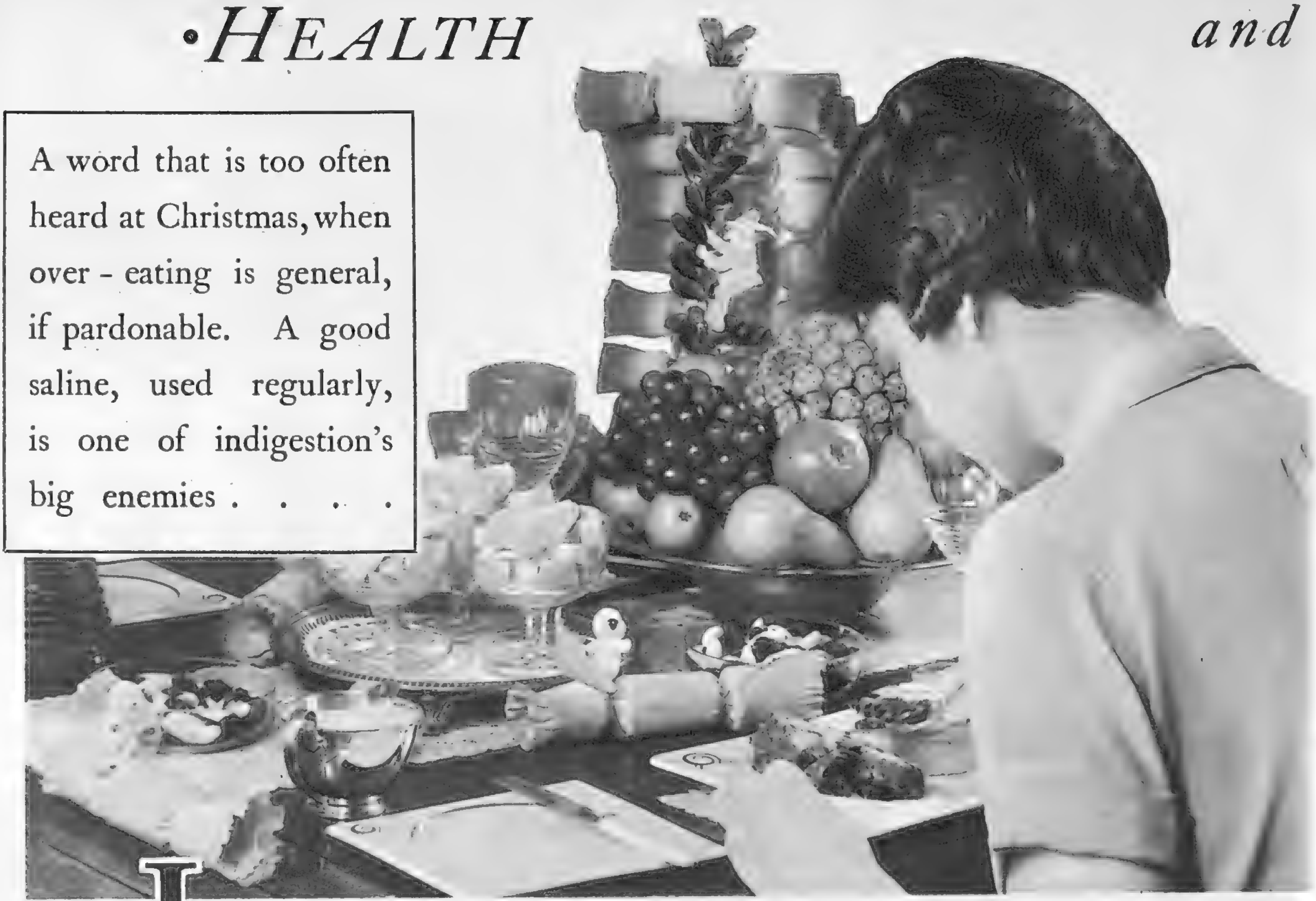
A beautiful real culture pearl necklace with a diamond clasp. Price £10 10s. from Tecla . . . Kirby Beard suggest this useful gift stationery cabinet . . . This British-made "Brolus" lamp in many attractive colours costs only 7s. 6d. . . . A gift case of Yardley's delightful "Fragrance" series. Price 10s. . . . Sixty "De Reszke" Minors in a convenient



Houbigant's latest delightful creation, " Présence," in an artistic green moiré case, is 30s., and is accompanied by powder in a matching case, price 5s. 6d. . . . Morny's lovely " Tentation " series comprises every toilet luxury and necessity . . . Aristoc " Dimsheen " stockings, warm, durable, yet æsthetically satisfying. 6s. 11d. per pair . . . Abdulla's original Bridge Companion contains 50 Virginia and 50 Turkish cigarettes, and four score-pads and pencils . . . An attractive painted crackled pottery lamp with shade to match. From Hampton's, 17s. 6d. complete . . . Ciro's useful new " Four-in-One " brooch takes to pieces to form two clips and a pretty circle brooch. 21s. . . . This attractive pear-shaped bottle of the famous " 4711 " Genuine Eau-de-Cologne costs 9s. 6d. . . . Elizabeth Arden's exclusive-looking gilt rouge and powder case is only 17s. 6d., and has a separate compartment for the rouge puff . . . Price's set of two candlesticks and two " Charmian " candles, in many lovely shades. Packed in a neat gift box, price 6s. . . .

•HEALTH and

A word that is too often heard at Christmas, when over-eating is general, if pardonable. A good saline, used regularly, is one of indigestion's big enemies . . . .



Indigestion . . .

CHRISTMAS is the time of reunion and jollity, of the groaning board, and, unfortunately, also of the groaning dyspeptic.

Already the shop windows and the shop counters are gay and tempting with seasonable foodstuffs, holly-enlivened bullocks, rosetted, plump-breasted turkeys, patés, fruits, bonbons, bottles which promise a fillip to the good cheer.

The more provident have already mixed and stirred their plum-puddings and mincemeat; neat white basins and prim jars of the rich and delectable mixtures stand on the larder's upper shelf waiting for consumption.

The gaily decorated restaurants will be filled, and their menus will include the traditional Christmas fare, as well as many delicious specialities.

Boxes of chocolates and crystallised fruits will reach the younger as well as the older generation from generous present-givers, and seasonal gourmandising will proceed.

Those of us who are conversant with old-fashioned Christmas customs know the games which are an integral part of large family gatherings.

Apart from the exciting snapdragon, when raisins are snatched among squeals and giggles from a dish of blue-flaming spirit in a darkened room, there is likely to be such childish games as hunt-the-slipper, hide-and-seek all over the house (to the confusion of serious contract-players), and, in quieter moments, pencil games like Consequences, a word full of portent in connection with the gastronomic part of the festivities.

Too often a marked lethargy and grumpiness, and even empurplement of visage, succeed those hospitable meals and vintage wines in the older members of the clan, while the gay and sprightly children who heralded the morn and allelujahed so blithely show a distressing tendency to quarrel over the new toys, and bash one another instead of their new toy drum.

When I was young, a martinet Nannie of the old school used to anticipate the lure of unwonted goodies by giving us a " good dose " (her adjective) of liquorice powder beforehand, as well as appropriate things afterwards.

As a matter of fact, it is not a bad plan to go into training for Christmas eating, though nowadays, instead of drastic dosing, it is considered more salutary to use milder methods, and keep one's internal organs in a constant and general state of well-being and natural activity.

THE regular use of a good saline, which clears and cools the blood and regulates natural functions, is probably the best way of keeping the digestion in perfect working order, ready to cope with any extra work it may be asked to do at Christmas time—or, for that matter, at all times of the year.

Refreshing and invigorating fruit salts, the long-famous efficacy of which is endorsed by modern usage and modern needs, are perhaps the most pleasant and the safest means of keeping fit without resorting to a lot of injurious purges.

They impart a desirable sense of energy and well-being to regular users. They help to keep complexions fresh and clean.

The matutinal draught is an excellent safeguard against sluggishness, dyspepsia and rheumatism, and these salts are also useful to alleviate biliousness, headache, and other ills consequent upon any kind of " upset."

THERE is another almost miraculous specific which is called straightforwardly, if not very euphoniously, a " stomach powder," which follows the modern method of persuasion, but literally cleans the interior of all impurities and makes a new man or woman of those in need of corrective treatment or intestinal stimulation.

Two essentials, if one is indulging in the prevalent pleasures of the table, are exercise and sleep. The exercise everyone can choose for himself or herself, skating, squash, hunting, golf, what you will.

If you have been having a hectic time, even if you are tired, it is not always easy to compose yourself for sleep. This is where one of the delicious and soothing night-caps will come in useful. Choose one easy to prepare at any time: Malted Milk, or the one composed of " granules " of chocolate, malt and fresh eggs, which makes a palatable and digestible drink at bedtime when stirred into a cup of fresh warm milk.

BEAUTY

ONE of Floris's delightful new perfume-burners, price 25s. and 42s., and a bottle of his "Tantivy" burning perfume—an original and acceptable gift

GRENOVILLE'S "Casanova" perfume comes in little cylindrical bottles from 4s. 6d., and is accompanied by their ozonised face-powder, from 2s. 6d. a box

A COMPLETE home treatment of Cyclax beauty aids in a neat leather case, with a mirror in the lid, is a most useful travelling companion. 25s. 6d.

"Just *what* I Wanted..."

PRESENTS are notoriously the criterion of taste, and what better proof of one's own and the donee's eclecticism than gifts which enhance beauty and charm?

Perfume is an essential in a woman's armoury of beauty. For a "lovely," with an assumption of subtlety, there is a delightful flacon of the new "Casanova," a provocative blending of exotic essences, with all "the conquering charm of the Prince of Lovers"! It also perfumes the exquisitely fine "ozonised" face-powder.

Many women like their rooms to be redolent of their personality, and Floris's new and decorative gilt perfume-burner is an exciting innovation.

A little methylated underneath, warm water in the bowl, and a few drops of special burning perfume, ordinary scent or bath essence exhale their fragrant vapours.

The Bourjois coffret is another tempting opportunity to give pleasure in practical and decorative form, without too great a demand on the exchequer.

Or what more endearing present than a complete Cyclax home treatment in a miniature leather attaché-case of any colour you like? A "lovely" Christmas holiday assured!

The new Pond's complexion powder, good companion to the excellent cream, is fine in texture, has an "expensive" perfume, and, merits a place on the present-list.

Winter winds and fog-laden air are menaces to a lovely but sensitive complexion; for its owner a Larola outfit would be a practical and intelligent gift. The well-known milk soothes, cleans and protects, and other Larola preparations, powder, soap, rouge and "Lily Bloom" lotion, are accessories before and after the fact.

The bath is an integral and luxurious item in a fastidious woman's toilet. Its scent should be delicate and individual.

The variety and the seductive names of Dubarry's bath salts are eloquent advocacy: "Rapture," "Magnolia," "Heart of a Rose," "Alpine Violets," "Rose-Geranium."

Larola
Larola
M. BEETHAM

BEETHAM'S "Larola" powder (2s. 6d.), rose bloom rouge (1s. and 2s. 6d.), and their famous complexion milk (1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.) make an admirable trio for everyday toilet needs

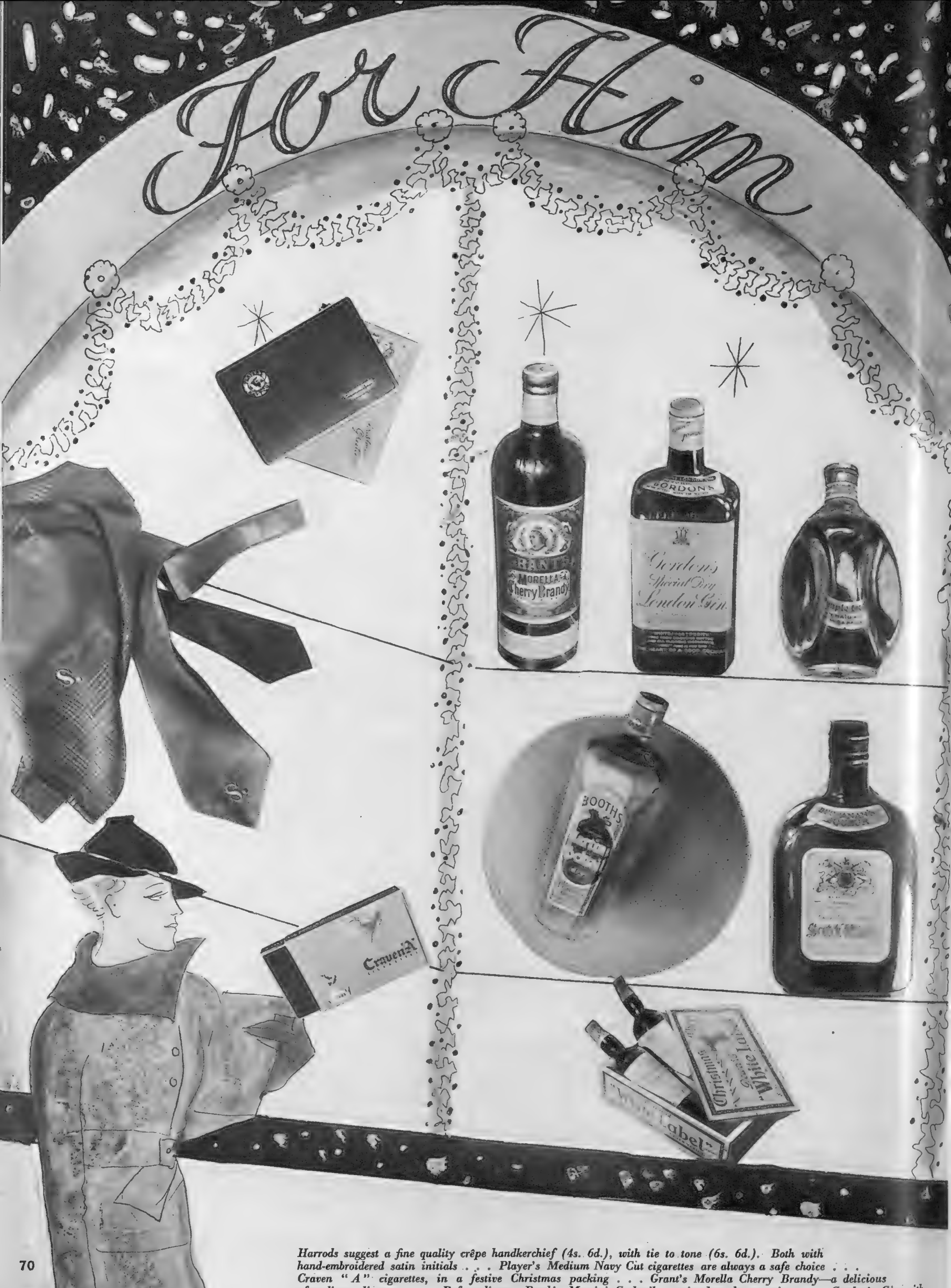
> What every woman will say if you give her beauty, in box or bottle.

BATH CRYSTALS

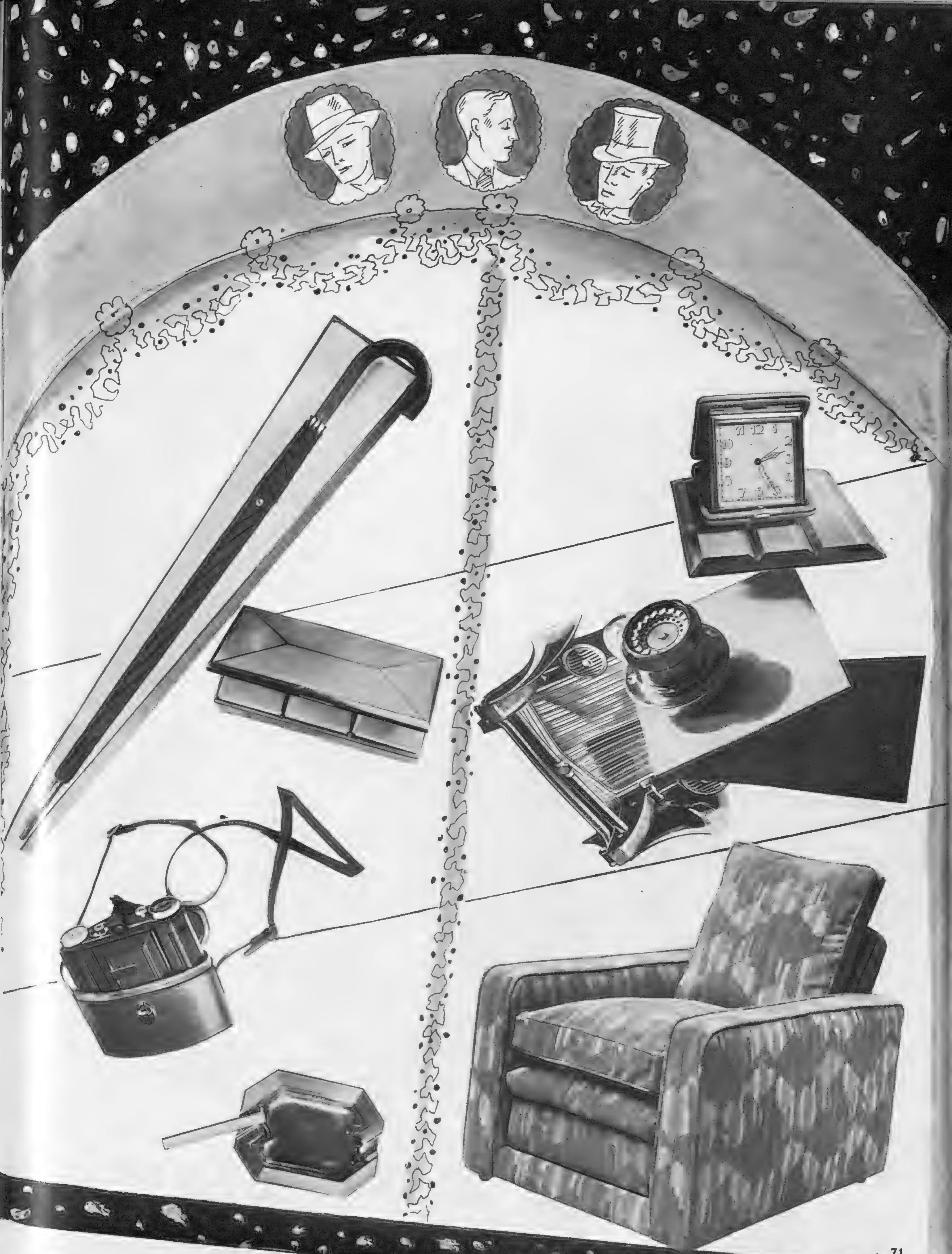
"HEART OF A ROSE" is the romantic name given to this attractive prism bottle of Dubarry's bath salts. Obtainable in two sizes at 2s. and 3s. 9d.

"EVENING IN PARIS" is deservedly one of Bourjois's most popular series, and this charming coffret, containing perfume, powder, and compact, costs only 12s. 6d.

POND'S face-powder, in natural, peach, rachel 1 and rachel 2, is hygienically contained in neat glass jars, price 2s. 6d.


For Him
GRANT'S
MORELLA
Cherry Brandy
GORDON'S
Gordon's
Special Dry
London Gin
BOOTHS
BUCHANAN'S
Craven A
Christmas
White Label
White Label

Harrods suggest a fine quality crêpe handkerchief (4s. 6d.), with tie to tone (6s. 6d.). Both with hand-embroidered satin initials . . . Player's Medium Navy Cut cigarettes are always a safe choice . . . Craven "A" cigarettes, in a festive Christmas packing . . . Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy—a delicious after-dinner liqueur . . . Before dinner, Booth's Martini Cocktails to stimulate the appetite . . . Gordon's Gin with a dash of angostura bitters—another excellent apéritif . . . Haig's "Dimple Scots" for warmth and Christmas cheer . . . A night-cap of "Buchanan's Liqueur"—a fitting end to a perfect day . . . Dewar's "White Label" in a special gay Christmas packing . . . An umbrella with handle of unpolished natural malacca. From Austin



high precision "miniature," costs only £10 10s. The leather case is 12s. 6d. . . . A sterling silver ashtray with engine-turned border and two cigarette-rests at opposite corners. Price 21s. from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd. . . . A folding leather eight-day travelling clock with alarm and luminous hands and figures. £4 4s. from J. W. Benson, Ltd. . . . For his car—a push-in type cigarette-lighter with open element. Price 10s. 6d. from S. Smith and Sons (Motor Accessories), Ltd. . . .

The BUSYBODY'S Notebook

THOUGH the flat, boyish figure is no longer with us and discreet curves are once more the mode, the new dresses are remarkably figure-revealing.

Superfluous fat is not only ugly but definitely harmful, so I hope "They" will continue to design dresses for us in which all those little (or large) rolls of fat are painfully apparent.

For general overweight I know of some wonderful reducing tablets. These consist entirely of natural saline products and plant extracts without any chemical admixture, and are both gentle and absolutely harmless in their action.

They will not only decrease your weight, but also stimulate the blood flow in the liver and lead to real and lasting well-being.

THIS is to remind you that "Britannia & Eve's" Busybody is always at your disposal. She is well informed on all sorts of heterogeneous subjects, and although she is busy, she will always find time to answer your letter; so if any of her discoveries are the answers to any of your problems, write to the Busybody, c/o "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and enclose a stamped envelope, when you will receive an immediate answer giving you full information about any of the subjects mentioned on this page

Another method, and a very pleasant one, is to take two or three baths a week in which you have dissolved a tablespoonful of slenderising bath-salts. These have no depressing effect, and also thoroughly cleanse the pores of the skin, leaving it petal-soft and polished.

If your trouble is localised fat, there is a reducing soap which works marvels. After soaking in a bath in which you have first dissolved the slenderising salts, you take a tablet of this soap in each hand and rub the part to be reduced with a strong, circular motion until a rich lather is formed.

Then, when you are dry, you pat in a special reducing jelly until it is all absorbed.

If you want to help on the good work still further, you can massage yourself with a special domed disc, which fits neatly into the palm of the hand. This is fitted with little blunt bone teeth, each one of which is mounted on a tiny spring.

For double chins and that ugly little roll at the back of the neck, there is a wonderful little gadget shaped like a ridged wooden ball which revolves in a wooden socket.

I FEEL that you can all face the Christmas party season with a tranquil mind, as far as your figures are concerned, if you have really taken to heart my remarks about the importance of slenderising.

But there are three other things which are of equal importance to a well-groomed woman, and these are complexion, hair and hands.

It is no good shutting one's eyes to the fact that lots of women trust to a good thick coat of foundation cream and powder to hide such blemishes as acne and blackheads, instead of getting at the root of the trouble and curing it.

Apart from the fact that *no* make-up can really hide these embarrassing blemishes, unless they are got rid of make-up is going to make them much worse.

Blackheads are so unnecessary and can so easily be dispersed that their possession should be looked upon as definitely anti-social.

There is an excellent anti-comedon ointment which, if faithfully used, will give you a clear, fine-grained skin on which the powder will lie like a delicate veil.

In case you don't know, "comedon" is the official name for our old friend (or enemy) the blackhead.

Let me tell you, blackheads are ambitious. If neglected, they often turn into a full-fledged case of acne.

If you have been unwise enough to let this happen, you need not despair. There is a recent scientific discovery which comes in the form of a lotion to be applied for ten consecutive days (or longer if the condition is chronic).

At the end of ten days the skin will become dry and flaky. You now apply a special acne cream which removes the dried-up skin, and leaves you with a new, smooth and attractive complexion.

Backs suffer from acne, too, and can be cured in the same way as the face.

HAIR comes next. Now, lots of us suffer most unjustly from hair which, from a variety of causes, mostly outside our own control, has turned prematurely grey.

An entirely grey head of hair with a young face is one of the most attractive things imaginable, but hair in the pepper and salt or streaky stage is just one of those things which are sent to try us.

Like most women, I have a deep and ineradicable prejudice against dyes of all sorts, but I have just come across a preparation which is neither a dye nor a bleach, but a harmless product which will restore the colour to every shade of hair.

And it is so simple to use. No need to spend tiresome hours at the hairdresser's; a few moments in your own bathroom and your hair is its own bright, natural self again.

First of all, shampoo your hair until it is absolutely clean and free from grease. Then rinse, until there is not a trace of the shampoo left, and rough dry it with a towel.

Pour a quart of warm water into your basin and dissolve in this the contents of one envelope of the special powder. Rinse your hair with this until the water in the basin is practically colourless.

Now dry and set your hair in the ordinary way. When it is quite dry, brush it well to bring up the sheen and the high-lights. You'll be surprised and delighted with the result.

This preparation comes in shades to suit every colour of hair, and cannot stain or rub off, but can be easily removed by a single shampoo. As it is absolutely harmless to every kind of hair, you need not hesitate to use it as often as you like.

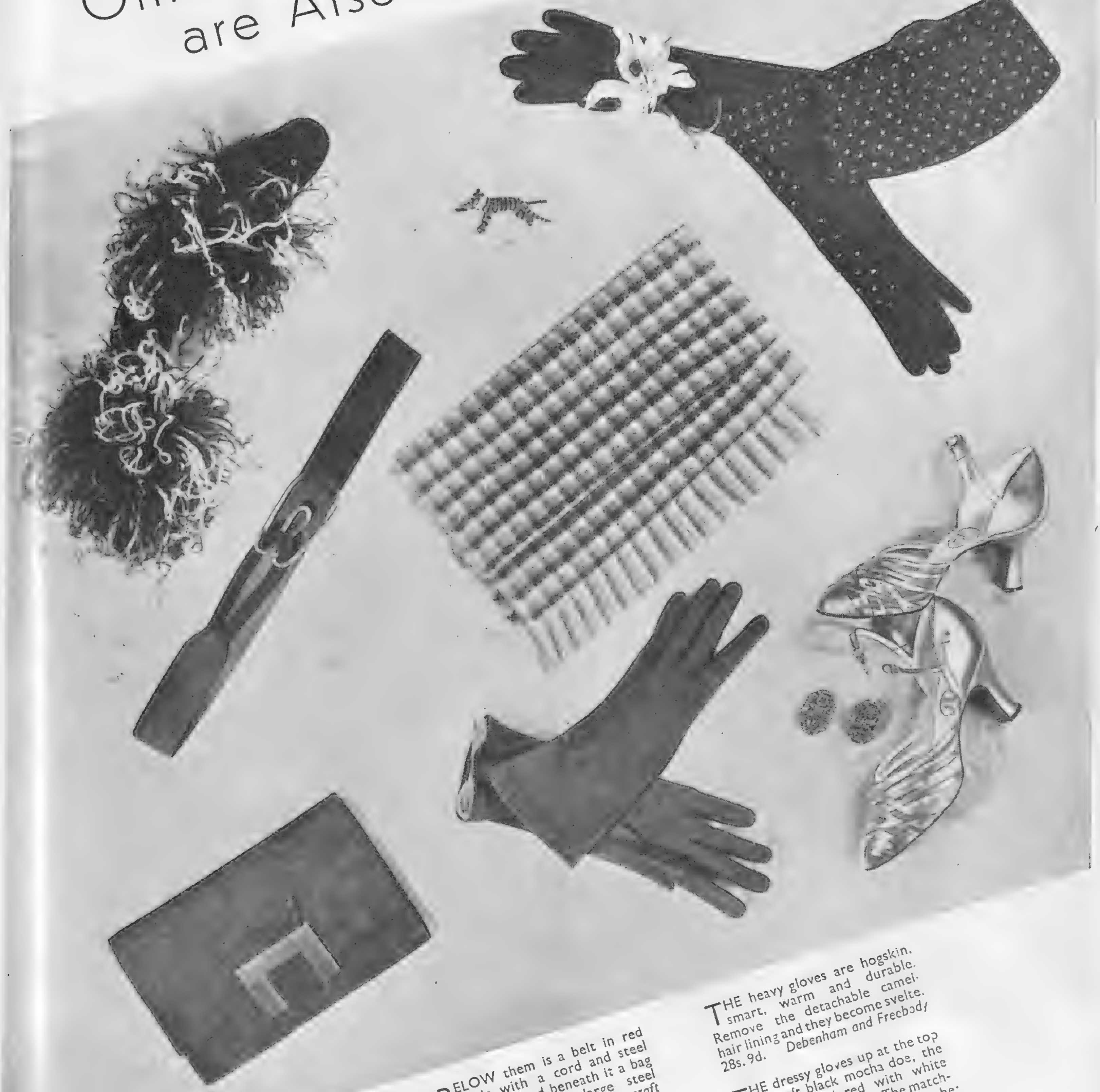
NOW for your hands. These matter almost more than anything else, and are much more conspicuous than many women realise.

There is a new and really exciting nail polish which I can heartily recommend. This is something quite different from the ordinary nail varnish, for it is a *cream* polish which is not only far more lustrous than any other varnish you have ever used, but is also actually beneficial to the nails.

It *cannot* make your nails dry or brittle, it goes on much more easily than the ordinary kind, and it wears longer without peeling or chipping.

Another thing—it hides all those tiresome little blemishes like ridges or white spots and gives a smooth, glittering and perfect surface. There is a special oily polish-remover to use with it, which also feeds the nails and prevents any tendency to brittleness. It can be had in seven divine shades.

Practical Gifts that are Also Decorative



THE black satin mules at the top of the page are luxuriously swamped with black and white ostrich feathers. You can get them in white, pink, green, red, grey and blue, 8s. 11d. *Dolcis*

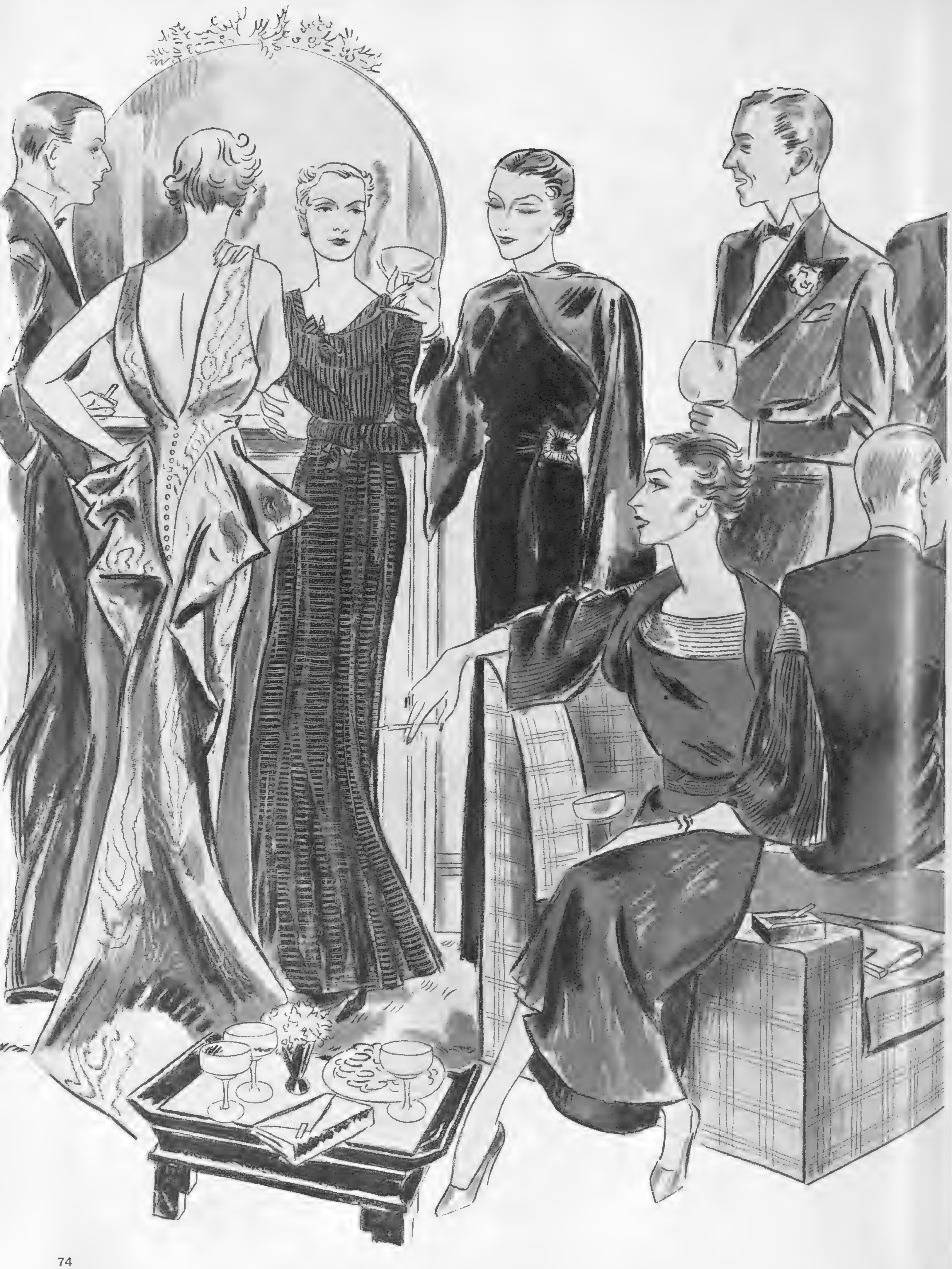
BELOW them is a belt in red suède with a cord and steel clasp, 21s.; and beneath it a bag to match, with a large steel buckle, £3 3s. *Leathercraft*

THE checked scarf is real Orkney, soft, cosy and washable, 12s. 6d., in many colourings. Tiger scarf-pin (or any favourite animal), 6s. 6d. *Woodrow's*

THE heavy gloves are hogskin, smart, warm and durable. Remove the detachable camel-hair lining and they become svelte. 28s. 9d. *Debenham and Freebody*

THE dressy gloves up at the top are soft black mocha doe, the backs embroidered with white French knots, 24s. 9d. The matching handbag is 59s. 6d. And the little feather orchid on a pin, so real-looking that it might deceive a florist, 7s. 6d. All from *Debenham and Freebody*

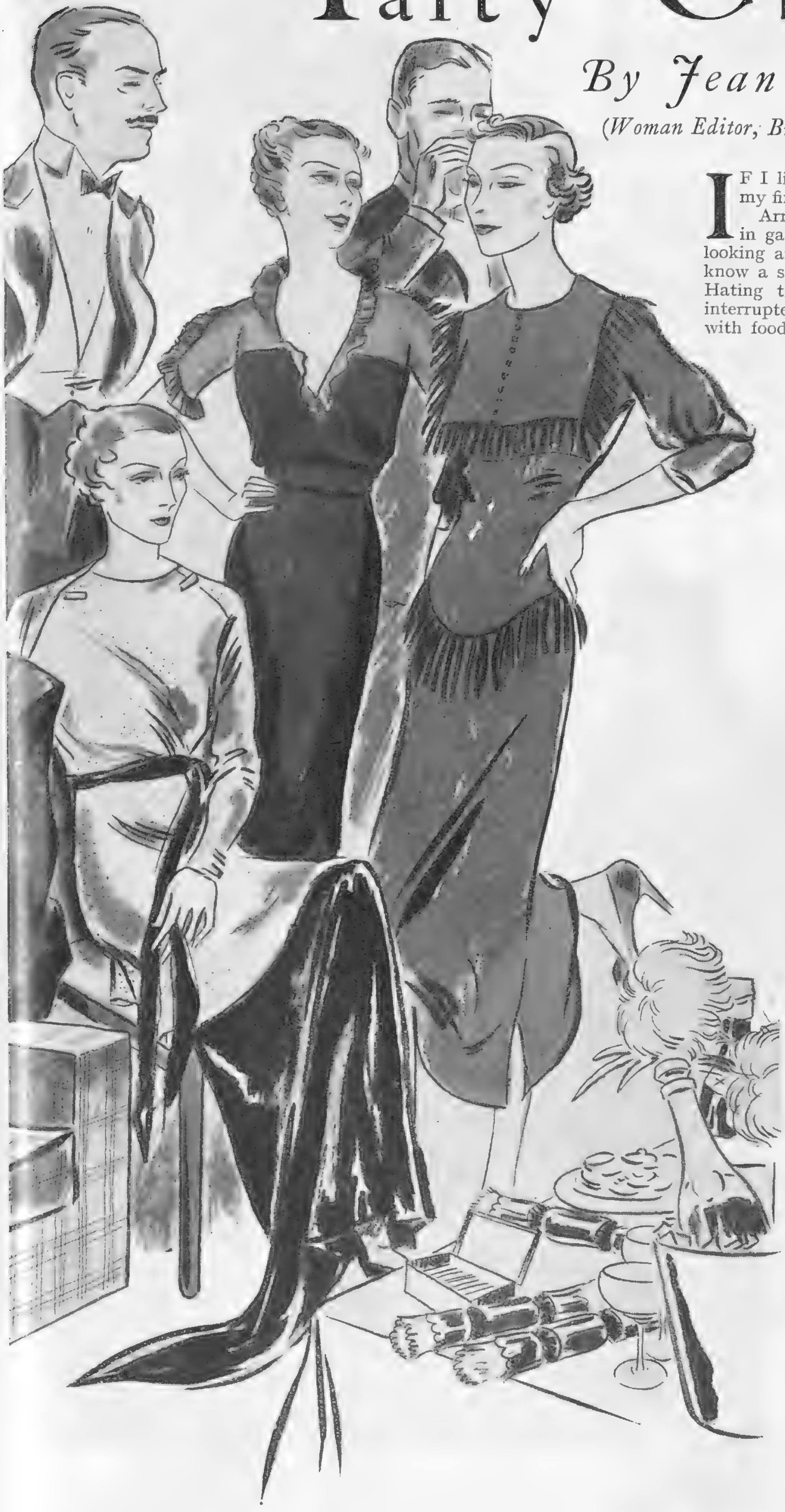
THE very attractive shoes are silver kid, copy of a French model, 16s. 9d. from *Abbotts.* Paste shoe buckles, 10s. 6d.



Party Clothes

By Jean Burnup

(Woman Editor, Britannia and Eve)



IF I live to be a hundred, I shall never conquer my first moments of panic at parties.

Arriving in the room where people are grouped in gay intimacy, feeling forlorn and unwanted, looking around miserably conscious that you don't know a soul here, and, what's more, don't want to. Hating the man whose good story your arrival interrupted, who has been ordered to look after you with food and drink, and who does, with wretched politeness. Looking around for the moral comfort of your squire, and finding he has been nobbled by a languishing siren, obviously lost to you for the evening. Being introduced by the wrong sort of hostess briefly all round, when it is the kind of party where you should have been brought together, warmly and lingeringly, with the one or two who speak your own language. . . .

After much party experience, when I know that if these things happen at all—and, of course, often they don't—they are soon over, and that presently I shall be part of the gaiety, that many of the detested people will turn out to be exciting and grand, that I am having my fair share of masculine attention (which is, after all, what most women call having a good time at a party), I am still given to linger in the friendly haven of the room where we leave our wraps, thinking crazily that I would rather spend the evening there than face the party battlefield.

I can't be alone in this. Other women must suffer from party panic too. Yet, liking to go to parties, they will have discovered, as I have, that nothing helps them more than the knowledge that they are looking good.

WHICH brings me, by a rather more circuitous route than usual, to my topic of party clothes.

I prefer those parties where your clothes are mixed and not your drinks—where full evening dress, which has been out for the evening, adds grandeur to the scene, and rubs bare shoulders with the little tweed suit worn by the blonde who has come straight on from rehearsal.

In between, blending the mixture and making it perfect, the real party dresses should move. These may be dressy afternoon frocks, or the informal evening clothes which, because we haven't thought of a better word, we call drinking or cinema clothes.

You know the sort I mean. Glittering tunics and long velvet skirts. Little Women dresses. Long-sleeved, ground-length lace frocks. Velvet jackets, and skirts worn with satin or lamé blouses.

SEVEN party dresses are drawn on these pages. Each could do its part towards making your party a good one.

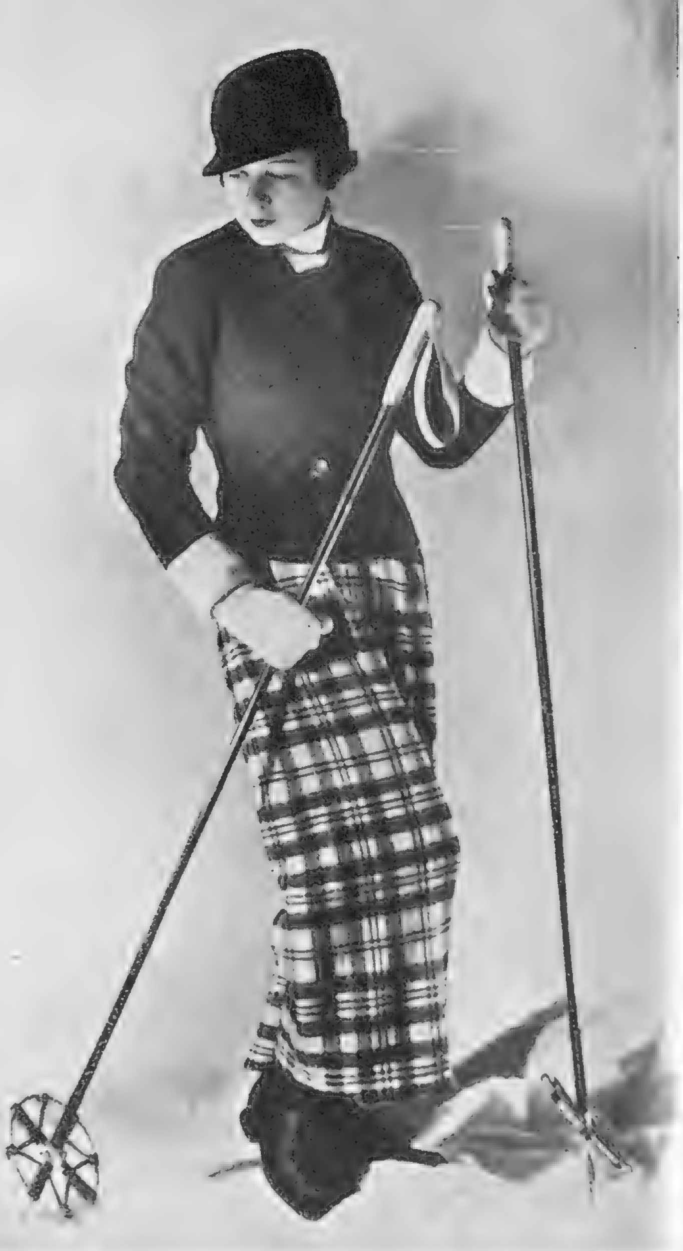
I will describe them briefly, reading from left to right:

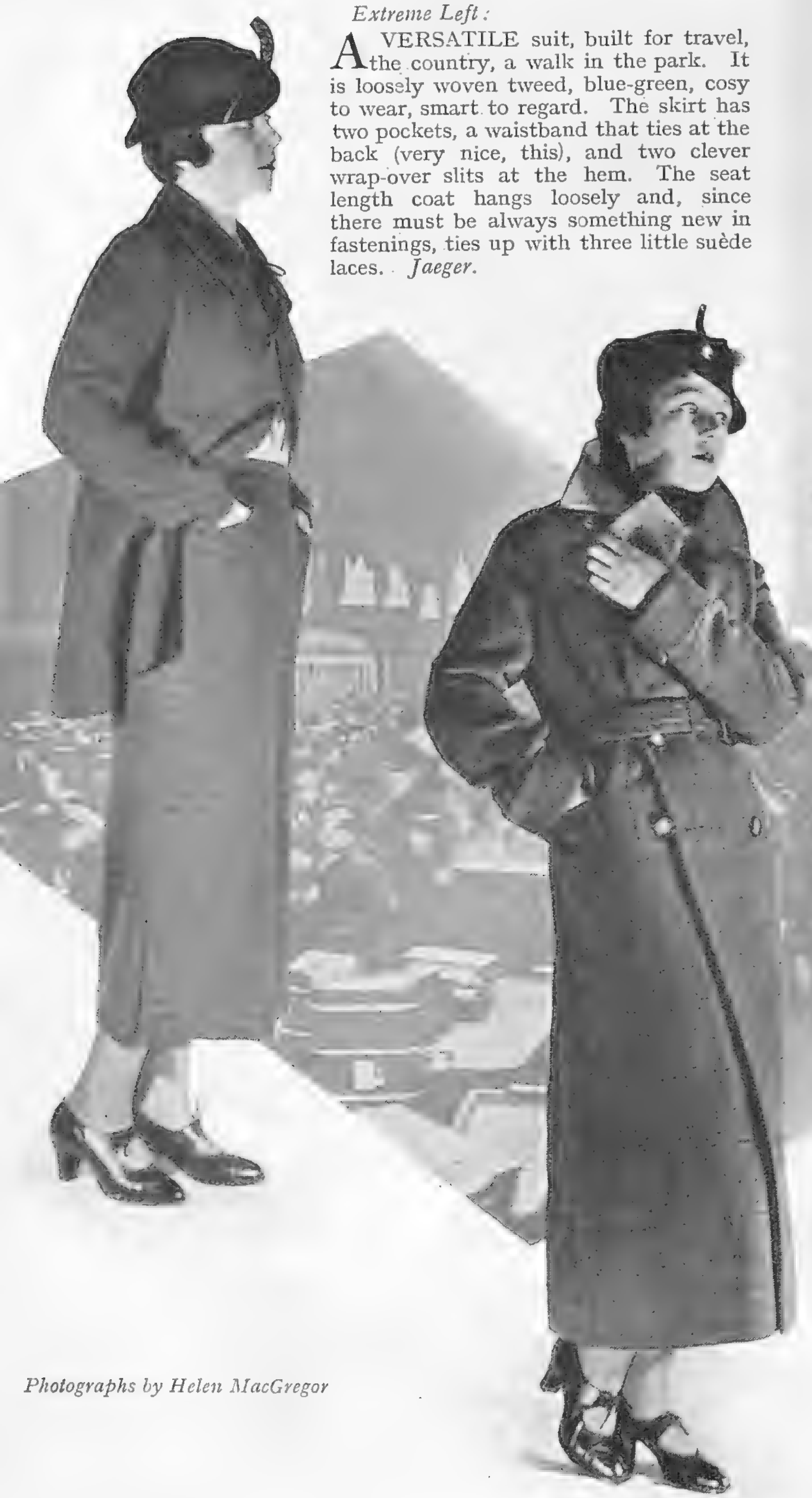
Chalky pink moiré, panniered, very smart. Can also be made in other colours. *Harvey Nichols.*

(Continued on page 126)

For Christmas Travellers

And a slick Outfit for the Winter Sportswoman





Extreme Left:

A VERSATILE suit, built for travel, the country, a walk in the park. It is loosely woven tweed, blue-green, cosy to wear, smart to regard. The skirt has two pockets, a waistband that ties at the back (very nice, this), and two clever wrap-over slits at the hem. The seat length coat hangs loosely and, since there must be always something new in fastenings, ties up with three little suède laces. *Jaeger.*

IF you are one of those who can do Telemarks on the steepest slope without batting an eyelash, all right—wear an old sweater and a pair of somebody's plus-fours. But if you are just average, perhaps a beginner, you want the confidence that a smart and good ski-ing outfit can give you—like the one above. Here are comfortable loud black-and-white check baggy trousers, fastening at the ankle. (If you can't be loud and colourful against white snows, where can you?) Turtle-necked white sweater, fitting black double-breasted coat, black cloth peaked hat, white mitts. Now all you want is your ticket to Murren. *Lilywhite.*

Left:

A GOOD thick warm travel coat that will do a lot of hard work for you. Beige, with a brown check design. Big collar and lapels which do up high at the throat, roomy pockets. Tailored by *Studd and Millington.*

Photographs by Helen MacGregor

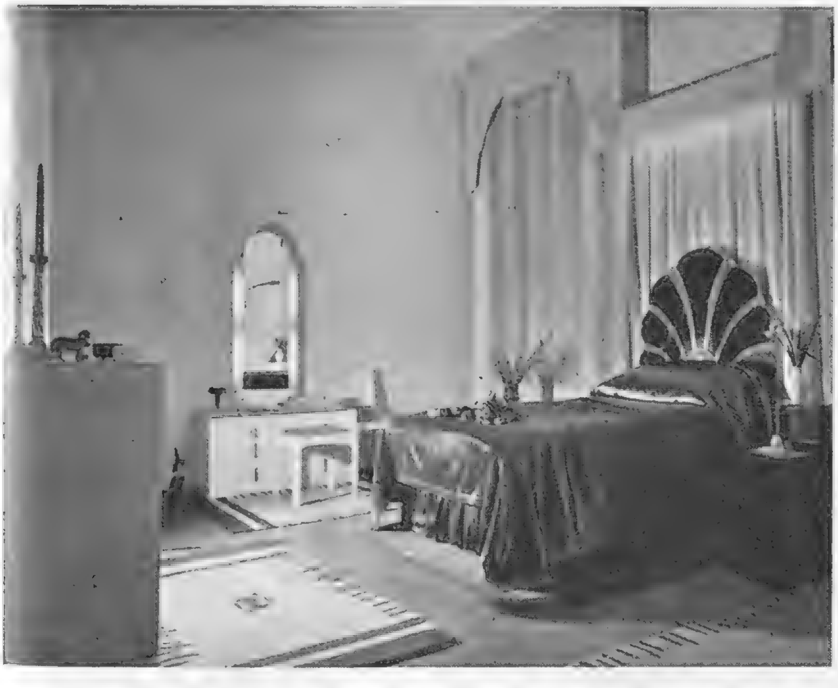
Warmth *in* Modern Decoration

By Margot Sheen

Because your furniture is starkly modern, it need not look cold and unfriendly. Give it a warm background by using the right colours, lighting, materials, and imagination

THIS chair is next-door neighbour to a polar bear—but polar bears are warm. Think of the comfort of fur upholstery on winter evenings. Could you ever tear yourself away?

LIGHTING gives an illusion of comfort to modern schemes, while infusing drama into colour effects. Softly lit from above, this window seat becomes an inviting spot with warm folds of rich coloured fabric for background



LOFTY rooms are forbidding unless skill is used in creating an illusion of intimacy. The depth of this room is offset by the massive window treatment, assisted by a mirror glass of elongated shape. Notice the warmth introduced by lighting

SOMETIMES you hear someone say: "I don't care for modern furniture—it's so cold." And looking around the very modern room you are both in, with its stark simplicity, its streamline air, its spittoon-like ash trays, its cactus plants, its one severe painting high and dry on one wall, you agree.

But because you treat your rooms in a modern manner, because you have the furniture of to-day around you and the feeling of to-day about your possessions, there is no reason why they should be cold and unfriendly unless you want them so.

The wood you use for your furniture and fitments, the treatment of walls, the material for your hangings, your carpets, your lighting can give warmth and cosiness to any room without detracting from the excellent modern idea of spaciousness and simplicity.

Beautiful timber, well matured and cared for, is one of the most glowing substances we know. It can never be surpassed by any manufacture of man.

There are endless varieties to choose from—browny-red blistered mahogany, pale golden sycamore. Remember that the whole atmosphere of your rooms is decided by the type of wood you use.

MODERN furniture is one of the best means of displaying lovely woods, for the simple lines and plain surfaces show it off at its best.

Panelled walls are attractive and cosy-looking, but the cost is heavy, unless their durability is brought into consideration. Wall papers give a warmer effect than painted walls, as a rule, especially those with an uneven surface.

Big sweeps of curtain and numerous cushions soon give a room a thoroughly furnished look.

There are so many different and gorgeous types of fabrics for settees, chairs and curtains.

There are friendly tapestries, lustrous satins (nubbly, smooth, spotted, ridged, in a great range of lovely colours), stiff, very good-looking moirés, luxurious velvets, the warmth of wool damask. . . . So much to choose from, at very reasonable prices, that choice becomes difficult.

Kid skin is a substance that has never been fully appreciated as a decorating material in England. It looks delightful for cushions and their covers, and makes lovely bedspreads, as it is not heavy and is very warm.

As for the floors, English rugs have never been more attractive than they are to-day. They offer a wide choice of design and texture. If you prefer them self-coloured, it is worth

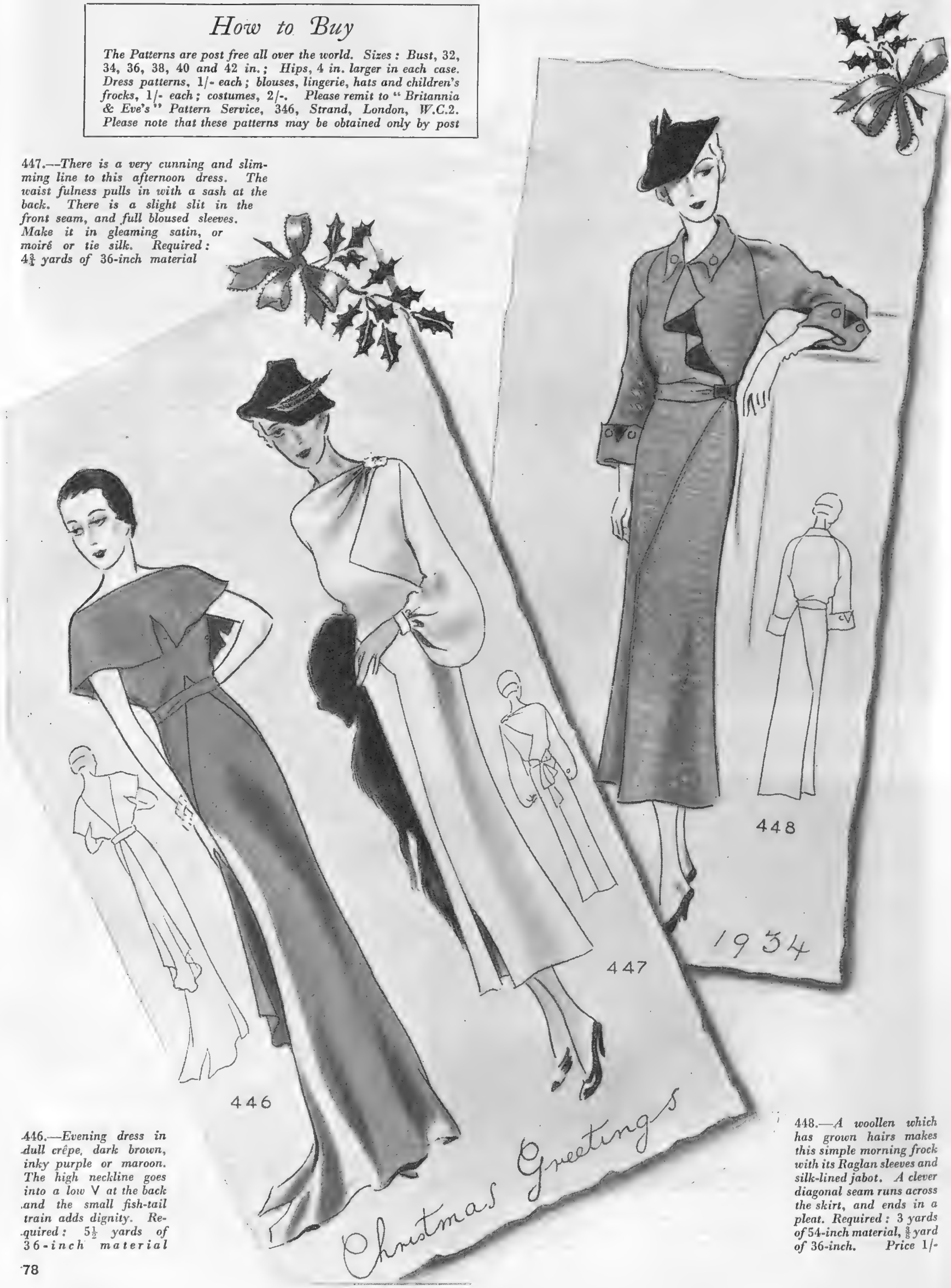
(*Continued on page* 96)

Morning, Afternoon

How to Buy

The Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in.; Hips, 4 in. larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/- each; blouses, lingerie, hats and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Please note that these patterns may be obtained only by post

447.—*There is a very cunning and slimming line to this afternoon dress. The waist fulness pulls in with a sash at the back. There is a slight slit in the front seam, and full bloused sleeves. Make it in gleaming satin, or moiré or tie silk. Required: 4¾ yards of 36-inch material*

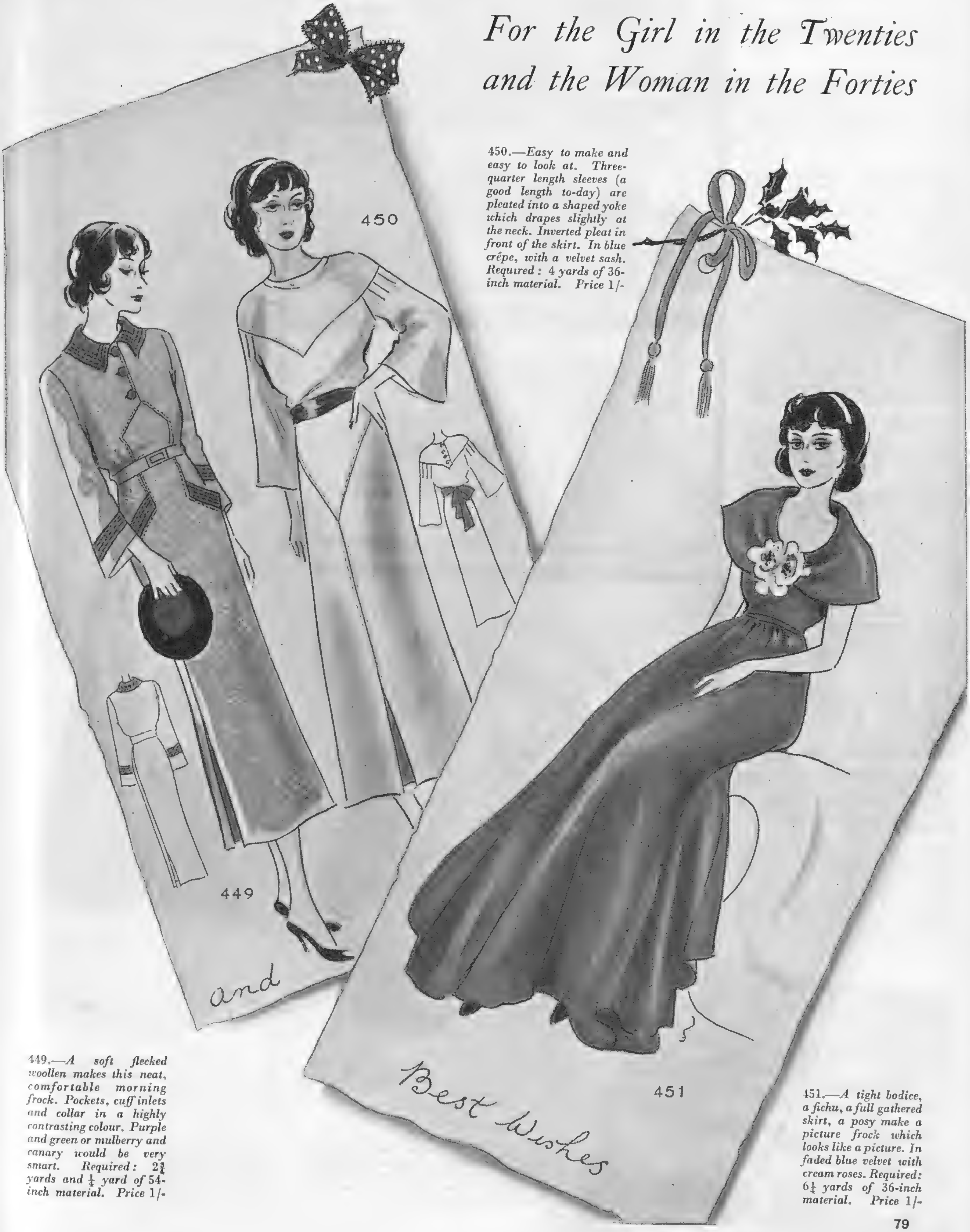


446.—*Evening dress in dull crêpe, dark brown, inky purple or maroon. The high neckline goes into a low V at the back and the small fish-tail train adds dignity. Required: 5½ yards of 36-inch material*

448.—*A woollen which has grown hairs makes this simple morning frock with its Raglan sleeves and silk-lined jabot. A clever diagonal seam runs across the skirt, and ends in a pleat. Required: 3 yards of 54-inch material, ⅜ yard of 36-inch. Price 1/-*

and Evening Dresses

For the Girl in the Twenties and the Woman in the Forties



450.—*Easy to make and easy to look at. Three-quarter length sleeves (a good length to-day) are pleated into a shaped yoke which drapes slightly at the neck. Inverted pleat in front of the skirt. In blue crêpe, with a velvet sash. Required: 4 yards of 36-inch material. Price 1/-*

449.—*A soft flecked woollen makes this neat, comfortable morning frock. Pockets, cuff inlets and collar in a highly contrasting colour. Purple and green or mulberry and canary would be very smart. Required: 2¾ yards and ¼ yard of 54-inch material. Price 1/-*

451.—*A tight bodice, a fichu, a full gathered skirt, a posy make a picture frock which looks like a picture. In faded blue velvet with cream roses. Required: 6¼ yards of 36-inch material. Price 1/-*

The Kitchen Cupboard

Good housewives store their Christmas cupboards with products that have been tried—and found satisfactory

ROSE'S Lime Juice Cordial has been a household word since the middle of the last century, but not everyone knows that the firm of Rose also sponsors the most delicious honey.

CHIVERS' Table Jellies may be served in many interesting ways, and form the basis of a variety of delicious party sweets.

VITA-WEAT, the British wholewheat crispbread, improves the digestion and the teeth and helps one to keep a streamline figure. Peek Frean make it, and it is sold in cartons at 10d. and 1s. 6d.

BIRD'S Custard Powder is but one of many nourishing foods made by this famous firm. Tea-cake mixture, sponge-cake mixture, blancmanges, jellies and lemonade crystals are amongst their many products, and their "Wafflex" makes the most appetising waffles, recipes for which they publish in a useful booklet.

HEINZ'S "Cream of Celery" is just one of fifteen appetising soups made of fresh vegetables blended with rich thick cream. Remember Heinz have 57 varieties of prepared foods which lighten the task of the harassed housewife when called upon to provide a quick and nourishing meal.

CUSTARD is delicious and economical when made with Foster Clark's vanilla flavoured Cream Custard Powder and served with stewed fruit.

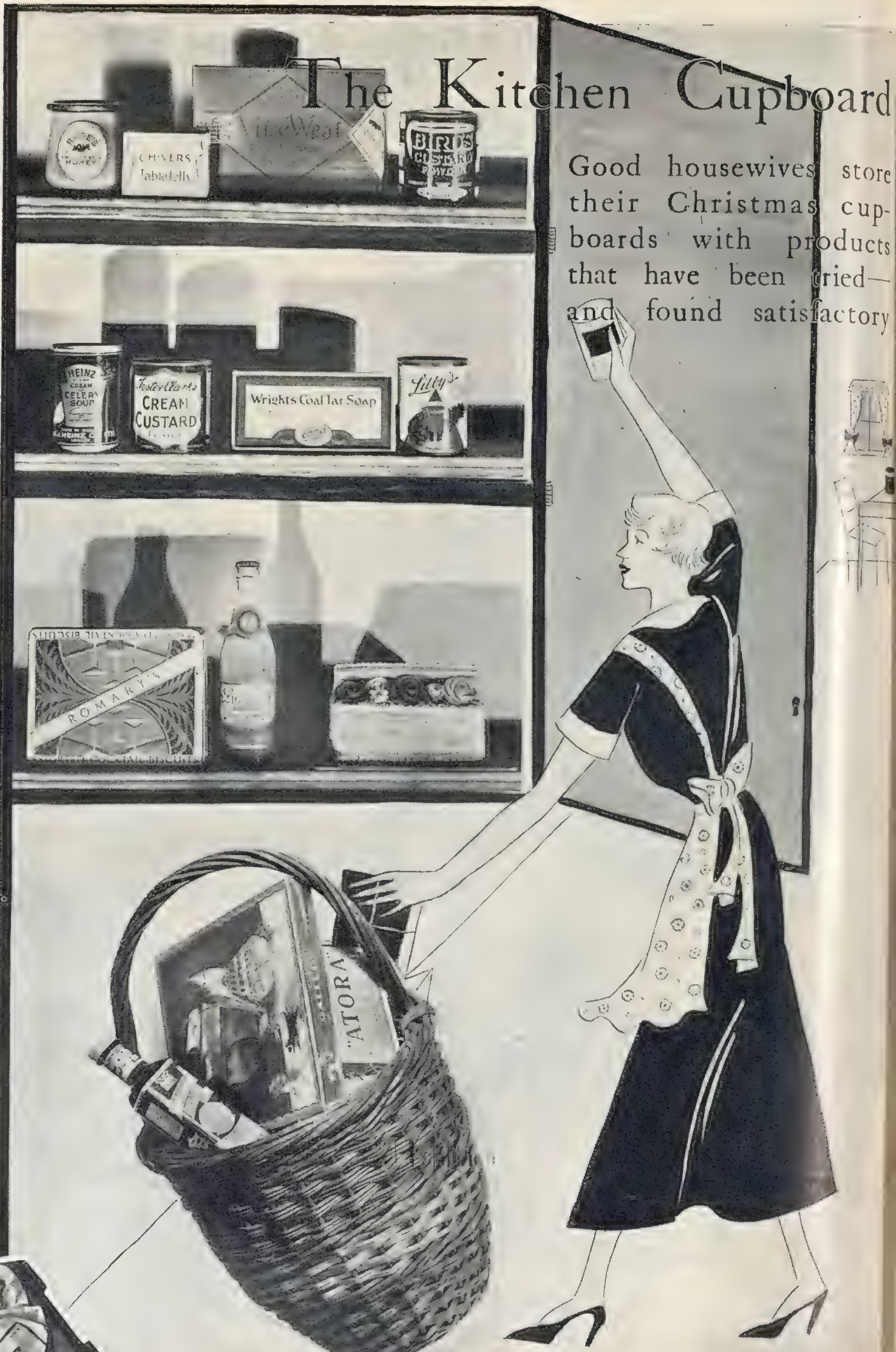
WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap has been awarded the Blue Seal of Merit by the Institute of Hygiene. Other equally hygienic toilet preparations manufactured by the same firm include shaving soap, liquid shampoo, talcum powder, ointment and vaporising liquid inhaler.

LIBBY'S Natural Fruit Juices are refreshing and invigorating thirst-quenchers, and their "Gentle Press" Tomato Juice is delicious either as a cocktail or a soup.

FOR Christmas cocktail parties, buy Romary's Assorted Cocktail Biscuits, price 2s. 6d. for a tin containing plain and savoury biscuits, including wheaten squares, gaufrets, celery sticks and parmestiks.

SCHWEPPES' table waters have been famous since 1790. Their sparkling Grape Fruit is prepared from the finest fresh fruit and is deservedly popular.

THE new "Rose Basket" cakes—neat wicker hampers full of flowers, and all in sugar—are a Christmas novelty by Peek Frean. From 6s. 6d. Peek Frean's Scotch Shortbread should also find a place in the store cupboard this Christmas.



WHITBREAD
WHITBREAD
WHITBREAD
WHITBREAD'S INDIA PALE ALE

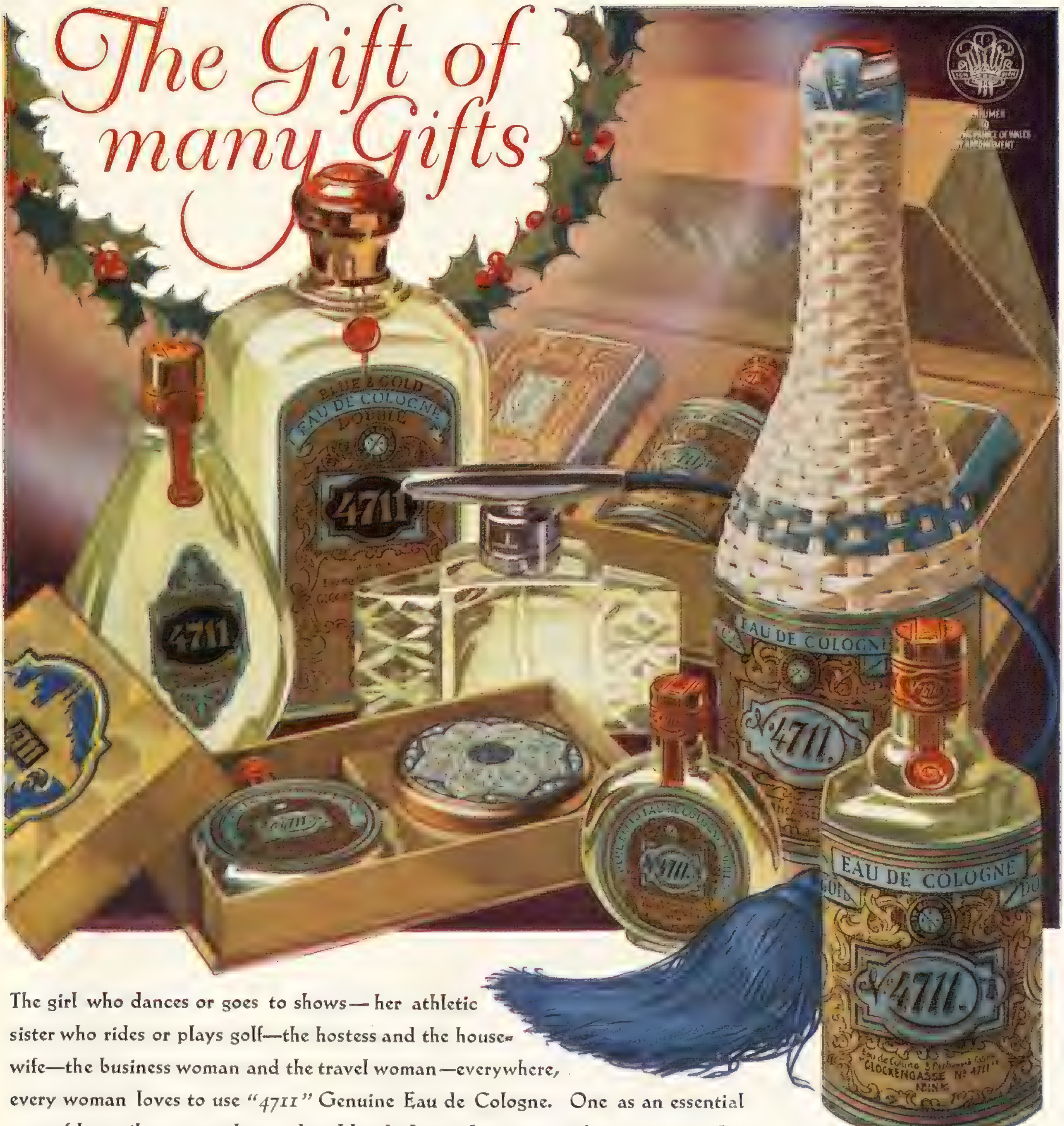
WHITBREAD'S India Pale Ale is a real thirst-quencher, a food and a palatable beverage. A case for Christmas will please everyone.

A GOOD sauce should always be provided to enhance the flavour of good food. Yorkshire Relish—thick or thin—has a reputation of over 60 years' standing.

CARR'S attractive "Galleon" tin is packed with a tempting assortment of sweet and medium sweet biscuits. Price 1s. 6d.

HUGON'S "Atora" shredded beef suet makes appetising Christmas puddings and is a great labour-saver. A hundred tested recipes are given in the "Atora" book.

The Gift of many Gifts



The girl who dances or goes to shows—her athletic sister who rides or plays golf—the hostess and the housewife—the business woman and the travel woman—everywhere, every woman loves to use "4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne. One as an essential part of her toilette; another to dispel headaches or heaviness or fag; someone else to give new "life" and zest and sparkle . . . . At least one of the many virtues of "4711" is certain to gladden any woman's heart. But remember, only "4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne can do all that "4711" does. Because it is genuine, from the City of Cologne. Imitations can never equal it.

"4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne:

The original shaped glass bottle with gilt screw cap, 4/9 and 8/9.

Pear-shaped bottle, with gilt screw cap, vacuum filled, each in box, 9/6.

Large square bottle, with double gilt screw cap, each in gilt box, 25/- and 36/-.

Round, watch-shaped bottle, with gilt screw cap, 2/6 and 4/9.

Small wicker bottle 7/6 and 14/-; larger sizes 27/6 and 52/6.

Coffret containing "4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne and Tosca Compact 4/6.

Box containing "4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne and two tablets "4711" Cream Toilet Soap, 6/6 and 10/6.

N°4711

Genuine Eau de Cologne

BLUE & GOLD LABEL

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The Aristocrat of
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(hand-made Turkish)
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De Reszke
TURKS
20 for 1/-

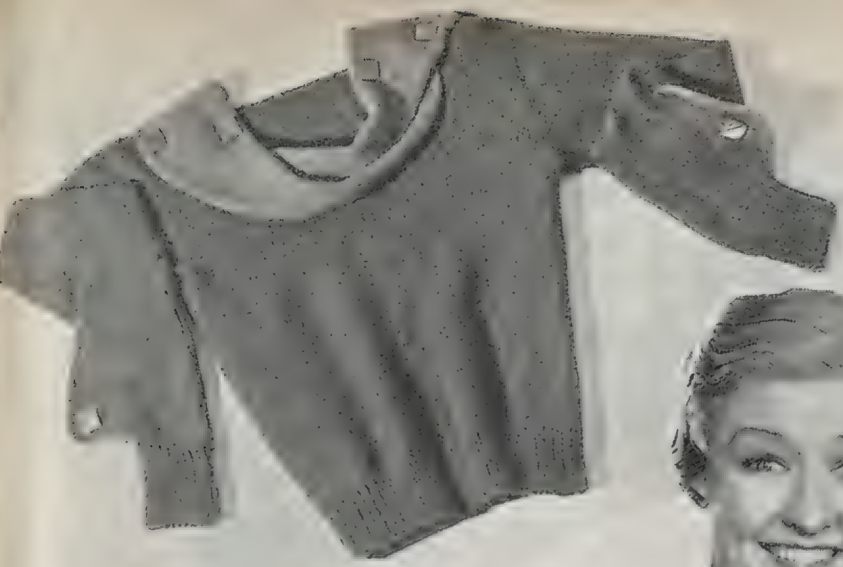
De Reszke
MINORS
15 for 6d. in the
vest-pocket pack

De Reszke
MINORS
Oval tin 30 for 1/-

Not lightly has De Reszke won the reputation of being the "aristocrat of cigarettes." It is a point of honour with its manufacturers that every De Reszke cigarette shall be a little better made, and a little better packed, than other cigarettes sold at the same price.

"De Reszke"
—*of course!*

Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd.



A Jumper *for the* Smaller Woman

LAURA LA PLANTE *knits during waits while making a picture at Teddington Studios*

THIS attractive jumper is worked in softest "Kasha" wool in two shades of grey. The draped neckline is becoming, and the cuffs have a smart line. The collar and sleeves are trimmed with steel buttons.

Materials Required

7 oz. Dark Grey and 1 oz. Light Grey Sirdar "Kasha" wool.

No. 10 needles. No. 12 needles. No. 11 crochet hook.

Six steel buttons.

The main part of the jumper is worked in stocking stitch (st. st.) with the cuffs and waist edge in ribbing of 1 k., 1 p. (1 knit, 1 purl). 2 rows of double crochet (d.c.) form the edging to the collar neckline and sleeves.

Measurements

Length, 20½ in.

Length of sleeve with cuff, 22 in.

To fit bust size 32 in.

The Front

Cast on 110 stitches on No. 12 needles and work 3½ in. ribbing 1 k., 1 p., then change to No. 10 needles and st. st. and work 9½ in. End on a purl row.

Next row: Cast off 6. K. across.

Next row: Cast off 6. P. across.

Next row: K. 2 tog. twice. K. across.

Next row: P. 2 tog. twice. P. across.

Work 8 rows st st., then shape for the neck opening. Cast off 10 centre stitches and knit up one side only, casting off 1 st. at beginning of every row on the neck edge until there are 26 left.

Work 13 rows, ending on a purl row.

Next row: K. to within 3 sts. of end. Turn. Purl back.

Next row: K. to within 6 sts. of end. Turn. Purl back.

Next row: K. to within 9 sts. of end. Turn. Purl back.

Next row: K. to within 12 sts. of end. Turn. Purl back.

Next row: K. to within 15 sts. of end. Turn. Purl back.

Next row: K. to within 18 sts. of end. Turn. Purl back.

Next row: Knit across. Purl back.

Cast off. Rejoin wool at the other side, and work up the shoulder to correspond, decreasing one st. at the beg. of every purl row on the neck edge.

The Back

The back is worked to match the front, without the neck opening.

Sleeves

Cast on 40 sts. on No. 12 needles in dark grey wool and work 2½ in. ribbing. Change to No. 10 needles and st. st. and work one knit and one purl row. (*Note.*—The sleeve is increased at the outside edges on every 10th row thus: K.1, m.1. Knit across, m.1, k.1, the whole way up the sleeve; and will not be referred to again.) After working these 2 rows, divide the sts. in the centre of the row 20/20. The work is continued on 20 sts. at a time to get the shaped piece.

** Next row (Knit row). Work to within 2 sts. of centre. M.1, k.1.

Next row: P.1, m.1, p. across. Repeat from ** until there are 34 sts. on the needle. Work 4 rows without increasing.

Next row (Knit row). Work to within 3 of centre edge, k.2 tog., k.1.

Next row: Purl back. Repeat these two rows until you have 24 sts. on the needle. Break off and rejoin for the other 20 sts. Work shaped piece to correspond (k.1, m.1. K. across, etc.). When the two shaped pieces are worked there should be 48 sts. in the row altogether. Continue the sleeve in the usual way, increasing as described until the length is 19 in. Now k.2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until you have 14 sts. left. Cast off.

Collar Pieces for Draping

In light grey wool cast on 34 sts. and work a row into the backs of the stitches to get a firm edge.

** Next row: K.1, m.1, k.30, k.2 tog., k.1.

Next row: P.1, p.2 tog., p. 30, m.1, p.1. Repeat from ** five times.

Next row: K. 30, k.2 tog., k.1.

Next row: P.1, p.2 tog., p.29.

** Next row: K.1, m.1, k.27, k.2 tog., k.1.

Next row: P.1, p.2 tog., p.27, m.1., p.1. Repeat from ** five times. Now work straight for 6 inches, ending on purl row.

Next row: K. across to within 3 of end. K.2 tog., k.1. Purl back.

Repeat these two rows until all the stitches have been worked off.

2nd Piece.—Cast on 34 sts., and work to correspond, the shape going in the reverse direction. To do this, reverse the instructions. Thus: 1st row will read K.1, k.2 tog., k.30, m.1, k.1, etc.

In like manner, the end of this shaped piece will be decreased on the purl side.

Making Up

Sew up the shoulder seams, and fit in the sleeves flat. Press the seams lightly, using a damp cloth between the iron and the knitting. Sew up the side seams and the underarm sleeves. Sew the shaped pieces of the sleeves up, pressing lightly on the wrong side.

Attach two buttons to the straight edges of the collar pieces (near the cast-on stitches) and pin to the jumper at the shoulder seams. Drape the collar pieces over each other, and stitch the slanting edges of the collar to the jumper neatly. Sew on a button to each sleeve as pictured.

The Crochet Edging

In light grey wool, work 2 rows of d.c. along the shaped sleeve edge to accentuate it, to the buttoned edges of the collar, and round the neck edge.

MINTY CLUB CHAIR

SCIENTIFICALLY BUILT FOR COMFORT

Modern stress calls for Modern rest—not only for modernity of design, but a perfect union of ease and appearance. Minty Chairs are the last word in comfort, practicability and sound construction. All Minty Chairs are made in three lengths of seat.

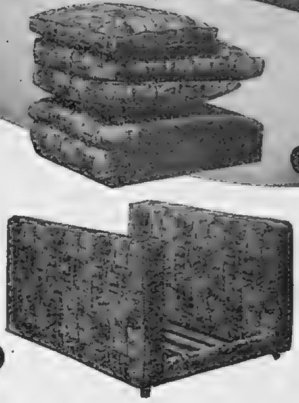
Pat.
No.
340743

The new 'MERTON' Model is shown below. It is thoroughly practical, and moderately priced. Framed in hardwood, patent springing and hair stuffing throughout. Made in three sizes with the long low seat, synonymous with Minty Chairs.

Prices of "MERTON" Model
CHAIR from £3 . 19 . 6
SETTEE from £7 . 19 . 6
According to length of seat

The "MERTON"

Economy Model



Above is shown the unit construction of both the "ISIS" and "MERTON" models. Cleaning and covering can easily be carried out at home.

The "ISIS"

Pampers the human form as never before. The spring back and doubly sprung seat have patent pocketed feather-down cushions. Pure hair upholstery. Frame, seat and back are separate units for easy cleaning and loose covering. It would be impossible to buy a more luxurious or better quality chair at the price. No dust-traps, no gadgets.

Prices of "ISIS" Model
According to length of seat.

CHAIR	SETTEE
from - £5 . 19 . 6	from - £10 . 10 . 0

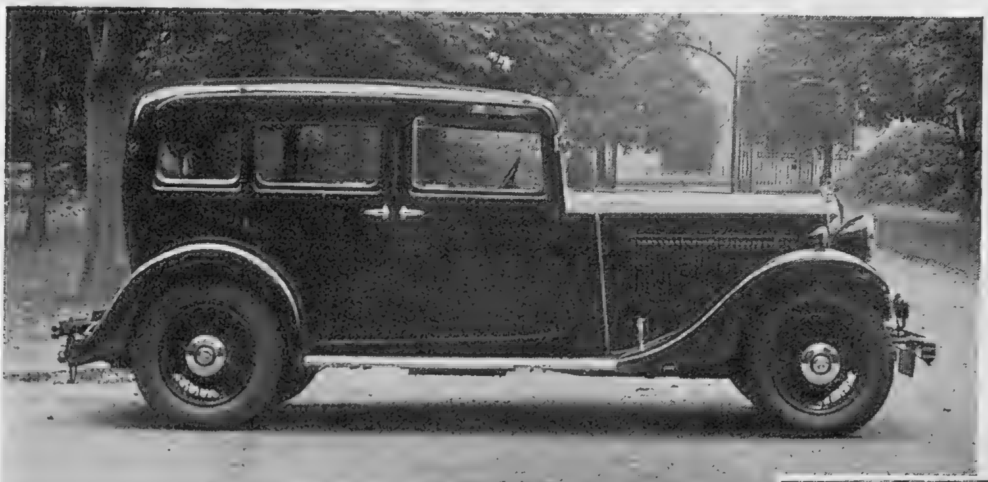
Deferred Terms can be arranged

Two chairs and a settee form an admirable Suite.

A MINTY CHAIR makes the ideal Christmas Gift

Write for Catalogue of the Minty "MERTON" and "ISIS" Chairs, and patterns of coverings.

Minty (Dept. 86), 44/45 HIGH ST., OXFORD.
London Showrooms: 123, Victoria St., WESTMINSTER, S.W.1.
Manchester Showrooms 5. Exchange Street, MANCHESTER.



A LARGE *and comfortable car, but with attractive and well-balanced "lines": the 20 h.p. Morris Oxford*

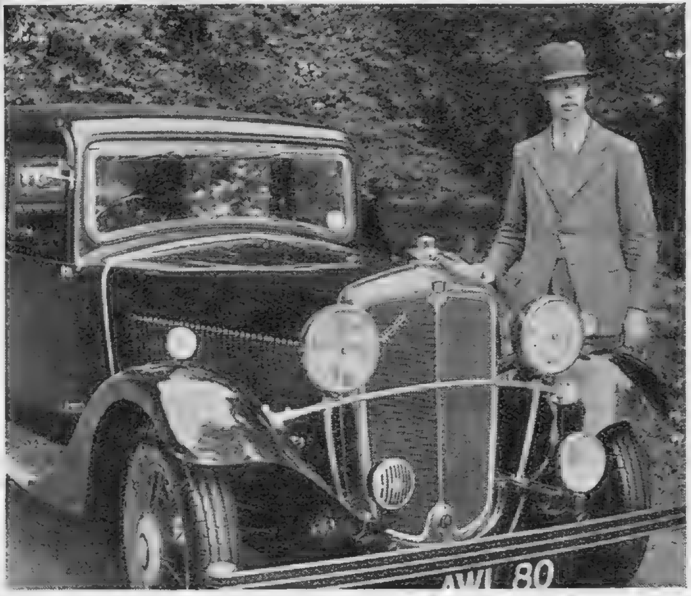
A New Morris Oxford

The 20 h.p. "Six"

By The Earl of Cardigan

The 20 h.p. Morris Oxford in brief

ENGINE: 20 h.p., six cylinders with side valves. Very quiet and smooth.
GEARBOX: four speeds, third and top synchro-mesh. Assisted by free-wheel and automatic clutch.
PERFORMANCE: third gear, 50 m.p.h., top gear, 65/70 m.p.h.
STEERING: good, definite.
SPRINGING: very good.
BRAKES: hydraulic, powerful and smooth in action.
COACHWORK: comfortable and plenty of space.
PRICE: with saloon body, £285.



A FRONT *view of the new Morris Oxford. This car, with a 20 h.p. engine, is very moderately priced at* £285

THERE is probably no more familiar name among motorists than that of "Morris Oxford." The car itself, however, in its 1935 form, has many qualities which are essentially novel. Every year it progresses; and every year, under the same name, it offers a new and different standard of motoring efficiency.

The first Morris Oxford which I drove was, I believe, a 14 h.p. "four." The latest, which I have recently been driving, is a 20 h.p. "six." Actually, the 20 h.p. engine is optional, and an alternative 16 h.p. unit can be fitted, but it seems probable that the 20 h.p. edition, sold at exactly the same price, will prove to be the more generally popular.

A great feature of the new "Oxford" is undoubtedly the smoothness and ease with which it does its work. The six-cylinder engine gives more than sufficient power, and is unusually silent. Acceleration is very good, even from quite low speeds, and a comfortable cruising pace can be found anywhere between 40 and 60 m.p.h.

There is certainly more sheer speed available than any ordinary driver is likely to require. The third gear maximum is 50 m.p.h., while something not far short of 70 m.p.h. can be reached in top gear. Hill-climbing is good, and I was able to make an easy top-gear climb of the hill out of Marlborough on the main Bath road, having a minimum speed of 30 m.p.h. on the bend near the top.

In connection with hill-climbing, special interest attaches to the new Morris system of transmission. Practically all cars nowadays possess some device or other for simplifying gear-changing; but the Morris goes further, and makes three different and separate contributions towards complete simplification. Thus, if any gear-crashing is done in this year of grace, it certainly will not be Lord Nuffield's fault!

In the first place, this "Oxford" model has a very easy gearbox. Top and third gears are of the synchro-mesh persuasion, and therefore give perfectly silent engagement, while the first and second ratios, unassisted, are by no means difficult.

A further aid is the free-wheel, which is so fitted that it can either be used or neglected according to the driver's personal preference. When it is in use, the car will coast freely whenever the accelerator pedal is released, and all the four gears are rendered absolutely crash-proof.

Finally, there is an automatic clutch-operating device, likewise arranged so that its use is optional and dependent on the driver's inclination. When this is in action, the clutch pedal need not be used at all, for the clutch is automatically withdrawn whenever the engine slows down to its idling speed. Conversely, when the engine is accelerated, even from a standstill on a considerable gradient, the clutch is engaged in a perfectly smooth and efficient manner.

When advantage is taken of these two latter devices, it follows that the Morris Oxford is about as easy and restful to drive as a car can well be. It also holds the road very steadily, and has a distinct feel of the big car about it. My test run took place during very poor weather; but I was able at all times to drive perfectly confidently.

The steering is pleasant, and the springing is notably good. I was able to make some tests over really bad surfaces, and the result was very satisfactory indeed. The springs proved to be sufficiently soft to eliminate jarring, while being well enough controlled by shock absorbers to prevent any undue bouncing or rolling action.

Morris brakes are of the hydraulic type; and this is a good choice for a free-wheeling car. The braking effect is very powerful, but at the same time progressive and smooth. Moreover, if such brakes are properly adjusted in the first instance, they are likely to continue in reasonable adjustment for an almost indefinite period.

The coachwork is thoroughly comfortable, and provides a really generous amount of space both in front and at the back. The driving position is good—perhaps the only defect being that the hand brake is rather pinched in between the two front seats. An excellent point is that the windscreen opens to a sensible extent, unlike so many modern windscreens which, being fixed, leave one in a hopeless dilemma whenever the combination of fog and frost succeeds in defeating the screen wiper.

Morris cars have always offered exceptionally good value for money; and the new Morris Oxford certainly upholds this admirable tradition. Costing only £285 for the saloon model, it represents what must be one of the soundest investments available to the modern motorist.

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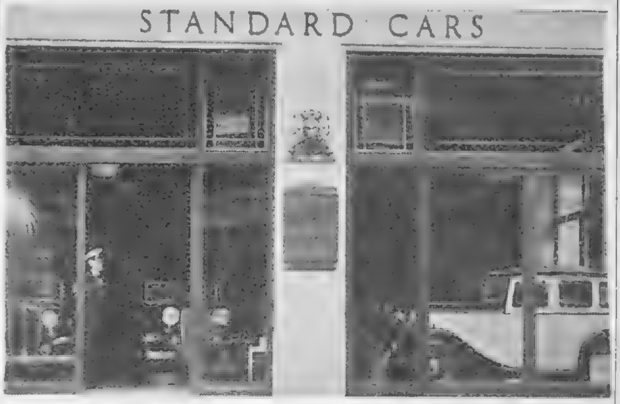

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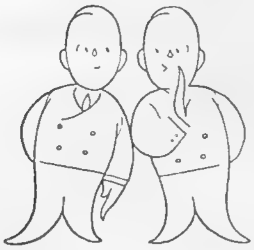

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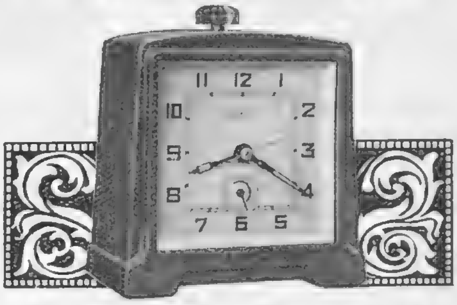

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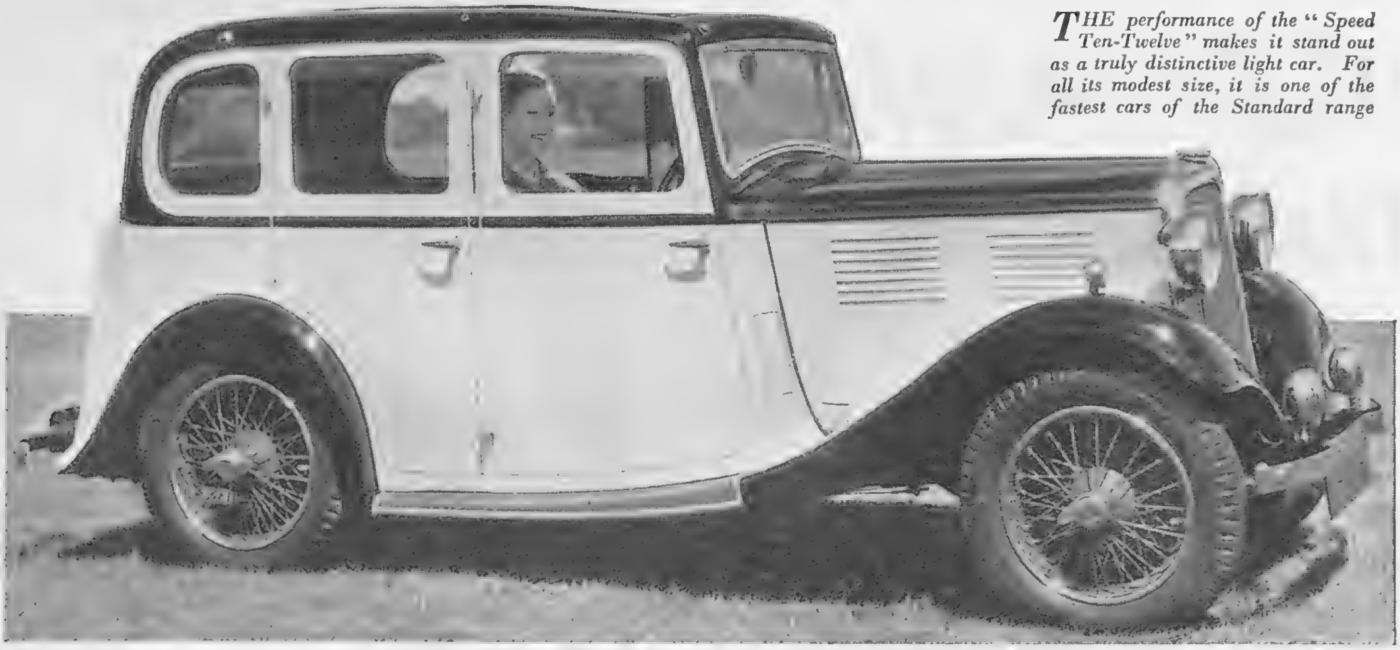


THE performance of the "Speed Ten-Twelve" makes it stand out as a truly distinctive light car. For all its modest size, it is one of the fastest cars of the Standard range

An Exceptionally Light Car

The Standard "Speed Ten-Twelve" Saloon

By The Earl of Cardigan

IN a recent article I remember remarking that, whereas all cars have been greatly improved within the last year or two, the most striking of such improvements are to be seen in the 12 h.p. class. If such a pronouncement needs confirmation, I can now point to the latest "Ten-Twelve" Standard. There could hardly be a better example of the strides recently made in 12 h.p. engineering.

I do not wish to minimise the virtues of modern "Twenties" and "Tens"; but here is a car of the familiar 12 h.p. size and 12 h.p. rating. It is no exaggeration to say that it is incomparably superior to any "Twelve" which was on the market even a very few years ago. Its performance is in a different category altogether.

The "Speed Ten-Twelve" Standard has a four-cylinder side-valve engine, developing an actual 45 h.p. This power unit is quiet and flexible, but quite remarkably lively. As an example of its performance, I may quote a climbing test which I made on Brockley Hill, just outside London. With a fair run, the summit of this hill was passed at a speed of just under 50 m.p.h. This is an impressive figure, the more so when one recalls that formerly it required a good "Twelve" to tackle Brockley without having to change into a lower gear!

AS to maximum speeds, this Standard can reach 70 m.p.h. in top and 50 m.p.h. in third gear. The cruising speed is proportionately high. In top gear 50 m.p.h. is a very easy pace, and even at 60 m.p.h. there is no real sensation of effort.

The transmission is interesting, for it provides synchro-mesh engagement for top, third and second gears. The inclusion of second gear in this category is, in my opinion, a valuable feature and a very real improvement. For right-angle turns at low speeds, second is always the proper gear to use. It can now be used, and the process is just as simple as in the case of the formerly overworked third gear.

There is also a free-wheel, of the type which can either be utilised or "fixed" according to the preference of the individual driver. I have never been able to discover just how generally free-wheeling is indulged in by the average owner; but it is undoubtedly an asset to have it available for those who favour it.

The "Ten-Twelve" appeared to hold the road very steadily during my test run, although it was, perhaps inevitably, somewhat affected by the strong side wind which was blowing at the time. The steering is pleasant, and has just a nice amount of self-centring action. The springing also is good, and gives comfortable riding throughout the speed-range.

The brakes are of the Servo type; and there is no doubt that such brakes have been enormously improved of late. At one time a really powerful Servo brake was very apt to be also a fierce brake; but this is not the case to-day. This Standard is braked very powerfully indeed, yet there need never be any apprehension on the part of the driver in an emergency. He can put his foot down firmly, and the car will come to a standstill both rapidly and smoothly.

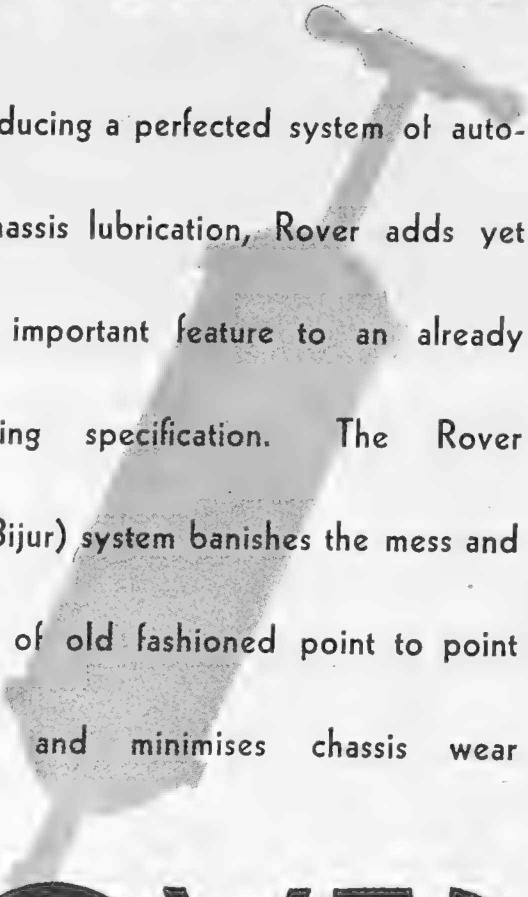
THE car loaned to me by Messrs. Car Mart was fitted with a saloon body, having a very neat compartment in the back panel. When closed, this is used to contain the spare wheel, which is thus tidily disposed of. When opened, it also serves as a luggage carrier, and will easily support a number of suitcases. The seating accommodation is comfortable, although an extra couple of inches of head-room over the back seat would be all to the good. Leg-room is ample, and the driving position is everything that one could wish. A convenient feature is that there are two very large cubby-holes, not of the usual dimensions into which a lady can just squeeze her handbag, but big enough to hold a few books, brown paper parcels, and other small impedimenta such as one is apt to collect during a motor run.

When all is said and done, however, it is the performance of the "Speed Ten-Twelve" which makes it stand out as a truly distinctive light car. For all its modest size, it is one of the fastest cars of the Standard range, and its acceleration figures are of an order which can only be excelled by the very much larger 20 h.p. Standards. All this, moreover, is not achieved by the dubious virtue of ultra-high "revs." The top gear ratio is 4·86 to 1, which is by no means a low gear for a car of this capacity. I imagine that the secret is mainly a matter of power-weight ratio—low weight allied to abundant power.

The price is almost the only attribute of this little car which merits the description "moderate." The saloon model sells at the very reasonable figure of £245 complete.

The "Speed Ten-Twelve" Standard in brief

ENGINE: highly efficient; 12 h.p., four cylinders with side valves.
GEARBOX: four speeds; top, third and second gears synchro-mesh. Assisted by free-wheel.
PERFORMANCE: top gear, 70 m.p.h.; third gear, 50 m.p.h.
STEERING: good, light.
SPRINGING: comfortable.
BRAKES: admirably powerful and smooth. Servo type.
COACHWORK: thoroughly spacious in front, reasonably so behind.
PRICE: with saloon body, £245.



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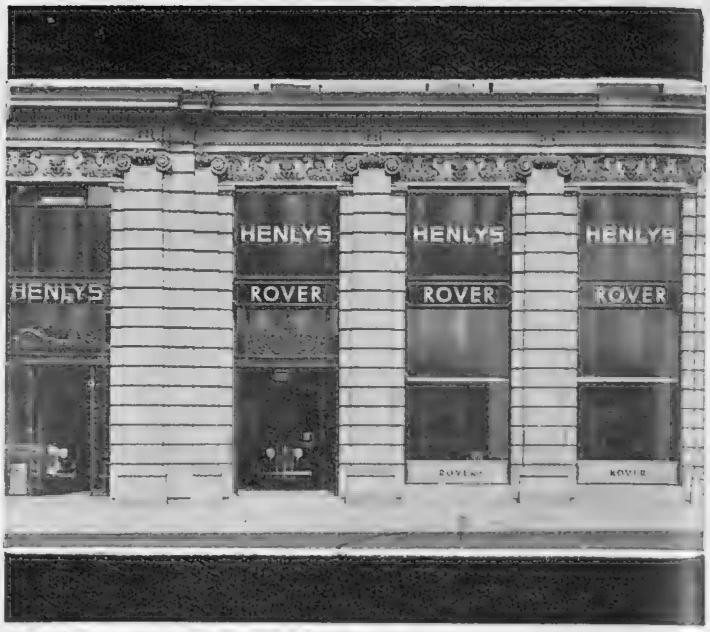

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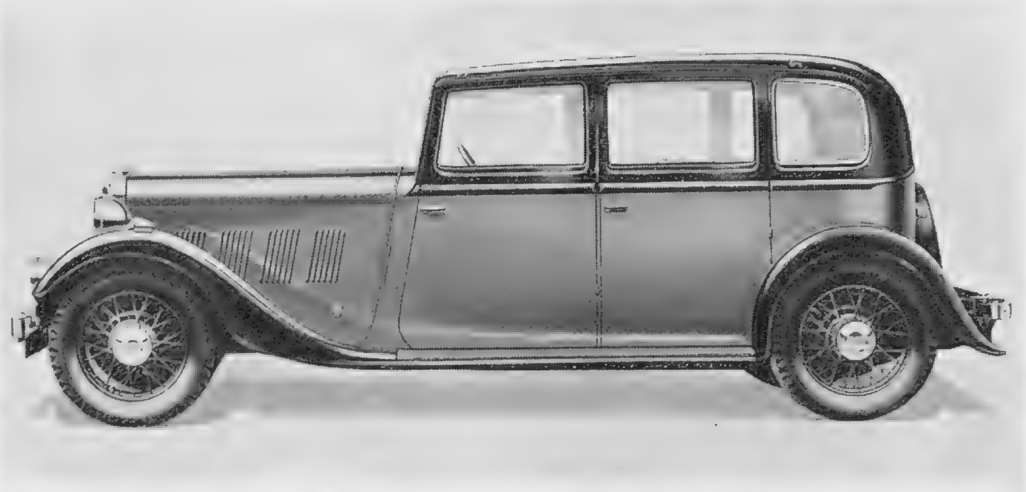
The 12 h.p. Rover in brief

Engine: 12 h.p., four cylinders, with overhead valves.
Gearbox: Four speeds, very simple to engage, assisted by free-wheel mechanism.
Performance: Third gear, 50 m.p.h.; top gear, 70 m.p.h. (approx).
Steering: Good; car holds road steadily.
Springing: Very comfortable fore and aft.
Brakes: highly efficient, of Girling mechanical type
Coachwork: Very roomy and well planned.
Price: with saloon body, £278.



THE 1935 Rover 12 h.p. saloon has gained both in appearance and in comfort by recent improvements. The wheelbase is now several inches longer than formerly

The 1935 Rover "Twelve"

An Attractive Car—Still Further Improved

By
The Earl of Cardigan

OF the many good 12 h.p. cars produced during 1934, the Rover is one which must hold a high place in the estimation of the discerning motorist. To say that the 1935 edition represents a definite improvement is, therefore, in itself, quite an emphatic recommendation. The recent alterations have not been drastic; but they have served their purpose in augmenting the good qualities of an already well-proved model.

The most noticeable 1935 development is that the wheelbase of this "Twelve" has been lengthened by several inches, so that the coachwork may provide greater comfort than formerly. I do not recollect that there was ever any lack of space; but now the amount of leg-room is positively generous, so that passengers might easily imagine themselves to be riding in a car of considerably more than 12 h.p.

A good point is that all this space is, as it were, legitimately come by. There is no over-hang at the back, and the back seat does not extend, as is so often the case, outside the limits of the wheel-base. The result of this is that back seat passengers enjoy the full benefits of the springing, and in this respect are scarcely less well treated than those in the naturally favoured front seat positions. Those who travel much in the back seats of small cars will appreciate this dispensation.

The 12 h.p. engine is remarkable both for its silence and its smoothness. It is only a "four," and yet it would need a bold man to assert, without "inside" knowledge, that there are not six cylinders at work under the bonnet. There is nothing lacking in the matter of easy running and flexibility; and this is the more creditable when one remembers that a moderately high rear axle ratio is employed.

There is plenty of speed—probably more than the average owner will ever need. The maximum in top gear is close on 70 m.p.h.; and this is achieved without excessive indulgence in high "revs." Indeed, at 50 or 60 m.p.h., one feels that the engine is still running quite happily, and well within its capabilities. Third gear is a most useful ratio, and gives a maximum of no less than 50 m.p.h.

The gearbox is of the constant mesh type, and combines silent running with remarkable ease of engagement. It is assisted by a free-wheel, which of course makes all ratios completely fool-proof when it is in use. With the transmission "fixed" or "free," however, the car is equally a pleasure to drive; and in neither case need one feel the slightest hesitation in using the gears as freely as inclination or necessity may dictate.

Road-holding is notably good—mainly, no doubt, owing to the location, already noted, of all the seats within the wheelbase. The springing is comfortable, and for the same reason gives the best possible account of itself. With light and definite steering, the car therefore handles in a very "confidential" manner. I was interested, during my test run, to see a lady driver take the wheel, and almost immediately run up to 60 m.p.h. or so without embarrassment. This is probably a better indication of the Rover's irreproachable "manners" than any quantity of facts and figures.

THE brakes are something out of the ordinary. They are of the Girling mechanical type, and, while very smooth, are of exceptional efficiency. From any ordinary pace, the car can be pulled up in less than one foot per m.p.h. of speed —which is certainly a remarkable achievement.

There are a great many good minor chassis features, among which the automatic chassis lubrication system should be noted. It is merely necessary to keep a container adequately supplied with oil, and the ingenious distributing mechanism does the rest. There are jacking points at front and rear into which the jack head can be easily fitted. Also, there is a thermostat attached to the cooling system. This has the useful effect of preventing the circulation of water while the engine is cold, so that the "warming up" process is very much accelerated.

The coachwork, besides being more spacious than formerly, is very well planned. The hinged quarter lights form a convenient draught-preventing feature. The spare wheel is neatly enclosed, and the whole appearance of the saloon model is extremely well balanced and attractive. At £278, this Rover is by no means an expensive car, and it substantially contributes to the lustre of the deservedly popular 12 h.p. class.

THE roomy 1935 Rover "Twelve" Saloon has many new and excellent features, not least of which is the automatic chassis lubrication system

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Old Tales Retold

(Continued from page 39)

join them at least for the penance day, but he was told that the only kind of man who could join them was he who had been painting for a fortnight.

The frequency of their visits, the familiarity with which they commented on his work, gave another inspiration to Buonamico.

He was painting the principal episodes of the life of Christ—a densely crowded composition. He was almost at the end of his work when the Abbess plucked up courage and remarked that the figures had extremely pale faces. Even the blood running from the bodies of the children slain by order of Herod was pale pink.

Buonamico, with a very sad expression, admitted that unfortunately it was so, but that fault was due to the fact that he had been quite unable to obtain wine of a chosen quality to mix with his colours in order to give them the proper timbre, without which the paintings would never have the vigour they needed.

A LITTLE later a pretty nun brought a bottle covered with cobwebs and dust. It came from the Abbess, and the nun explained that it was "Vino Santo," used for the service on the altar. No one in Florence could boast of having wine of such quality and vintage.

Buonamico put the precious bottle amongst his pots, asked the pretty nun to convey to the Abbess his most sincere thanks, and promised to let her know the result as soon as the experiment was over.

As a matter of fact, the "experiment" began with a toast to the nuns of Faenza. At the same time a little more vermilion appeared on the pallet, and two or three faces soon acquired a healthier appearance.

What a marvellous difference! The Abbess was enthusiastic. She asked how many faces he could brighten with one bottle.

Buonamico with one hand pointed to the painting, with the other he held the bottle upside down. An expression of intense modesty overspread his ingenuous face as he answered: "Only these few, Holy Mother."

The eyes of the Abbess roved right round the church, passing from the crowded scene at Bethlehem to the Slaughter of the Innocents. So many of them. Then to the flight in Egypt. Then to Christ speaking to the Elders, episode upon episode right up to the roof.

She came to the conclusion that she would have to send him more wine. "Good Christians must help each other," she said.

Buffalmacco had never before been supplied with such nectar. He left the convent of Faenza only when the Christmas bells were ringing, and his face, strangely enough, was far ruddier than any he had painted.

Hundreds of candles illuminated his pictures, framed in flowers and myrtle. From inside the church came the chorus of silver voices:

"Gloria in excelsis Deo"—Glory to God in the highest.

IN the very early part of the fourteenth century Buffalmacco had just finished painting the life story of Saint Catharine in the church of Saint Francis of Assisi, when he passed through Arezzo.

The Bishop Guido, who had heard what a clever artist Buffalmacco was, how pleasant, how amusing, expressed a desire to make his acquaintance. He wanted to persuade him to undertake some work in the chapel of the baptistry.

Buonamico willingly accepted the commission. He started without delay.

The Bishop had about his palace a pet that followed the fashion of the time, a big monkey. This ape proved to be, in the monkey world, what Buonamico was in the world of humanity—a jester.

For many days the monkey had with great attention followed the work of Buonamico, which now neared its completion. For hours at a stretch it used to watch most attentively every action of the painter. The most diligent apprentice could not have been so observant, so keen to learn.

The attention of the animal was not confined only to painting; its interest was no less intense when it was a question of mixing the colours in the paint-pots.

One Saturday evening Buffalmacco left his work as usual, intending to resume it on the Monday morning. The Bishop, as a measure of precaution, used to tether the monkey to a heavy block of wood to keep it out of mischief.

But the monkey, in spite of this handicap, managed to climb the scaffolding where Buonamico used to work.

There it had at its disposal any amount of pots of colour, brushes, everything its ape heart desired.

The Simian sense of mimicry had free scope. It started pouring very diligently colour from one pot to another in a maelstrom of polychromatic lunacy. Then he chose a big brush and started "touching up" Buffalmacco's picture.

"Corrections," "modifications" and "alterations" took place on the grand scale. His rudimentary conscience did not permit him to leave a single part of the picture until he had wrought some manifest change. Then he mixed all the colours that remained in a big pot, stirred it up thoroughly without spilling a drop, came down from the scaffolding, gave another good look at his "work," and ambled away—the artist fulfilled.

Buonamico's state of mind on Monday morning needs no description. For several hours he mentally reconstructed the scene of destruction. He ascribed it to the envy of his enemies. Name after name came to his mind, with each the eager passion for revenge.

Shaking with rage, he showed the Bishop the havoc his "enemies" had wrought.

The Bishop was not only distressed by the wanton destruction, but outraged by an act of such disrespect towards himself.

He tried to pacify the fuming artist, to persuade him to restore the work to its previous state.

To preclude the possibility of any recurrence of the disaster, he ordered a guard of six men, armed with swords and halberds, to maintain a ceaseless vigil, with full authority to hack to pieces without mercy any intruder that might dare his wrath.

A FEW days later the guard was up in arms. They had heard a sound . . . as of something *rolling* inside the church. On tip-toe they entered the sacred precincts, ready for massacre.

The monkey, sole hero who cared not a fig for the manifest danger, mounted the scaffolding, and started peacefully to work in exactly the same way as he had done before.

When the guard saw who was the malefactor, they decided to leave him at his task. One was hastily despatched to call Buffalmacco.

"Maestro, maestro, we have the culprit!"

Buffalmacco exploded with a Mephistophelian laugh, grasped a dagger, tore after the guard, intending to kill the culprit with his own hands.

"You will need no dagger, maestro," said the guard.

Buffalmacco nodded. The military laconic speech told him that the bloody deed had already been accomplished. But, on approaching the door, the guard whispered to him, "He is still at work."

"Still at work? You have not killed him yet?"

The artist entered the church, saw who the culprit was, and laughed—not with chagrin nor Satanic anticipation, but in sheer good humour.

The guard was dismissed. Buffalmacco went to the Bishop.

"I crave pardon for disturbing your Eminence," said he, "but it seems your monkey does not agree with my mode of painting. He wishes to enforce his own style.

"It were scarcely worth while to call an artist from Florence when you had such a master in your own house. All he wanted was to learn the elements of colour-mixing. Now that he is fully equipped with the knowledge, I only ask leave to return to Florence."

The Bishop could not make head or tail of this speech. But when the mystery was explained to him he was enchanted that an animal had been able to play a practical joke on the biggest tease in all Florence.

For the third time Buonamico was persuaded by the Bishop to tackle the picture. In the meantime the monkey was submitted to a punishment, and owing to his "artistic" inclination the penalty that was inflicted upon him can safely be called moral.

He was put in a wooden frame, from which he had to endure the torture of seeing Buonamico proceeding with his work to the end.

Oh, Tantalus! What knew you of tantalisation!

Once, one of his colleagues, Bruno di Giovanni, comparing his own work with that of Buonamico, found that his figures were flat, expressionless, while those of Buonamico seemed so alive as to be on the brink of speech.

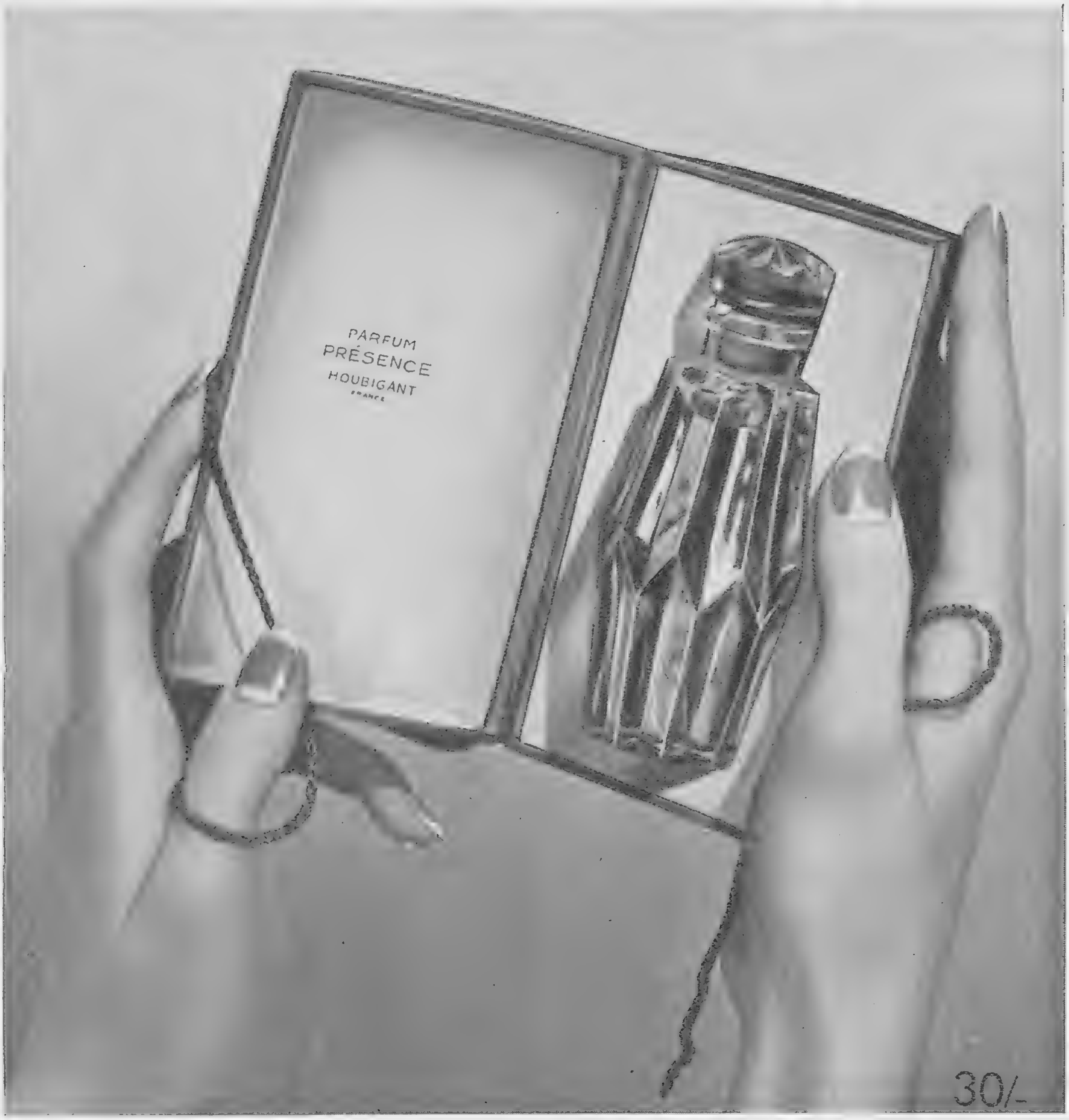
"What can I do," he asked, "to make people understand what my characters mean to say?"

Buonamico, without a moment's hesitation, took his brush and drew a sort of huge bubble issuing from the mouth of one of the women who was supposed to be recommending her soul to a saint. In the bubble he wrote the words that she was supposed to be saying. Then he made a similar bubble coming from the mouth of the saint, in which the answer was written.

The suggestion was taken seriously. Thereafter many other artists

(Continued on page 92)

The choice of the woman of taste...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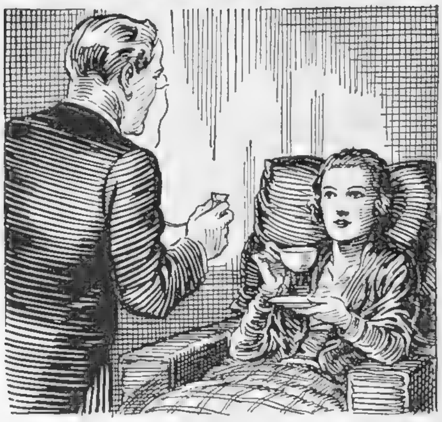

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adopted it. Thus it is that we see many old paintings presenting this primitive method of expression—even to the cartoonists of to-day. A whole art manner arose from Buffalmacco's playing a joke on Bruno.

One other incident. Buonamico was once called to Calcinaia to paint a picture of Our Lady holding in her arms the Bambino, to be unveiled at midnight of the day of celebration of the Nativity.

The work was finished—but Buonamico had not been paid. Empty words and idle promises were the only answer to his reiterated requests.

One day towards the middle of December Buonamico disappeared from Calcinaia. The news of his departure was an unexpected joy to the faithless client. He immediately went to the chapel to clear up for Christmas.

When he saw the painting his horror knew no bounds.

The beautiful Holy Infant had vanished. In its place, on the knees of the Virgin, lay—a teddy-bear!

Picture the situation! Half of the populace of

Calcinaia had been invited to see the masterpiece. There was only one thing to be done, and the client did it. He rode to Florence at breakneck speed and implored Buonamico to return. He paid him not only what he owed him, but an additional fee for the additional task.

During the whole journey the client was in despair. He dreaded that Buonamico would be too late to paint another Bambino.

When they reached Calcinaia, Buonamico asked for a pail of water and a sponge.

The paint with which the bear had been depicted had no size in it! When Buonamico washed away the powdery colour, the Infant reappeared in its previous splendour. The operation took not two minutes.

The man stood aghast. "To think that I could have done that myself, without troubling you!"

Buonamico, wit to the last, altered one word. "You mean, without having *paid* me."

END

The Window Opposite

(*Continued from page* 33)

him apprehensively, he added hurriedly:—"Excuse me one minute, will you? There's a man downstairs from my office . . . says it's urgent. May be about this very matter. I won't keep you a moment." With a view to saving time he did not wait for an answer but hurried out of the flat into the lift.

Left alone, Mary's position seemed to accentuate itself. As she glanced round the room every familiar picture and every ornament seemed to tell her of the risk she was taking in coming to the flat. Although she knew the room so well the atmosphere was somehow strange to her. She was no longer welcome there. A desire to move made her light a cigarette, and, without knowing it, she strolled across to the windows and peeped through the network curtains.

She had not been standing there ten seconds before she became aware of a noise emanating from somewhere in the block of flats opposite. The words were not coherent. All that could be said with certainty was that a woman's voice predominated. At almost the same moment her attention was drawn to a window across the way. It belonged to a flat on the fourth floor. Through the open French windows, which were slightly lower than the ones through which she was looking, she could see a considerable distance into the room. She could see a man—yes, a man and a woman. The man was big, and seemed to be trying to envelop the woman in his arms. The latter struggling—and shouting. Now they were coming into the light—nearer the window. The man seemed to be dragging the woman towards it. She screaming. Now they are there, near the balustrade. A final effort—she frees herself and disappears into the darkness of the room. But the man with all his weight trips up, and striking his head against the casement, falls against the balustrade. It gives—it must, with all that weight. No, but he is overbalancing. Over—over—falling headfirst to the courtyard below—on to the concrete slabs.

As the woman rushed to the opposite window Mary turned quickly from the shocking scene. Her head was in a turmoil, her brain panicked. She did not, at that moment, realise the full importance of what she had seen. Only the fact that it was terribly significant, pregnant with dreaded possibilities. She almost ran across the room and, seizing her bag, rushed into the corridor and down the five flights of stairs.

She hoped and prayed that she would not meet Harry in the hall. But she would not, because at the moment of her hurried flight he was in the lift ascending to the flat from which she'd fled. And finding it empty, he called, almost unwilling, "Mary." No, she was not there. She had escaped. She had double-crossed him.

MR. and Mrs. John Viner were expecting guests for dinner, so that John had come home a little earlier than usual that evening from his chambers. With him he had, as usual, brought the evening paper, and, as usual, he was sitting on the settee in his wife's room while she fidgeted with the doing of her hair.

"Hullo!" he said after an interval of silence, "another job for me, I suppose."

"Really," said Mary as casually as possible. She was glad she was looking in the mirror and that he could not see her face.

"Woman arrested for throwing a fellow out of a window. . . . Hullo! . . . Neville Court!" The last words were uttered in a voice that was almost inaudible. He looked across at her, but although he expected some reaction she was apparently still preoccupied with the doing of her face and hair. "I say, Mary, you never told me that man's name—your friend who lived there."

Afraid that she could not much longer retain her composure, she rose and crossed over behind where he was sitting. "Why, dear, does it matter?"

"Well, this fellow's name's Rasche—the chap that's been killed. It wasn't him, I suppose?"

"No, no!" she stammered, "of course not. What made you think that?"

He turned round and looked at her. "It's the same building, isn't it—Neville Court?"

"His flat . . . oh, yes . . . yes; he used to live there." While John stared into her face her eyes were glued to the huge headlines in the paper. "Suspected Murder in Mayfair Mansions. Man Thrown from Fourth Floor Flat. Woman Arrested." So there it was staring her in the face—her husband and her guilt, both staring her in the face. Hardly conscious of her movements she went back to her dressing-table. John was still looking at her.

"Why are you so agitated, Mary?"

"I'm not agitated," she replied. "Why should you think so—only I'd sooner not discuss the past. That's natural, isn't it. Hadn't you better get dressed? You'll be late, you know."

But the past would not leave her alone. It was while they were sitting at dinner that night with their two guests that she had her next reminder. She heard the 'phone ring in the study; she heard the butler answer it. She heard his footsteps approaching the dining-room. She heard, "There's a gentleman on the 'phone, madam, would like to speak to you."

She turned to her guests. "Do forgive me, please, a moment," and rose, but before she could leave the table John had said, "Let Hambridge take a message, dear; why should you go?" She did not heed his suggestion. "It's all right," she said unconvincingly and hurried from the room. She had been equally reticent when, on her return, John had asked her who it was. Her position was becoming more unbearable. Was there no one she could share her secrets with, no one with a sympathetic understanding.

No, no one; not even her husband; for up in her bedroom after the departure of their guests she had tested the capacity of his devotion.

"You're hiding something from me," he had said. "Tell me what it is. Who was that who 'phoned you during dinner?"

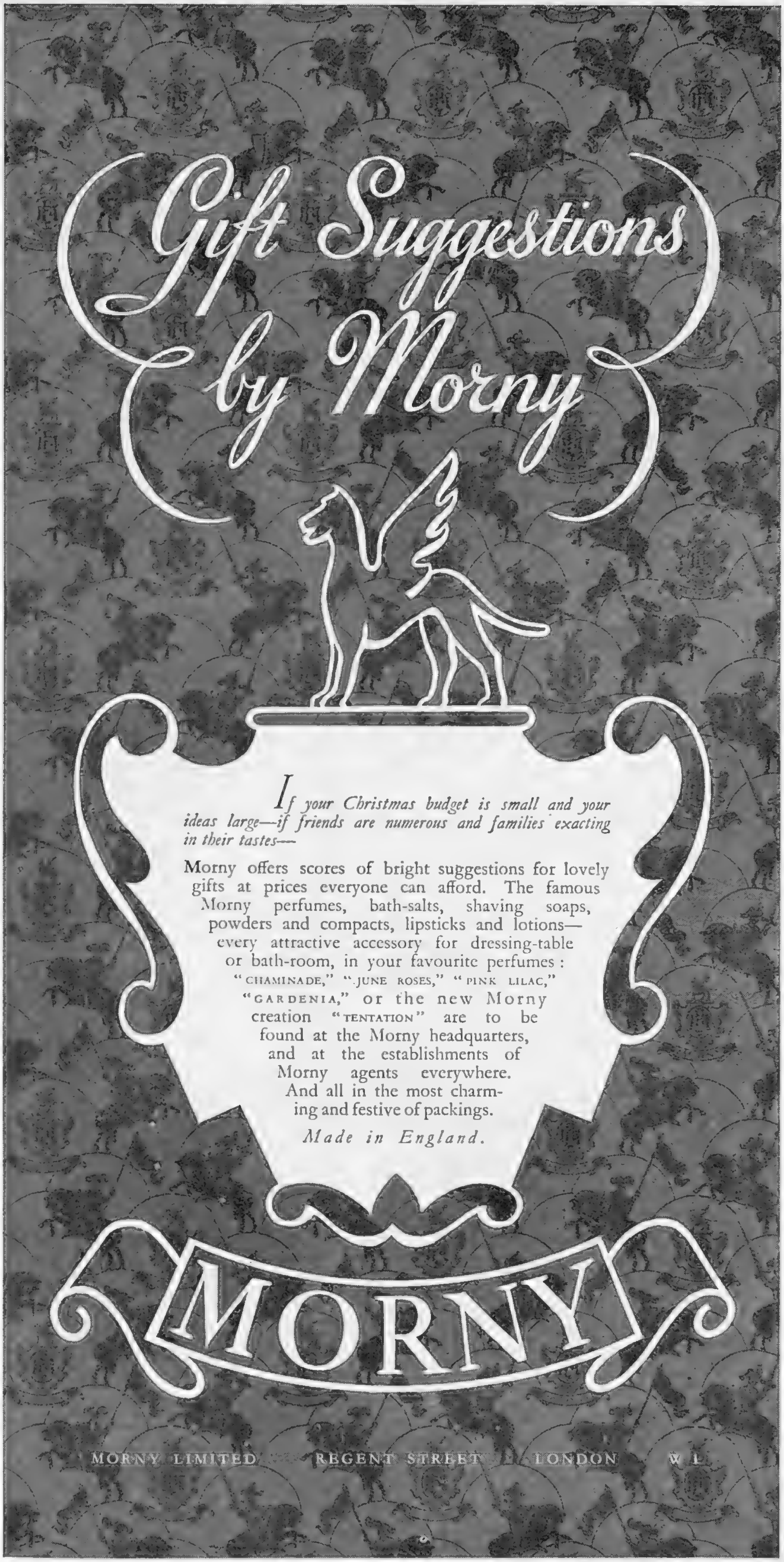
"John," she answered bravely, "if you insist upon knowing, I must tell you. It was the man you mentioned to-night. He rang me to ask if I could speak to you about a case you are now considering in which he is involved."

With a puerility which infuses very jealous people John became possessed. Pacing up and down the room he gave vent to his unreason. "What's the blackguard's name? No, I don't want to know it. A nice sort of man I should imagine who thinks I can be bribed. I congratulate you on your friends. I thought you promised once you'd have nothing more to do with him."

"Don't be so utterly unreasonable, John. I can't prevent him ringing me up. He's in very serious trouble, and he thought I might be able to help him. He doesn't want to bribe you."

"I admire your loyalty to your crooked friend," and with this remark he left the room, slamming the door behind him.

How ugly is the monster Jealousy! How quickly under its influence will thoughts of beauty go awry! How easily will kindness turn to cruelty, visibility to blindness! John Viner, brilliant barrister and loving husband, had suddenly become a bully. He realised this weakness in his make-up. (*Continued on page* 94)



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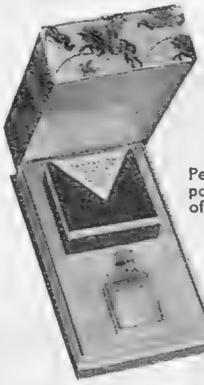

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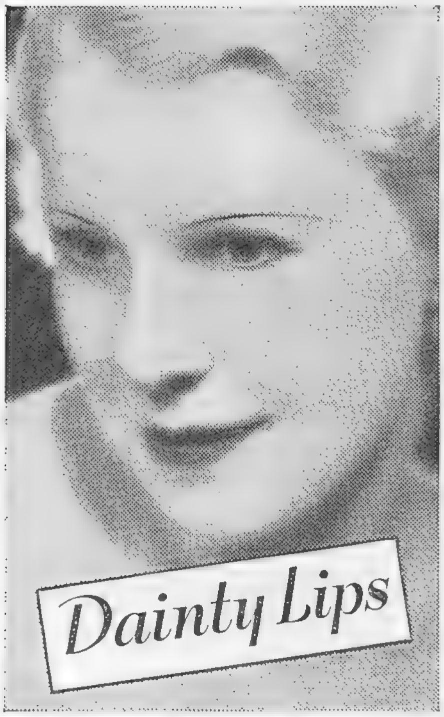

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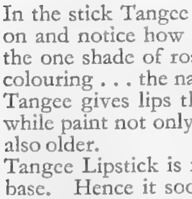
Tangee is more lasting than ordinary lipstick. Moreover it does not smear. No danger of red spots on your teeth or of stained handkerchiefs when you use Tangee. Get Tangee to-day. Cheeks mustn't look painted either. So use Tangee Rouge. Gives the same natural colour as the lipstick.



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He had always battled with it, never conquered it. The remorse of the aftermath gave him hell.

And so it did that night. Lying in the darkness by her side, acutely conscious of the "atmosphere" he had created, his hand went out in search of her. He spoke. His tone had changed; his voice was soft and pleading.

"Sorry, darling—forgive me. I'm so damned jealous of the other fellow—always have been—understand?"

Of course she understood.

CONNIE WITHERS was one of those creatures forgotten of God. Deserted by her mother at the age of twelve, she had been deprived of the advantages of parental guidance and had fallen an easy victim to the first seducer who had come her way. It was not the first time that she had been in court. But it was the first time she had been arraigned on a serious charge.

For she was charged with murder.

In the dock, therefore, she presented a pathetic spectacle. A neurotic, perhaps a drug addict. As she stood there between two wardresses with the Crown Prosecutor, John Viner, driving her towards the gallows with his eloquence, there was not a person in court whose sympathy was not with her. But the evidence was against her, her record was against her, John Viner was against her. No man, it was proved, could have fallen accidentally from the window in Neville Court. Besides, his head had been badly bruised before the fall—the police surgeon averred as much. Also, there were no eye-witnesses; that was the great weakness of the prisoner's case.

In the seclusion of her comfortable home Mary was in scarcely a less degree of torment. The same arguments were going over and over in her head. She could not make up her mind. After a process of mental debate she would arrive at a definite decision, but no sooner had she done so than further arguments would appear and would again upset her conclusions.

For the last month, during the period of the remand, John had been sweeter and more loving to her than ever before. Was she to crash everything she held of value in life for the possible chance of saving an obviously quite worthless member of her sex from a fate she probably deserved. Besides, if it came to that, she was not even sure that the woman hadn't deliberately tripped the man up, in which case it would be murder. Yes, she thought, perhaps she would be justified in keeping silence. After all, she had herself to consider—and John, and his reputation—and herself—and John—and. . . .

And yet, a life was in the balance.

As the awful day wore on, the newsboys with the evening papers could be heard outside. She went to the window and looked out. She could plainly see a poster which proclaimed the latest news.

"Mayfair Murder. Judge sums up. Verdict to-night."

She stood there motionless as a shower of light rain began to mottle the window pane. Motionless, yes, but only outwardly. The battle was within. The conflict was at its height again. She could not stand there silent any longer and permit the hanging of an innocent.

As the suddenness of this conviction seized her, it purged her mind of any further hesitation. Passing hurriedly from the room, she seized an old felt hat and macintosh which were hanging in the hall. Outside she stopped a taxi. "The Old Bailey, The Old Bailey," she repeated as she sprang into the vehicle.

It seemed but a moment before she was outside the court. And inside. The place was packed, packed with ghouls, thrilled with the expectancy of seeing someone done to death.

Mary pushed her way through the people standing in the aisle and was soon peering round the court. The jury had retired, it seemed, also the judge. There was her husband sitting beneath the judge's bench, talking in undertones to other bewigged counsel. The dock was empty. She had hardly time to survey the court-room, however, before there was a general commotion. A door opened to the right of the judge's bench and the jurymen filed into court and took their seats. Then came the judge carrying a posy of vari-coloured herbs. Then counsel. Then the prisoner emerging from the cells beneath the dock.

The chief clerk rose with ominous solemnity and addressed the jury.

"Are you arrived at your verdict?"

"We are," said the foreman.

"Do you find the prisoner guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty."

Mary could not see the prisoner's face as she was standing with the crowd behind the dock. She only saw her totter and fall into the arms of a wardress. This was, however, but a temporary collapse, for the pitiable woman was soon standing upright once more clutching the wooden dock in front of her.

"Constance Withers, the jury have found you guilty of the crime of murder. Have you anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon you?"

Silence. All eyes were turned towards the dock. The woman did not seem to have heard the words. She shook her head feebly.

"I am innocent, my lord."

It was only a whisper, but Mary heard it and knew she spoke the truth. An usher advanced towards the judge with a black object in his hand. The next minute it was on the judge's head—perched comically on top.

And now the judge's voice was trembling. "Constance Withers," it repeated, "the sentence of the court is that you be hanged by——

Then Mary found her voice.

"Stop!" she cried, "Stop! she is innocent. . . . I know it. . . . I saw it, I saw everything from a window opposite."

Everyone turned in the direction of the outburst, but Mary was not at once apparent, being hidden by the crowd. Only to one man in the court was that voice familiar, and at the sound of it John jumped to his feet. So did counsel for the defence. The latter spoke.

"I beg your lordship's permission to investigate this interruption. If true, this witness's evidence will alter the whole aspect of the case. A life is at stake, I ask your lordship's indulgence."

By this time Mary had been seized by ushers and was being forcibly ejected from a court already paralysed by her audacity. "John," she cried, "stop them, John, it was an accident. I saw it. . . ." The rest was lost as the doors swung to on the reckless utterance.

The judge removed the black cap and without any visible surprise at the untoward happening gave orders that Mary should be brought back to give what evidence she could.

Thus did it happen that Constance Withers was in the end set free.

ALTHOUGH Mary had returned straight home that night prepared for a scene which, for her, was even more momentous than the one she had enacted in the afternoon, her husband did not return home until after dinner. When he did so he went straight into his study without a word of greeting or remonstrance. The events of that day, however, would not suffer to be ignored. For Mary and her husband the climax was yet to come.

With a pluck akin to valour, she entered the room and found him at his writing desk. He did not even look up. She stood there calmly, without any display of the emotion she was feeling.

"Are you going to hear what I have to say?" she asked quietly. But he ignored her question.

"John," she continued, "will you answer, please?"

At this he sprang from his chair, "Nothing that you can say will alter the fact that you not only made a fool of me professionally, but tomorrow the whole world will know my wife has a lover."

She was still calm. "That is not true, and I can prove it."

"I'm afraid your proof would lack conviction. You have broken your word to me and you grossly deceived me. Nothing you can say will alter that. I have finished."

But she was on her mettle now, and she was not going to take these accusations lying down. The truth is unassailable, and she knew it.

"I cannot understand your attitude John. You as a barrister should know that the meanest criminal is entitled to be heard in his defence; isn't that true? Yet you refuse to hear what your wife has to say in hers."

The man returned to his desk without another word.

"All right," said Mary, "I understand" and, turning, she left the room.

Running upstairs to her bedroom she packed a suit-case and was soon in a taxi on the way to Neville Court. When she entered his room Harry was lost in a Bradshaw. His servant was busy with some trunks.

"My dear girl," he exclaimed, "what on earth is the matter?"

He dismissed his servant and approached her.

"Where are you going, Harry?"

"Catching the 'plane to-morrow morning for the continent . . . business, why?" She came close to him.

Looking up into his face she said, "Do you still love me, Harry?"

The affirmation that was on his lips escaped him as he read the story in her face. But she had noticed it and it gave her courage to continue.

"Take me with you. . . will you?"

He took her gently by the arm and led her to a chair. "Sit there," he said, "now then, what's happened?"

Hardly realising that she was obeying his commands she subsided mechanically on to the velvet cushions. Her (*Continued on page* 96)

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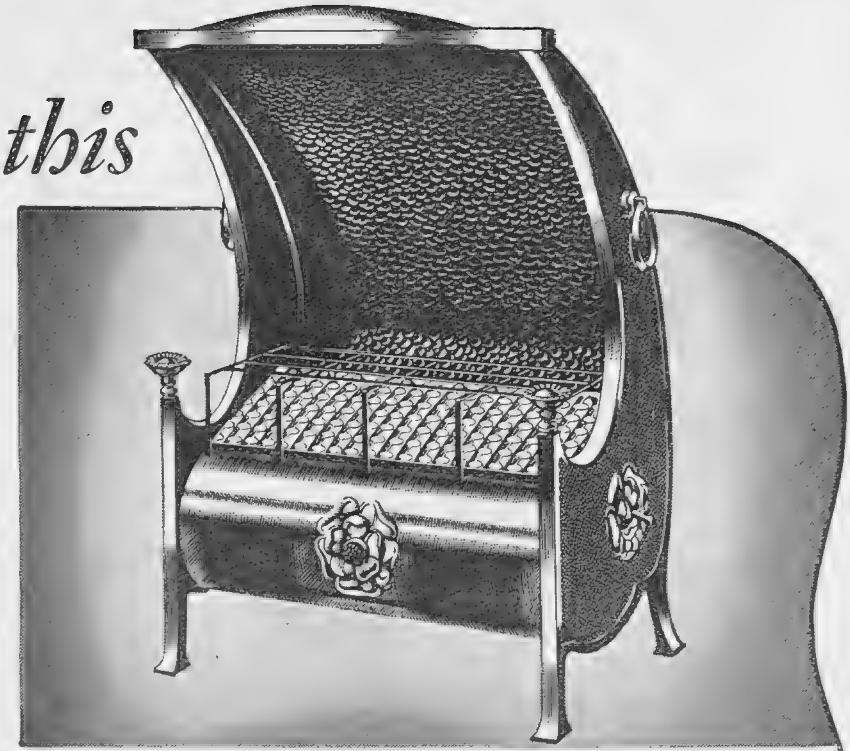

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head was throbbing and she moistened her lips before she spoke.

"Haven't you seen the evening papers?"

"No, I've been too busy. Why?"

And so she told him—told him everything. When she had finished she looked up apprehensively and found him staring at her. But there was warmth and understanding in the look.

"And so you think you could be happy with me," he said at last. "No, you know you couldn't. I shall always love you, Mary, but my way of living's not yours. You must have a home, security—a husband. Go back to him, my dear."

"No, no," she insisted, "I don't want to."

He got up resolutely and made for the door. "That's not true," he said, "and you know it."

"Where are you going?"

"Stay there, my dear, and wait till I come back. If your husband won't listen to you he will to me."

He hurried from the room with Mary after him. She did not want him to make a scene or plead on her behalf. If her husband did not want her, she was not going to force herself on him.

But Harry could not be deflected from his purpose. Taking her back to his sitting-room, he sat her in a chair again like a naughty child, and exacted a promise that she would wait there by the 'phone until he called her.

It was only half an hour since Mary had left her home, so that when he heard the front door bell, John concluded that she had thought better of it and returned. As the servants had already gone to bed he opened the door himself. The stranger on the doorstep did not wait to be asked inside, but, advancing into the hall, shut the door behind him. John was speechless at the man's audacity.

"My name is Henry Gethin and I've come to speak to you about your wife. Can we go into a room where we shan't be heard?"

Without waiting for an answer Harry made for the first door he could see.

"How dare you come into my house?" demanded John, when they faced each other in the study.

"It would be better if you listened to what I have to say. In fact, I'm not going until you do."

"May I ask," said John indignantly, "what my private affairs have to do with you?"

"A hell of a lot," replied Harry. "Now listen."

He then told him the true facts concerning Mary's visit to his flat on that fateful occasion. "She hated coming. It was I who forced her to come by playing on her good nature. If you let that girl go now," he concluded, "you're losing the greatest asset any man could have."

But the events of that afternoon were still rankling in John's mind. If he could bring himself to forgive her the visit to Harry's flat, he could not forget the fool she had made of him in court. No, he would not relent.

"Will you get out of here?" he repeated.

There was a moment's pause, during which the two men fixed each other without a movement of the eyes. It was Harry who broke the tension.

"All right," he said. "I'll go. But I warn you—she's at my flat. I warn you!"

Without another word he turned and left the room—left the house. Arriving back at his flat he found Mary in precisely the position he had left her. She looked anxiously at him as he entered.

"Well," she asked.

"No," he replied solemnly.

"What do you mean?"

"Not well. He won't discuss it."

For a moment she turned away from him and he stood behind her contemplating his next step. Presently he went up close to her and spoke softly from behind her.

"Well, Mary," he said, "shall we forget that strange interlude of marriage and start again?" He took her hand, which was hanging limply by her side. Her head fell still lower—she was reluctant to look at him. She was trying to think.

And then the 'phone bell rang.

Mary gave a little start. She knew instinctively who it was. Releasing her hand, Harry walked over and picked up the receiver. Although he put it to his ear, he did not speak, but handed it immediately to Mary.

He heard her words. "Yes, it's me, he was saying ". . . of course, darling . . . aren't we all children sometimes. I'll come at once."

She put down the receiver and turned a smiling face to look at Harry. She saw the disappointment in his eyes and moved towards him. It was he who spoke first.

"So you're leaving me again," he said hoarsely.

The smile vanished. "Yes, Harry," she replied a little guiltily.

"I see," he murmured. "There's your bag," he added, pointing to the table.

She picked it up and they moved towards the door. Then she faced him and held out her hand.

"Thank you, Harry, for understanding once again." He took the hand and she let him hold it rather longer than was usual. Then she bent over and kissed him gently on the lips.

The next moment she was gone.

First Aid for Toys

(*Continued from page 65*)

doll's hospital, for this repair is really too difficult for an amateur to undertake. But if the hair has come off, it can be replaced easily; just stick it on in position with glue.

Before sending any dolls away, wash and iron the clothes, and, if possible, make one new garment for each doll. This will make them much more attractive.

There are two ways to clean soft toys—washing and dry-cleaning. For the first make a good lather of Lux and lukewarm water, plunge the animals into the bath and wash them quickly so that the stuffing will not get saturated.

After rinsing roll up in a thick towel, to get rid of all surplus water, and then stand the toys in a warm place until they are bone-dry.

When there is any danger of colours running, the toys should be dry-cleaned. Heat some bran in the oven and rub it well into the toys with a clean duster. As soon as the duster is soiled turn it over to a fresh place. Brush out all the soiled bran with a clean brush. Whether the toys have been washed or dry-cleaned, trim them with bows of bright ribbon. The ribbon need not be new, but it should be clean and well ironed.

If an animal has lost one eye, take out the other and put in a couple of boot buttons instead. If it is a baby's toy, the new eyes should be worked in with black wool.

Before sending books away look through them, clean any soiled pages with dry bread and mend torn pages with transparent binding.

If the back has broken away from the book, stick it on again with glue. Should the covers be *really* shabby, make new ones with oil baize or decorative paper.

Mending toys is not such an undertaking as it may seem. Toys which have been repaired give twice as much joy as those sent in the shabby condition in which they come out of the toy cupboard.

Warmth in Modern Decoration

(*Continued from page 77*)

paying the little extra to have them fitted all over the room. That suggests warmth and luxury right away.

Lighting has developed astonishingly during the last few years, and here is a very effective weapon with which to combat cold modernity. Light filtered through peach or rose-coloured glass and carefully placed softens ugly corners and gives a becoming glow.

Don't be afraid of pictures and ornaments in modern rooms. They give it atmosphere and personality. The present simplicity in decoration makes an ideal background for old and modern pictures, and in the same way *objets d'art* often show to better advantage than in the more profuse setting for which they were designed.

Colour is one of the easiest ways of producing warm effects. Nearly every colour has its hot and cold shades, according to the amount of red or yellow and blue in the make up, and the softness of the tone.

A pure red does not give a very warm effect as it is too resilient, but a golden apricot shade will not look chilly on the coldest day.

There is the whole world of difference between two pale-green paints, which may look almost alike. The one with the greater proportion of yellow will be warm in tone. The one in which blue predominates will have a cold effect.

Blue, except a few rare shades of it, is almost always a cold colour. Ivories, off-whites, nearly all faded pastel shades suggest warmth. Sunshine colours are warm, of course, but don't always mix with modern furniture. Grey and green can be "warmed" with the right soft red. Most shades of brown are cosy. Purples and deepish pinks and the right greens suggest the warmth and luxury we all want in our homes.

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Here is *the* Ideal Kitchen

Expert planning and specialised knowledge combine to produce perfection in the most important room in the house

By Reginald M. Lester

WHAT *is* the ideal kitchen? Opinions differ, but certain types of planning recently evolved by experts attain as near as possible to that ambitious word—perfection.

During the past year, more and more specialised knowledge has been used in the laying out of what is really one of the home's most important rooms. It is realised nowadays that ease of working and efficiency of equipment mean happier and healthier housewives, and consequently happier and healthier families.

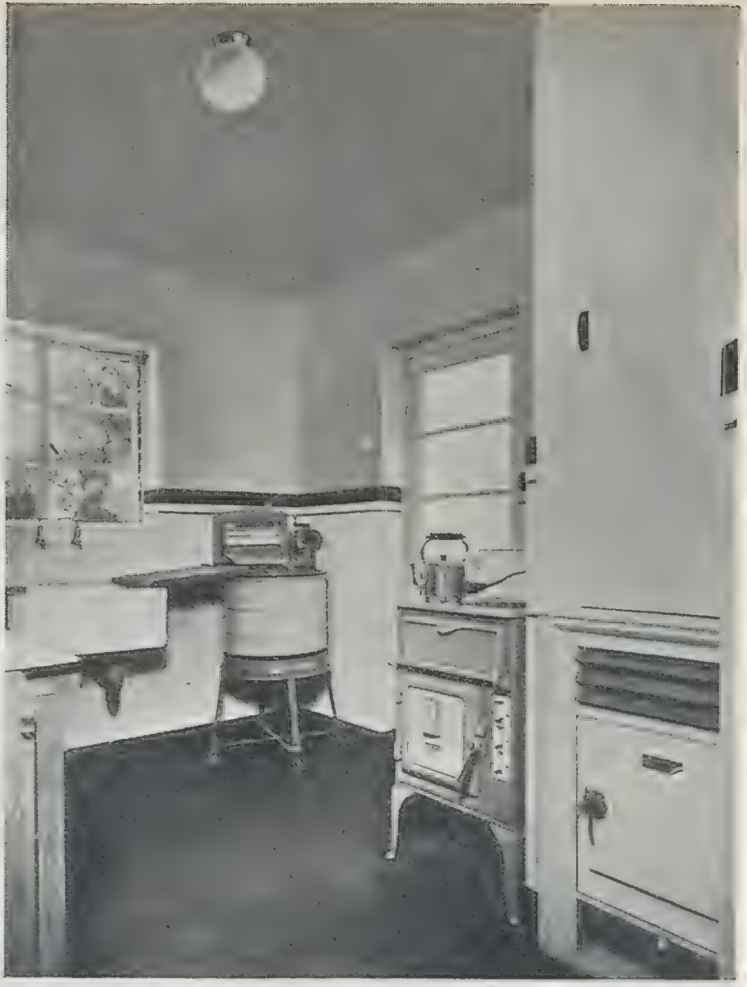
Experts who have made a close study of kitchen planning have taken into consideration not only the best type of equipments, but also their arrangement in relation to their adaptability with other accessories.

In the ideal kitchen the floor area should be kept on the small side, as the old idea of combined kitchen and living room does not meet modern practical needs. The kitchen should be regarded more as a compact domestic workshop.

Sufficient working space is, of course, essential, and a suitable work table is important. The natural route of food through the kitchen should be taken into account when planning the layout, which as far as possible should be in the following order:—Back door, food storage, table, cooker, serving hatch, draining-board, sink, draining-board, china cupboard.

THE double draining-board enables crockery that has been washed to be kept on the one side, quite separate from the unwashed crockery on the other side.

The position of the cooker on one side of the serving-hatch and a draining-board on the other eliminates any conflict between food going to the dining-room and that returning from it.



NOT only the equipment of the kitchen, but its arrangement in relation to other accessories, is all important

THE best position for the electric fire is at the source of cold draughts, that is over the back door

It is convenient to have a sliding window at the back door for attending to tradesmen on a cold day without being obliged to open the door. It also has the advantage of providing a fresh air inlet in very hot weather.

Another useful idea is that of the "parcel door," which opens into self-closing compartments in the larder, in which tradesmen can deliver goods without the necessity of any personal attendance from the household.

Some serving hatches incorporate shelving for the china that is in constant use, and provide a warming plate to keep the dishes hot.

A small electric heater and towel rail under the sink is useful for drying dish-cloths.

In regard to lighting, it is difficult to beat illuminated panels built into a duct, which can be used simultaneously for ventilation purposes.

The type of heating recommended is the reflector electric fire fixed high up on the wall. The position to be selected should be the one that is the most likely source of cold draughts. This is obviously over the back door.

A small plug socket over the work table is useful for such portable appliances as food mixer, waffler, coffee percolator, and so on.

HAVING dealt briefly with the good points, it may be of some practical help to summarise the "snags" that should be avoided. The most common faults found in the majority of kitchens are:—

Insufficient table space for dishing and serving food from the cooker;

Only one draining-board, which causes confusion between the circulation of clean and dirty crockery.

Food storage accommodation too limited.

The sink of insufficient width or height.

Unsuitable position of the taps for drawing off water in large cans.

A square kitchen instead of rectangular, the layout of which cannot allow sufficient working space.

The ideally planned kitchen will keep in view the three most important points, which are labour-saving, cleanliness and cheerfulness.

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BE generous this year when making your Christmas fare, and see that your pies are really well filled with mincemeat

New Ways with Mincemeat

I ALWAYS think at Christmas time that mince-pies could be much better than they usually are. People as a rule are so very, shall we say ungenerous, when filling the pastry.

Not because they are mean—all the rest of the meal has been excellent and copious—but probably because the mince-pies have been made in a hurry or—and this is often the reason—a busy cook has tried to make the mincemeat herself and has not made enough of it.

As the modern housewife has less and less time to spare, my advice is: start the Christmas preparations by laying in a good stock of Robertson's mincemeat.

Think of the bother and the expense which you will save; of the comfort it is to know that you will never be short of mincemeat, and also that your friends will remember your mince-pies not only because of the pastry, but for the plentiful and rich filling it contained.

I am not going to "teach my grandmother" by giving recipes for mince-pies—as a matter of fact, Robertson's give you an excellent one themselves—but I do feel it cannot be too often repeated that the best recipe will fail if the mincemeat is dry and tasteless.

Therefore my only formula this time is: take your own recipe, a pot of Robertson's mincemeat, and be as generous as you are clever.

We might, however, remember that there are other ways of serving mince-pies than in the usual little "pattie" shape.

In Devonshire, and, I believe, in America also, good cooks often make a large flat mince-pie of the tart variety with the mincemeat spread thick right to the edge. It is well worth trying.

It is a mistake to think that mincemeat can only be used for mince-pies during a few weeks at Christmas time. Many delicious cakes and puddings are most easily made and are suitable for serving on festive and ordinary occasions all the year round. Here are a few suggestions.

Fruit Pudding

Put four ounces of white breadcrumbs into a bowl with one pound of Robertson's mincemeat. Mix well, add a pinch of salt, two ounces of castor sugar and one egg. Stir thoroughly, put the mixture into a greased mould, cover with buttered or greased paper, and steam for one and a half hours. Turn out and serve with custard or a sweet sauce.

Winter Pudding

Mix in a bowl one pound of Robertson's mincemeat, two ounces of self-raising flour, a pinch of salt, two ounces of sugar and one egg. Stir thoroughly and pour the mixture into a fancy cake-mould or in several small individual ones, and bake in a moderate oven for about half an hour. Turn out the pudding or puddings and serve with an orange-flavoured sauce.

Princess Tart

Use pastry of the "short" kind and line the tins with it. Now put a layer of raspberry jam over the pastry and a good layer of Robertson's mincemeat, and bake in a quick oven for about twenty-five minutes.

Have ready some nuts—almonds or pistachio—finely chopped, sprinkle the tart with these and put back in the hottest part of the oven so that the chopped nuts are slightly browned.

Mincemeat Flan

Many people think that a flan is merely an open fruit tart. This is definitely wrong, as a flan is always made with custard *and* this or that fruit.

We can use pastry of the "short" or the flaky kind, and line our tins with it. Here, again, if we want the real flan, it should be long and rather narrow in shape, but this is not essential.

Having lined the tins with pastry, pour in a layer of thick custard and let it cool. Now add a thick layer of Robertson's mincemeat and bake in a quick oven for about half an hour.

Queen Custard

First prepare the custard in the ordinary way. Meanwhile for each person put in a small saucepan a pudding-spoonful of Robertson's mincemeat and a teaspoonful of milk. Mix well and cook slowly until the mincemeat is thoroughly hot. Now add the custard, little by little, and stirring all the time so that the whole thing becomes a well-mixed sauce.

This excellent custard is very useful for serving with plain boiled puddings.

Five o'Clock Cakes

Work together three ounces of butter with half a pound of flour and three ounces of Demerara sugar, adding a coffee-spoonful of baking powder; add one egg well beaten, and one pound of Robertson's mincemeat. Mix well and drop little piles of the mixture roughly on to a well-greased baking sheet. Bake in a quick oven for about twenty minutes.

Fancy Biscuits

Beat one egg, add a tablespoonful of milk and then mix in one ounce of sugar. Meanwhile melt two ounces of butter, beat it and add, little by little, half a pound of flour. Mix the two lots of ingredients together and add half a pound of Robertson's mincemeat. Work well together and turn out on to a floured board; cut into thin biscuits and bake on a greased sheet for about eight minutes in a quick oven.

AN appetising dish of mince-pies plentifully filled with Robertson's delicious mincemeat

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An Excellent Recipe for the Christmas Pudding

MIX your puddings well; this is one of the essential rules for their success, and remember, Hugon's "Atora" shredded beef suet will save you much labour and will ensure that your puddings contain none of those unappetising lumps of suet that are so often present when one has been careless and hurried in grating suet oneself

Making the Christmas Pudding

In Victorian days the making of Christmas Puddings was really almost a rite. Recipes were carefully preserved and handed down from one generation to another. Even to-day the really efficient and conscientious housewife takes a pride in making her own Christmas fare, or, if she does not actually make the puddings, she at least supervises the making to see that all the ingredients are properly prepared and well mixed before the puddings are cooked.

For the benefit of those of our readers who have not inherited a special family recipe and who are anxious to have a really good one we publish below one that is in every way reliable.

Recipe for Christmas Pudding

Ingredients.—2 lb. raisins, 1 lb. sultanas, 1 lb. currants, ½ lb. of candied peel, 1 lb. shredded "Atora" beef suet, ¾ lb. of sugar, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, ¾ lb. flour, 2 oz. sweet almonds, rind and juice of a lemon, 6 eggs, 1 lb. breadcrumbs, ½ nutmeg, 1 eggspoonful of salt, ¼ pint of rum. Milk—sufficient to make mixture the right consistency.

Method.—Clean the currants and sultanas, stone the raisins, blanch and chop the almonds and put all the dry ingredients into a basin Add the eggs, well beaten, the grated rind of lemon and the lemon juice, which should first be strained. Add the rum and mix thoroughly, gradually adding milk until the mixture is of the right consistency. Put into well-greased pudding basins, cover with greased paper and steam for 6 hours. These ingredients make enough mixture for four good family puddings.

You will notice that in this recipe we have recommended the use of "Atora" shredded beef suet. This is a great labour saver, and can always be relied upon to be absolutely fresh.

If you wish for other good and economical recipes a postcard addressed to The Woman Editor, BRITANNIA AND EVE, 346 Strand, London, W.C.2, will bring you a book of 100 tested recipes issued by the manufacturers of "Atora shredded beef suet.

THE mixture, now ready, is transferred into pudding basins for the last process of steaming—always a better method than boiling as it eliminates any possibility of water getting in and making the puddings soggy

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She writes: "The results in four months have been extraordinary"

So many women are fat in patches. They may be good-sized patches, but patches nevertheless: Thighs and calves out of proportion to the rest of the figure; hips that look as if they belonged to someone two or three sizes larger. It is noticeable that, with the Kruschen treatment, fat comes off just where you want it to. The protruding abdomen (known as a "balloon diaphragm") is flattened; the double chin (known as a "motor tyre") is deflated; that fold of fat at the nape of the neck (known as a "dowager's hump") disappears. Here is a woman who writes:—

"The results in four months have indeed been extraordinary." Her hips have shrunk 5½ inches; she has taken 4½ inches off her bust; 4½ inches are missing from her waistline too. Read her letter:—

"Four months ago I weighed 13 *stone* 7 *pounds. Since then I have regularly taken one large teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts first thing each morning in hot water, before my early tea, and now I weigh* 10 *stone. I am* 48 *years old. I have also lost* 5½ *inches off my hips,* 4½ *inches off my bust, and* 4½ *inches off waist. The results in four months have indeed been extraordinary. I have no rheumatism or anything at all the matter, no aches or pains, and feel awfully well and fit. I will most certainly tell all my fat friends because it is so well worth trying the Kruschen Treatment.". (Mrs.) G. V., Essex.*

"P.S. As regards diet, I ate three meals a day, selecting my food from the list you give in the leaflet round the bottle; and I intend to go on taking Kruschen until I get down to the measurements given in your leaflet."

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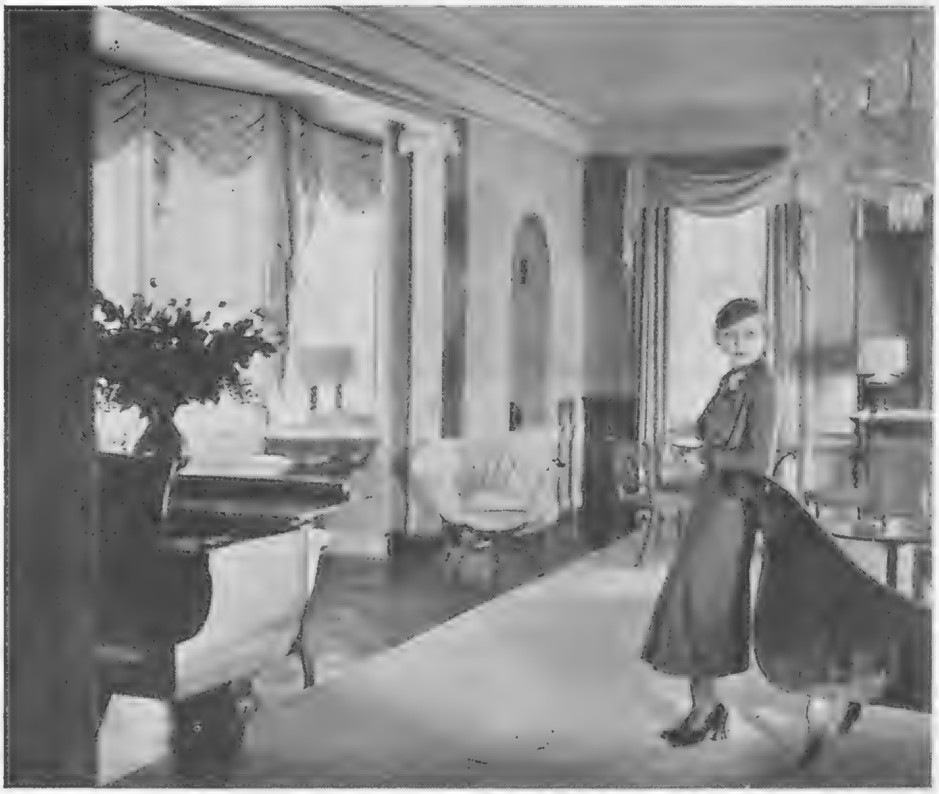
Hollywood's Glass Houses

(*Continued from page* 29)

stand, which can be wheeled around, providing hot-dogs and lager for the customers. It was in this room that a famous stag all-star party was given this summer; Mrs. Robinson planned it for her husband, and every acting, writing, singing, and painting male celebrity in Hollywood was there. Steak, beer and cheese formed the bulk of the menu; songs and speeches lasted until four in the morning. It is to be an annual function in future.

In the happy-go-lucky establishment that is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bing Crosby, their eldest son, and the twins born last July, William Haines has allowed his imagination to run riot with success. It is a gay spot: slightly casual, and with some original touches. At the end of the drawing-room, for example, is the cocktail bar; but you would never know it *was* a cocktail bar, at first sight. Very cunning methods of disguise have been employed, in the way of false walls that revolve at a touch; but when THE BAR is revealed in all its shining glory it proves to possess a highly original background in the shape of walls papered with covers of all Bing's most popular songs. Under the glass-topped counter of the bar more song-covers find a convenient place. There are curtains of moonlight blue American cloth, dotted with silver stars. The dining-room is a clever reproduction of an early-American room; the electrically lighted chandelier above the table looks as though it held gas jets; the walls are covered with a daintily sprigged chintz paper. On some shelves, backed with the same old-world chintz as the curtains, stand a dozen plates with a history.



LEILA HYAMS, in her luxurious new home at Beverly Hills

Bing Crosby, who has a passion for auction sales, bought them for 10s. complete. They were really 10s. each, but he thought they had been knocked down to him for 10s., so made up the difference by crooning "Love in Bloom" and "May I?" Hence the triumphant appearance of the plates in his dining-room. William Haines thinks that ripe plums, with their soft green leaves, make a fine design for chintz or printed linen, on a soft buff ground; so this attractive fruit makes its appearance on the curtains in Bing Crosby's drawing-room. It is so real one wants to dash up and pick a handful of plums on the spot.

Jean Harlow has an all-white house, although she is a very platinum blonde. She has chosen a hill-top for the site, and there is a swimming pool just south of the patio which would inspire even the most hard-boiled hobo to take a plunge. Jean sails a miniature yacht, of sorts, on her swimming pool; it is a decorative performance. White walls, light chintzes, dark furniture, and a platinum blonde to add spice to the dish—what could be nicer? Miss Harlow loves flowers, and every room is massed with any kind of blossom that has selected white or gold as its colour.

Carpets of soft dull green are in most of the rooms, and in Jean's writing-room a gallery of portraits of her best friends among the stars helps to paper the walls. Looking hard enough, one discovers Clark Gable (rumoured to be Jean Harlow's bitter enemy, but in reality nothing of the kind), Lewis Stone, Barbara Stanwyck, Chester Morris, Mervyn LeRoy the director, Jackie Cooper, Una Merkel, and Ben Lyon. White lamp shades, bound top and bottom with dull gold, are the only kind Jean cares to have in her rooms. From the windows of this cool, restful house there is a breath-stealing view across Hollywood, sprawled in the valley below.

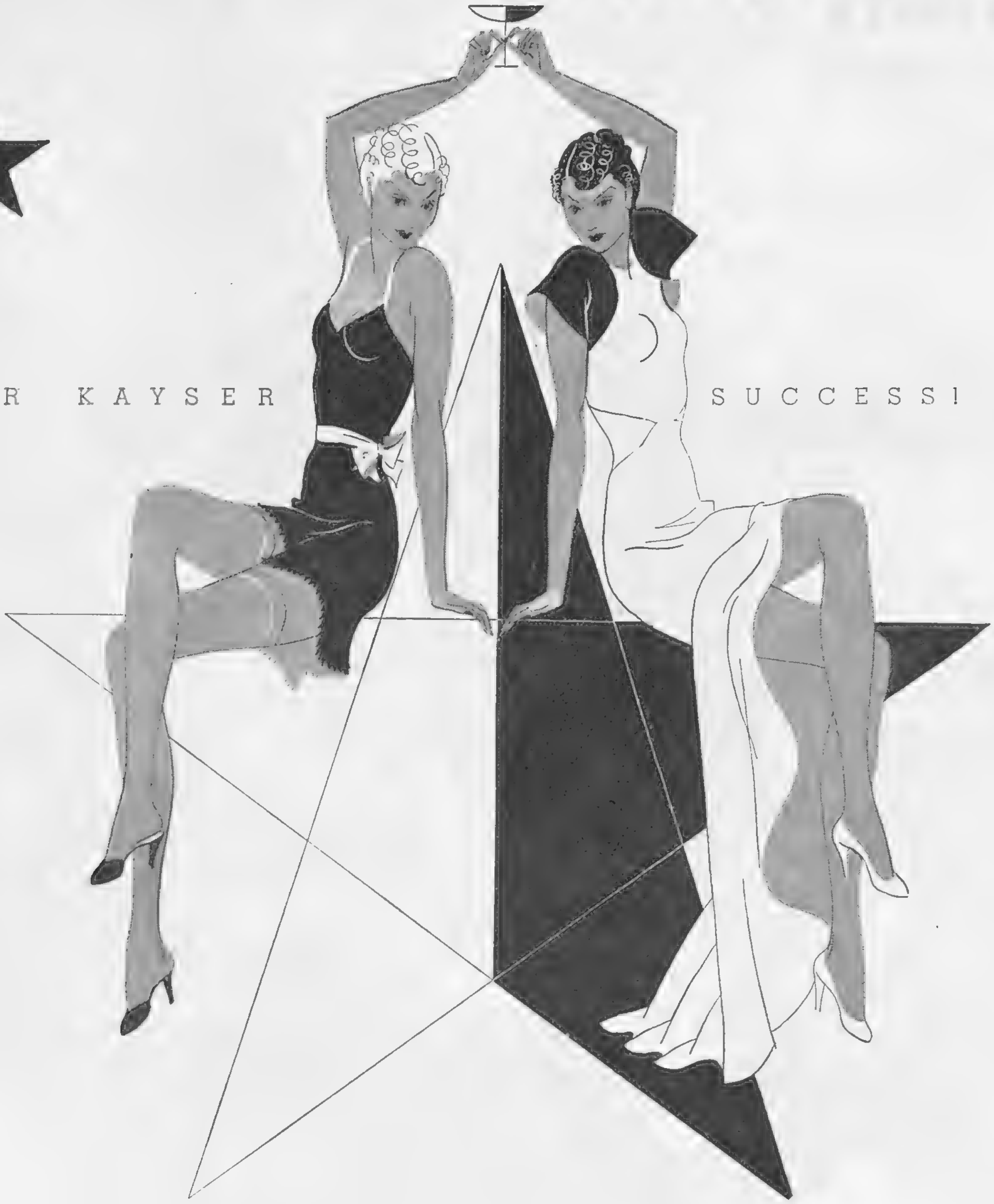
CLARK GABLE lives in Beverly Hills, as who would not, if there was sufficient inducement? His house is essentially masculine, with the full approval of his attractive and intelligent wife. There are no fripperies or frills or silly cushions. The chairs are solid and dreams of comfort. They are the kind of chairs a tired man could flop into, in work-stained clothes, and feel at ease on the instant. In the brown-walled study are stuffed heads of many animals; there is a gun-room, lined with shooting implements and fishing rods; there is a play-room in which the furniture is covered with washable material so that no matter how many rings made by careless glasses may be left overnight, not one remains when somebody has been round with a cloth and some hot soapy water in the morning.

Clark does a lot of business by telephone. There is a plug, into which the telephone can be stuck, in every room; and each instrument has a dozen yards of flex attached to it. This is to cope with Mr. Gable's desire to pace the floor while arguing with his manager, any studio executive, photographers, and interviewers. Apart from clocks and telephones, Mr. Gable collects porcelain models of dogs and horses, and has over two hundred altogether. Some of them are placed on white wood shelves in the drawing-room.

For exotic Carole Lombard, William Haines has designed the plu-perfect "House for a Blonde." If every blonde in creation could take one peep at this mansion, she would yell "Please give me one just like it." There are three main colours in this house; white, gold, and black. That popular and inevitable plum-colour (call it dull wine or gentle maroon, if you prefer) finds a place as contrast; it is used with great effect as cording and piping on dead white sofas and chairs.

(*Continued on page* 106)

FASHION STARS **MIR-O-KLEER**



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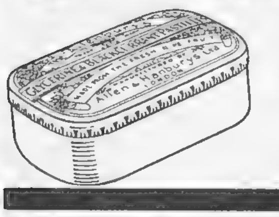

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Private Dept E60, HYDE HEATH, AMERSHAM, BUCKS

Carole wears black a great deal; in her all-white dining-room, with her gleaming golden head, she makes an exquisite picture against the white walls and floor with its white-linoleum covering. Yes; that is something new for a dining-room, and worth noting. The bed on which Miss Lombard reposes is another work of art. It is curved at each side, like an old-time boat of some sort; its head is sloped gracefully downwards; it is covered with plum-coloured satin, trimmed with stubby, fluffy white fringe and white tufts.

Personally, I would like a drawing-room very much the same as Carole's. It is bluish-lavender as to walls; it has one lavender-blue sofa (velvet) and one daffodil-yellow sofa, also velvet. The carpet is a bright deep blue. Does it sound odd? It is very, very lovely. Its owner likes silhouettes, so four or five find a place in the centre of her bedroom mantelpiece wall, arranged in a straight line, reading from top to bottom, not left to right. Her house is on Hollywood Boulevard; the hills rise mistily in the background, and her nearest neighbours are Mrs. Ernest Torrence, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, Jack Holt, and Fay Wray. Hers is a house to look at, and long for, believe me.

About nine miles away, crow-wise, stands a quiet residential street in the heart of Los Angeles; which means, a town that is not unlike Manchester or Liverpool, but larger and noisier. At the corner of that quiet residential street is a square red brick house, with a tennis court behind it, and a conservatory running along the front lower windows. The door of the house is opened by a dark-haired Mexican girl, with flashing white teeth; yes, Mr. Novarro is at home, so will the visitor please step this way?

RAMON NOVARRO lives in the most un-film-star-like house of them all. It is made of ordinary bricks; it is square and solid and far from flashy. But how comfortable it is! Inside its solid walls Mr. Novarro has installed his entire family: father, mother, and eight or nine brothers and sisters. There is also a Mexican secretary, and several servants, all of them Spanish or Mexican. That house is almost overrun with pianos. There must be at least five; Ramon, a genuine musician, has one in the drawing-room, one in the family play-room, one for a sister who prefers to practise in her own bedroom, one in the alcove that forms an exquisite music-room beyond his own bedroom, and one in his private theatre. There may be others, for all I know.

That private theatre—"Novarro's teatro intimo"—is something of which this highly romantic film star has reason to be proud. When he began to earn big money he refused to buy or rent a palace in Beverly Hills; he refused to buy or drive a car; a swimming pool did not tempt him, though he is probably the finest swimmer in the screen world, barring Johnny Weissmuller. Even a tennis court, which he wanted so badly, had to wait. Instead, he saved every dollar he could; and his private theatre is the result. There was a yard at the back of the Novarro house; on that yard, attached to the house but not really part of it, stands this miniature playhouse, perfect in every detail.

Over the door is a scarlet Neon sign, giving the name of the theatre; inside, there are sixty luxurious stalls, properly raked, upholstered in soft brown velvet. There is an orchestra well, in which Novarro's personal orchestra of eight picked players can be comfortably housed.

A dressing-room and reception-room for Ramon; two other large dressing-rooms, and a wardrobe-room complete the theatre. In it Ramon gives delightful performances planned, rehearsed, and often invented by himself. Intimate revues, songs of France, Spain, Germany, dances from many lands. His family and their Mexican friends are the artistes.

We could find our way to the Louis XV apartment of Mae West, where the colour-scheme is pink, blue and gold, and those famous flesh-pink satin sheets are to be seen on a French Empire bed, with a mirror overhead, so that Mae, in her own language, can "see what she looks like when she is asleep." Many mirrors, much gilding, tremendous luxury distinguish this flat, which will remain Miss West's home until the house she is building way out in Beverly Hills is ready for occupation. Her house-warming party should be worth attending.

North of Hollywood, over Cahuenga Pass on the way to the San Fernando Valley, lies Toluca Lake. This is a new and very exclusive residential district, in which several film stars have made their homes, founding a little colony from which they try to bar outsiders. Some of the Toluca-Lakeites are the Bing Crosbys, W. C. Fields, Jack Oakie and his mother, Mary Brian and her mother, Charles Farrell (when he was in Hollywood), George Brent, and the Richard Arlens. Dick Arlen has a house that is an example of what patience can accomplish.

When he bought the land he wanted, at Toluca Lake, he could not afford to put up more than a four-roomed bungalow. In this Dick and his wife Jobyna started their married life. They have added to the house, month by month, until to-day it is one of the really lovely homes of California.

There is Harold Lloyd's castle, inside its own white walls with a private nine-hole golf course below the house, and an orangery outside the drawing-room; there is Will Rogers's ranch, at Bel Air; there is Joan Blondell's hill-top out in Los Feliz, with a great effect of country farmhouse in the dining-room, and plenty of Spanish ships as decoration. Down in the valley or up on the hill, like John Gilbert's Italian villa, it is all the same. There is always something amusing or interesting or startling to be found inside Hollywood's Glass House.

END

Marley's Ghost Comes Back

(*Continued from page 57*)

—Mortimer Monkton went back into his own room and opened the large flat book.

There was no Christmas log crackling and bursting on the grate, but just the usual electric fire which you turn on and off, in June sometimes, just the same as in December. There was nothing Christmassy about anything—except *A Christmas Carol* held in Mortimer Monkton's hands.

An imitation American band was making imitation American noises somewhere far way. But, far away though it was, they were sounding in the room, because of the wireless, just as loudly as they were in Broadcasting House or in some restaurant or wherever it was. And, while the imitation American noises went on, Mortimer Monkton read.

He started cynically. He read about Scrooge and turned up his nose a bit in critical dislike of so much sentiment. He read about Scrooge's poor clerk and the two benevolent old gentlemen who called to ask for a Christmas donation but were thrown out by Scrooge.

He read about Scrooge going home to his miserable chambers, and then he read about Marley's Ghost and his chains, how he was weighed down by cash-boxes, keys and padlocks, ledgers, deeds, and heavy boxes wrought in steel....

"I wear the chain I forged in life," said Marley's Ghost in the flat book that rested on his knees. "I made it link by link and yard by yard. I girded it of my own free will, and of my own free will I wore it."

Mortimer Monkton did not believe in ghosts. Nobody did, nowadays. The Society for Psychical Research, which had spent half a century in examining all the ghosts they heard of, had conclusively refrained from expressing an opinion that there were any. And that was enough for Mortimer Monkton.

But then, suddenly, he saw in front of him a Figure.

"Who on earth are you?" he asked.

"I have come back," said the Figure. "I am Marley's Ghost."

"But you don't belong to me," said Mortimer Monkton. "It is Scrooge that you want to see, and he himself became a ghost, if there are ghosts, years ago.

"Besides, you don't look like Marley's Ghost. You are not weighed down with ledgers and cash-boxes. Why, you look like a cheery sort of an old fellow. Marley's Ghost was nearly as bad as Scrooge himself."

"Oh, all that was a long time ago," replied the Figure. "You see, when I came back to Scrooge, the story of it went all over the world. It seems to have done so much good, that time, that I came back every Christmas. I couldn't come back to Scrooge because it would have been wasting time. He became a changed man. So I started coming back every Christmas to somebody else. And that's ninety years ago. I have come back to ninety people, one every Christmas. You have no idea the good it has done. Why, I even came back to a bishop one year. He wanted me as badly as anyone. He's never been the same man since. He nearly gave up preaching!

"Besides, it's done me good. I lost my chains long ago. I don't do it as a penance, nowadays. I like it!"

And then he told Mortimer Monkton the story of altered England—how the story of Merry Christmas had spread everywhere; how, soon after he first came back, everybody felt a bit merrier on Christmas night, yes, even the Scrooges themselves, and how Christmas spread to the workhouses even, yes, and the prisons!

"We have got beyond that, nowadays," said the Figure.

(*Continued on page 108*)

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Here is a letter from a lady, a lady who wants every reader of this paper to know how she found relief.

"My case," she writes, "was of most stubborn indigestion and colitis. After suffering great pain for 12 months I heard of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder from a friend who was saved an operation for duodenal ulcers. I must write and express my gratitude. I have gained in weight and after having had only fish and ......'s Food can eat an ordinary diet. I recommend Maclean Brand Stomach Powder wherever I go."

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"When I first returned to Scrooge, they were times of scarcity. Hunger stalked across the land. There was not much food for people. Wages were low. People lived in hovels, millions of them. Now, why it is almost like Merry Christmas every day, compared with when, as a spirit, I first walked the earth.

"Sometimes I feel that I had a greal deal to do with it. We aren't allowed to boast where I come from, but if I could boast—well, I should feel very proud of myself."

And then the Ghost of All the Things That Were, for that is what Marley's Ghost really was, a ghost born in the days of meanness and cruelty, talked. . . .

"It is no use to-day your merely being merry with other people at Christmas time," he said. "Christmas is only one day in the year. There are three hundred and sixty-five, and every day can be a merry Christmas if only you and all the others start to use your brains."

And he painted the picture of the abundant harvests, and the machines busy day and night turning out more than enough for all. And he talked of the England That Might Be, a land flowing with milk and honey, an England of Plan instead of Chaos, of Order instead of Muddle and Carelessness.

"People aren't what they were, when I first came back," added Marley's Ghost. "They are kindlier. They aren't shut up so much in little silly castes and creeds. They are all more or less alike, thank Heaven.

"There is only one thing they have got to learn, and you can tell it to them—that when they have all realised that happiness does not consist in rich possessions, a new era can dawn."

Yes, many parsons preached that to-day, he said. And people thumped it on platforms. Sometimes, too, it even crept into leading articles.

But Mortimer Monkton never went to church. He regarded "politics" as merely a scrambling game where the victors had the spoils and the glory, and the others strove to get their jobs. And, as for leading articles—well, he did the crossword, sometimes, but that was about all.

But still, as Marley's Ghost looked more like one of the Cheeryble Brothers, nowadays—yes, almost like Father Christmas himself without the whiskers—he soaked it all in. He couldn't argue with a fellow like that. He gave in right away.

"What can I do?" he said.

"You must start on the great business of making it a kingdom of heaven on earth," said Marley's Ghost. "It is very difficult, and it is a long job. But it is best to begin by finding out what ordinary little good deed of charity you can do. It is not the remedy. But it will accustom you to think in a bigger way. You will have your chance. . . ."

MORTIMER MONKTON rubbed his eyes, Mortimer Monkton yawned. Mortimer Monkton opened his eyes. The figure was not there. Marley's Ghost, or whatever it was, had gone.

The imitation American noises were still coming from out of the wireless. Then they stopped.

"Here is an S.O.S.," said a voice. "Will Percy Smith, last heard of living somewhere in Bermondsey, go to his home at Ryften, Northamptonshire, where his wife is lying seriously ill."

Mortimer Monkton had heard those S.O.S.'s on the wireless for months past.

We all hear them, two or three a night, perhaps. They give us a little shock. We wonder. But they concern other people, not ourselves. By the time we have done wondering, the imitation American noises have started again. When they stop, in some restaurant, for a moment, you hear two or three hands clapping in a bored sort of way.

"Thank God I'm not there," you say—not meaning the S.O.S., but the imitation American noises.

Then the imitation American noises start all over again.

But, this time, Mortimer Monkton took notice.

He went to an A B C lying in the corner and turned up Ryften. Yes, a train left for Northampton in an hour. Now if Percy Smith had heard the message—and he had the money with which to travel, which was doubtful—that was the train, perhaps, that he would catch.

Mortimer Monkton put on an overcoat. He went out. He called a taxi. He drove to St. Pancras.

Now what would Percy Smith look like if he were there?

There was a bigger crowd than usual. Many people were travelling because it was Christmas Eve. There were all sorts of people who might be Percy Smith. It was quite a common name, and that, no doubt, meant its owner had an ordinary sort of face.

Anyway, Mortimer Monkton bought a third-class ticket for Ryften, in case. . . . And then he saw somebody waiting about in a nervous sort of way.

He chanced it.

"Are you Percy Smith?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the man, surprised. "Why do you want to know?"

"I have come to take you home," Mortimer Monkton replied. "I heard the S.O.S. I chanced it. Don't be offended, but perhaps I can help you."

And, because the man was still waiting, he went to the booking-office and bought another third-class ticket.

"No, I am only out of work," explained Percy Smith on the train. "I left home a year ago to find work. And I have found no work. I didn't write home. What was the good of writing news that was worse than ever? It wouldn't do any good. . . .

"I kept on hoping, but there are thousands of us, you know. Machinery has done it. They want only two, now, where, a few years ago, they wanted five. And things are getting worse. Machinery is our enemy nowadays."

Mortimer Monkton learnt a lot on that train.

"Oh, the unemployed"—he had always thought. . . . "Lazy devils who won't try to find work. . . . A shiftless lot."

But Percy Smith told him a lot of things, how there were thousands who had fought for years in the war, and then come home and found it was a land fit only for Neros.

"We're going to buy the biggest turkey in Ryften," said Mortimer Monkton.

"Why?" said Percy Smith. "There are only three of us at home. Then the kiddie's too small for turkey—and the wife is too ill."

"Well, Scrooge bought the biggest turkey in the shop," said Mortimer Monkton. "So I'm going to buy the biggest turkey, too. And it is going to be the biggest of everything. And you're going to have a new suit of clothes, my lad, and you're going to tell your wife that you're doing well, and that you were coming home to-night, anyway, just in time for Christmas, to tell her the glad news. And mind, you have got to speak as though it were true, because it is really true. I'm going to see to that."

And in Ryften that night, although there was no Tiny Tim, it was all four of them—Percy Smith, his wife, his little girl, and Mortimer Monkton—who said "God bless us, everyone."

And Mortimer Monkton said it louder than the others, for, in doing so, he felt blessed.

And then, when the doctor came in, he said it too, and added, "She's much better to-night. Things may be different, now her husband has come home. Perhaps that was all she wanted."

And now Mortimer Monkton, when he listens in, some nights, endures even the imitation American noises. He waits for the S.O.S.'s, and often he goes to the addresses he hears recited on the air. Sometimes he merely writes. But, whether he goes or whether he writes—well, Marley's Ghost, although Mortimer Monkton does not know it, is somewhere hovering about, looking more cheery than ever and laughing and saying, "Well, next Christmas I'll go and call on someone else."

Mortimer Monkton finds the charity part easy. The hard part is trying to make up his mind how to help build a better world.

He reads lots and lots of books. And he hears lots and lots of speeches.

But, although they all seem to want a better world, all the experts seem to disagree as to how to build it.

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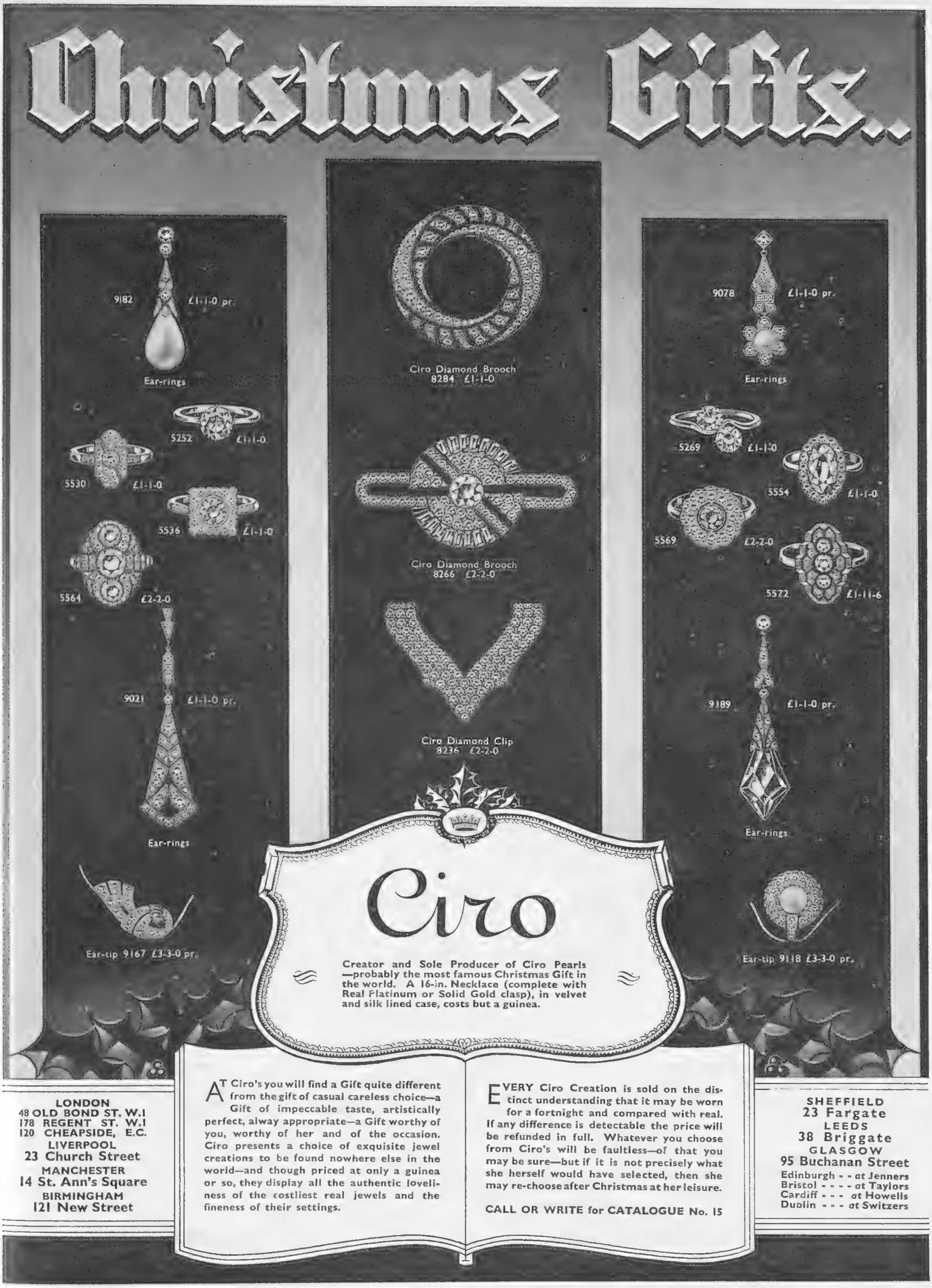

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On the Sweet Side

(*Continued from page 46*)

A " Lite Plumb Pudding"

" Put half a pound of breadcrumbs and with it half a pound of suet and of fruits each half a pound: raisins, currants, sultanas and sweetmeats (candied peel).

" Mix well and you must mix half a pound of sugar and four eggs. Put to the mixture the peel of two lemons and two spoonfuls of brandy. Mix again and tie in a cloth and boil in water for four hours."

Orange Sauce for the Pudding

" Rub one orange all over with lumps of sugar, one ounce. Put these to half a pint of boiling milk. With a little cold milk mix a spoonful of arrowroot and add this by degrees to the milk, stirring. Put in the juice of the orange and boil ten minutes. You must taste and put in more sugar if it pleases you."

And here are two old-fashioned hot drinks, which I commend highly.

Rum Punch

Put into a large bowl one pint of Jamaica rum, half a pint of brandy and a port-glassful of Cointreau. Add the peel of one lemon and one orange, the juice of both and sugar to taste. Stir in slowly three pints of boiling water, taste and if necessary add more sugar and serve very hot.

Apple Punch

Put half a dozen hot baked apples into a bowl with six tablespoonfuls of brown sugar and a few cloves. Add six good " tots " of whisky, a glass of boiling water, and let this stand for half an hour. Just before serving, add enough boiling water to provide a tumblerful of punch for twelve people.

The Lilac Room

(*Continued from page 25*)

he had shocked the congregation, and particularly the attendant clergy, by his ignorance of the ceremonial. To many his coming was an affront. True, he was the nephew of the Archbishop of Rheims, and was well-born as the eldest son of the Prince de Talleyrand, but his life in Paris had provoked public gossip which had reached Autun. Had he not owed his first preferment as Abbé de Périgord to Madame Dubarry, capturing her with a witticism in her drawing-room, when he had remarked that the ladies of Paris were more easily won than the Abbeys? With Auguste de Choiseul and Louis de Narbonne had he not formed a trio, notorious or renowned, as the world cared to regard it, for their conquests, their wit and their wickedness? This young man had been refused a Cardinal's hat, despite the intrigue of the Countess de Brionne, one of the most influential and beautiful women in France. It was said he had so nearly become a Cardinal, but Marie Antoinette, the enemy of the Countess of Brionne, had frustrated the design through the aid of her brother, the Emperor of Austria. Even failure had carried a compliment with it; two Kings had contended in the matter of a Cardinal's hat for this young Abbé.

And now a bishopric had come to him at the request of his dying father to Louis XVI. Already he was famous, as he was notorious; he was Agent-General of the Clergy, and now that Louis, faced with bankruptcy, had summoned the States-General, a vista of political as well as ecclesiastical power was before him.

Lucille de Vezelais knew little of this. Her world, thus young, scarcely extended beyond the grounds of her father's château and the market town of prosperous Autun. But the gossip, the fierce discussion provoked by the swift advent of the young bishop had reached her ears. He was of that great court of men and women around Louis and Marie Antoinette; he knew and mingled with the wits, the scholars, the dandies, and the great ladies.

As the Bishop of Autun passed in the procession, she looked at him with wide, wondering eyes, and the Bishop caught a glimpse of the small, white face with its blue eyes filled with wonder and excitement. He saw also the elderly man standing the other side, a Burgundian gentleman according to his dress. They both bowed their heads as he passed, and be gave them a benign smile which young Lucille just saw as she lifted her head again. The Bishop of Autun had noticed her! The astonishing fact sent the blood rushing to her face and neck.

The congregation began to pass out of the Cathedral of St. Lazare. A small group of local notables gathered under the splendid Narthex door. There was the old Duke de Vanneuve, with his snuff box, his high-pitched voice and his cane, which he kept tapping on the pavement. The Count de Vezelais gave him a low bow.

" Ah, M'sieur de Vezelais—so it's brought you here too! " he laughed in his thin voice. Then, catching sight of Lucille by her father—" Good morning, my dear! Well—it's not such an ill wind that brings a pretty blossom like you to church! "

The Duke chuckled with delight at his own compliment, pleased to pose as an old gallant. Then, turning to Vezelais, " There's not much doubt what's brought the young Bishop to his Cathedral, eh! I doubt if we'd ever have seen our Bishop if he hadn't wanted to get the votes of his clergy to send him to the Assembly. I can't think what the King's doing to call that scum together. It'll mean trouble, mark my words! "

The greybeards around the Duke agreed, as did also the Count. France was seething with unrest, the Exchequer was bankrupt, the States-General would insist on reforms. If only the King had not dismissed the Duke de Choiseul! All had been wrong since that day. France was ruled by the King's mistresses.

" Talleyrand'll get his votes," continued the Duke. " He's been here a week and's got all the clergy in the hollow of his hand. I beg your pardon, gentlemen, I should have said the Bishop—our Bishop! "

He giggled and tapped his cane.

" I suppose Madame de Brionne told him to come," said a companion of the Duke. " Someone told me yesterday, who was dining at the Bishop's palace last Tuesday, that Madame de Brionne was there and——"

Count Vezelais's coach drew up at the foot of the wide steps. Hurriedly taking leave of the Duke, the Count conducted his daughter to it.

" Papa—is the Bishop really a wicked man, as wicked as——? " asked Lucille, as soon as the coach moved off. But her father interrupted her.

" My dear, your little ears should not listen to gossip. The Bishop moves in a very fashionable circle. No one is safe from scandal in Paris. He's certainly risen very rapidly, and his vote-catching here is not very creditable. He should have come here before he wanted something."

" He's clever? "

" Adroit is the word they use, my dear,' answered the Count, peering out of the coach. They were leaving the town on the hillside, and passed under an old Roman gateway to the countryside of early spring.

" I liked him. He had a noble expression," said Lucille. " But he didn't seem to know what to do during the ceremony, did he? "

" Scandalous! He's more at home in a salon I expect," agreed the Count, sinking back into the cushions now that the coach was jolting badly.

" Perhaps he was nervous," suggested Lucille

" Nervous! That's one thing he could never be, I'll warrant! " exclaimed her father. " That man Talleyrand will never be nervous. He'd push a king off his throne. Well, he's conquered Autun all right. He'll get their votes. I hope he'll keep those rapscallions in the Assembly in order. We're living in perilous conditions. But the old fools here won't believe it. They will when they've lost their heads! "

" But they couldn't if they would then, Papa! " laughed Lucille.

The Count de Vezelais pinched his daughter's ear. " Mademoiselle, don't make fun of your old father," he said genially.

THE Bishop of Autun felt very satisfied with events. He had allayed the suspicions of his clergy. He would get their votes. When the King had been compelled to call together the States-General, with its three orders of the Nobility, the Clergy, and the Third Estate, he had seen at once the way to political power. A bishop, he would go to the Assembly as a representative of the clergy. So here he was in his own diocese, for the first time. He had won them over, with good dinners, wines and good talk. In a few weeks' time he would be in Paris again. The state of France offered a great political adventure. He, Talleyrand, saw the signs of the coming storm, on which he hoped to ride.

He sanded his letters now, one to Madame de Staël, one to Madame de Brionne, one to Madame de Flauhaut—three of the most powerful women in France. This task finished, he went into an adjoining room and in a few minutes, with the aid of his valet, he had been

(*Continued on page 112*)

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V.116

transformed into a cavalier. In high riding-boots, with spurs and gauntlets, and in a flowing red cape, he waited, a commanding figure, on the steps of the inner courtyard of his Palace.

When his groom brought the horses he dismissed him.

"I'll ride alone this afternoon—expect me at six," he said, and mounting, rode out of the courtyard into the cobbled streets of the town.

There had been a shower, but the April afternoon was warm. No one recognised him as he passed through the streets of Autun. He had only been in the town a week, and no one would imagine that the cavalier, booted and spurred, and mantled in a red cloak that flowed down over the haunches of his bay mare was their bishop.

He had no certain direction, the green slopes of Burgundy lay around him, except for the forest to the east. He casually turned his horse down the Promenade des Marbres, an avenue of plane trees, towards the ruins of the Roman amphitheatre. For almost an hour he rode at an easy pace, enjoying the soft air, the vivid colours of the fresh countryside. Occasionally he stopped and chatted with the peasants, who were busily raking the earth about the roots of the young vines. He was talking to an old man, when the sound of approaching hoofs caused him to look up.

The peasants immediately doffed their hats and waited for the newcomer to speak. It was evident that they knew the horseman, and that he was a man of some importance. But before speaking to the peasants the stranger courteously saluted Talleyrand.

"It is indeed a lovely day and a lovely scene, M'sieur," responded Talleyrand, removing his hat in turn.

"I have travelled little, but where, M'sieur, will you find a richer and more pleasant landscape than here in Burgundy?" asked the stranger, a man of some sixty years. He looked at Talleyrand closely. "I see, M'sieur, you are a visitor to Burgundy?" he added, noting the Parisian clothes, the fashionable cloak and smart top-boots.

"Your surmise is correct, M'sieur—you are more fortunate, you live here?" replied Talleyrand.

"All my life; I was born here, I have always lived here, I hope to die here!"

"That, M'sieur, betokens a happy disposition. Hitherto your pleasant Burgundy has only been known to me in the wineglass; but what better acquaintance could one have of it?" laughed Talleyrand.

The Burgundian spoke to the peasants, discussing the vines. As Talleyrand drew away he turned his horse also and took the same direction along the road. They talked pleasantly and, as ever, came upon the subject of politics.

"I perceive, M'sieur, you are a man of affairs. It is most interesting to me, a hermit in the country," said the Burgundian. "If I might presume to delay you, I would ask you to test the reputation of our vines in my house here."

They had arrived at some large iron gates shutting off from the road a house whose grey roofs Talleyrand had noticed earlier in his ride. The stranger halted his horse.

"There is nothing so urgent, M'sieur, as would cause me to be negligent of your hospitality, so temptingly proffered," said Talleyrand.

"I am honoured, M'sieur," replied the stranger, again removing his hat. "Permit me to be at your service, André de Vezelais."

Talleyrand bowed but, somewhat to his host's surprise, he did not give his name in return. Talleyrand restrained an impulse to reveal his identity. He knew the shock his name would cause. It was not the custom for bishops to go riding about the countryside, still less for them to go attired in riding-boots and a red cloak in the height of Paris fashion.

Following his host, Talleyrand entered a square hall, with black and white marble tiles, and after a footman had taken his cloak, was led into a small salon, with a long French window and a cool vista of the garden. At the far end of the avenue there was a Diana fountain. The first thing Talleyrand noticed about this small room was the overpowering scent of the lilac blossom carried in from the garden beyond.

M. de Vezelais, having dispatched the footman for a bottle of wine and offered a pinch of snuff to his guest, asked question after question concerning the political situation in Paris. Were things really as serious as they were said to be? Was it wise of the King to call together the long-ignored States-General? Would not the members prove refractory? The high taxation had caused widespread revolt, and the politicians seemed to lack firmness, and was it wise to let the army fall into such disorder?

"Why," exclaimed Count de Vezelais, "you would scarcely believe it, but even here, on my estate, there is a sullen, disobedient spirit among the peasants. Tradition and loyalty seem to count for nothing with the young hotheads. Even my curé is a Radical, M'sieur. He sides with this silly clamour for representative government!"

Count de Vezelais took a pinch of snuff, tapped his chest, coughed and continued:—

"We've got a new Bishop; doubtless you've heard of him? Why has he come here, having ignored us long enough? Vote-catching, M'sieur! Why, he's a dangerous Radical. You should have heard him last Sunday—perhaps you did, M'sieur?" asked the Count.

"I heard the fellow—I was there," answered Talleyrand with a slight smile.

The footman entered with a tray of glasses and a bottle of wine.

"Ah! This, if I may say so, M'sieur, is more representative, more trustworthy of Burgundy's reputation than our dissolute young Bishop."

He filled the glasses, slowly, with the care of a connoisseur. Then, raising his wineglass, after regarding the Burgundy reverently, he made a toast with fine ceremony.

"Your very good health, M'sieur; and let us drink to His Majesty, King Louis XVI, and his Queen—and a plague on politicians, particularly Radicals! May their feet soon be where their heads are—in the air, M'sieur!"

The old Count gave a chuckle of delight at his toast. Talleyrand raised his glass, saluted his host, and said:—

"His Majesty! May he have wise advice and listen to it."

"They tell me, M'sieur," said the Count, having begged his guest to be seated, "that since Madame Dubarry went to —— "

A door opened behind them. The two men rose to their feet.

Talleyrand had his back to the door, but a mirror by the fireplace held a lovely vision of young womanhood, hatless, in a flounced silk sack dress, one arm encircling a bouquet of flowers, newly cut. She had halted on the threshold, and, seeing the figure of a stranger, was about to withdraw hastily.

"Lucille, my dear, come in. This gentleman has honoured me with his company—he is newly from Paris," cried the Count.

The young woman, after brief hesitation, advanced into the room. Talleyrand turned. At a glance he recalled the face he had seen in the nave of the cathedral, as he walked in the procession.

"Permit me to present my daughter, Mademoiselle de Vezelais," said the Count.

There was a moment in which she met the stranger's eyes, a moment of shyness followed by recognition and surprise.

"Monsieur—— "

His name died on her tongue. The pursed lips of the Bishop of Autun had conveyed a warning. He had advanced swiftly, so that the Count was behind him.

Taking the girl's hand in his, he bowed low over it, and, as he raised his head, there was an understanding smile on his face.

"M'sieur de Vezelais is most hospitable, he asked me to taste his most excellent wine, but he was silent upon a greater inducement," said Talleyrand. "I am M'sieur Charles-Maurice—at your service, Mademoiselle!"

Again she looked at him with her wide, wondering eyes, and he knew, as so often he had known, that here was a new quest. Something rang through his heart. The old excitement was upon him.

There were few better talkers than Charles-Maurice de Talleyrand-Périgord. He was destined to capture kings and statesmen as well as great ladies, with his persuasive speech and his magnetic personality. In a few minutes Count de Vezelais and his daughter were under his spell.

At last he rose, saying he must be on his way. With a charming air, he asked to be permitted to call again. Count de Vezelais was only too eager. This engaging young man knew the world. His talk touched realities, and although he never suggested such a thing directly, the Court and the King were not outside his knowledge.

For a few moments the Count left guest and daughter together while he sought a servant to procure the visitor's horse. At once Talleyrand turned to the girl by his side.

"The Bishop of Autun, in view of your father's sentiments, could not come here again—but may M'sieur Charles-Maurice?"

He looked at her coolly, his keen eyes feasting on each detail of her face.

She hesitated a moment, and gave him a shy, embarrassed look. "It would be deceiving my father," she replied, quietly, but the answer belied her eyes.

"But it would give pleasure to me—and you?" he parried.

She did not answer. They heard the Count returning. Talleyrand made his decision.

"I shall come again, Mademoiselle. Later, your father, when he (*Continued on page* 114)

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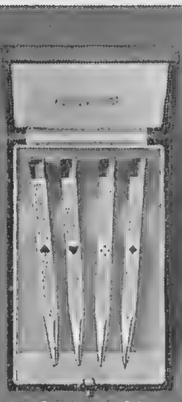
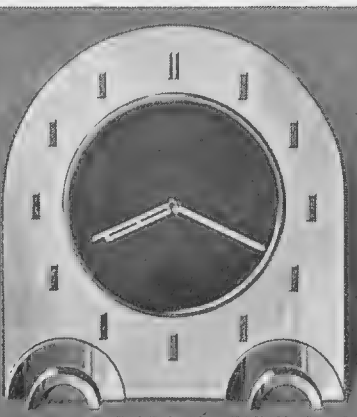

4 Sterling Silver engine-turned and Lacquer Bridge Pencils in velvet-lined case £1 . 0 . 0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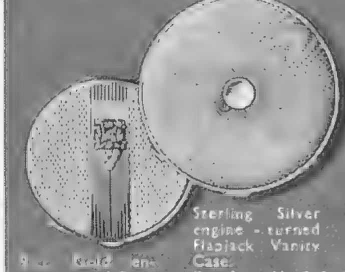
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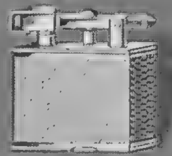
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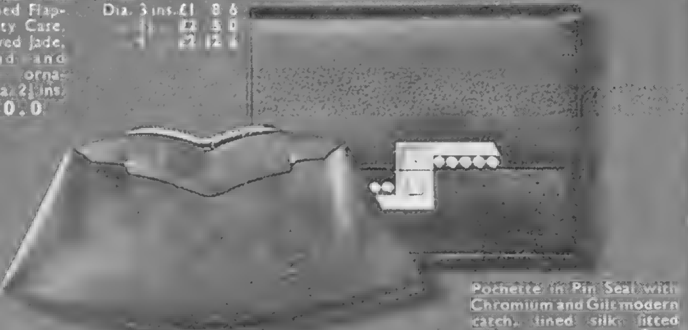
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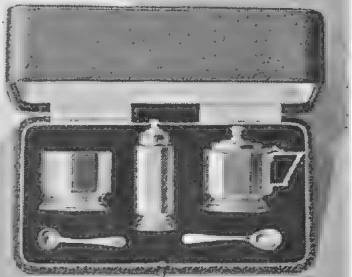
Sterling Silver Condiment Set with blue glass linings and spoons in velvet-lined case.
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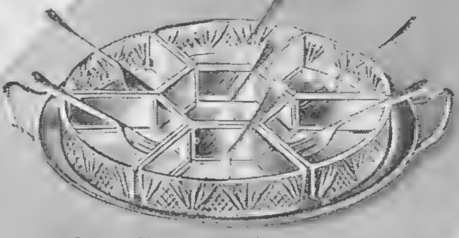
Regent Plate Hors-d'Oeuvres Dish with 7 cut glass dishes complete with servers.
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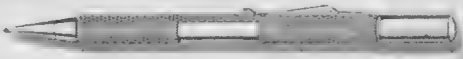
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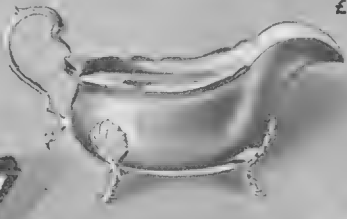
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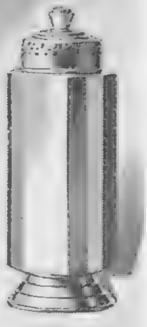
Sterling Silver Sugar Caster. Height 6½ ins.
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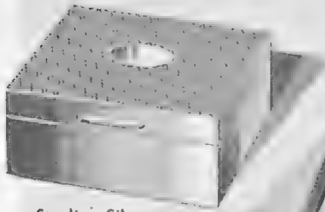
Sterling Silver Cigarette Box engine-turned lid, lined cedar, length 3⅜ ins.
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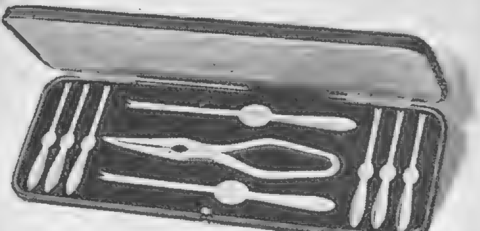
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finds me less monstrous, shall learn who I am. We'll plan that together."

He gave her a quick smile, and was bowing over her hand in leave-taking as the Count rejoined them.

As soon as he had gone Lucille went to her room, and stood at her window, watching, with burning cheeks, the figure of their visitor recede down the drive.

THUS it began, with all the intention on his part of a light episode to counterbalance the more serious labours drawing him to Autun. For Lucille de Vezelais it was a vision of the great world through the window of a quick experienced mind, with a landscape peopled by the great figures of the Court and Government. Talleyrand talked to her freely, always susceptible to feminine interest.

Count de Vezelais was also fascinated by this intelligent stranger. A man devoted to country interests, he stayed in his château and vineyards. Once a week he made a journey into Autun, but for the greater part of his time he was a recluse. It was seven years since he had been to Paris. After the death of his wife there was little urge for him to visit that distressing capital. Of late he had begun to fear he must plunge again into that maelstrom of humanity. There was Lucille's future to be considered, and she naturally desired a wider acquaintance. M'sieur Charles-Maurice's wit, his lively talk, his astonishing familiarity with every aspect of life, had broken the calm of the Château de Vezelais. But though the stranger talked much of public affairs he said very little concerning himself.

M'sieur Charles-Maurice came twice—though, had the Count known, there had been other visits to the château, for the lovers soon made a rendezvous unknown to the Count. It was in the garden-house, behind the Diana fountain, half-buried beneath the lilac and wisteria. They met there secretly, for Lucille knew well that her father would view with disfavour the almost daily visit of M. Charles-Maurice. The scent of the lilac blossom was the first thing Talleyrand had noticed in the room in which he had met Lucille, and their secret meetings were also continued in a bower among the lilacs. "Mademoiselle des Lilas" he chaffingly called Lucille.

Talleyrand's work in Autun was finished. The clergy had fallen to his persuasive charm. Their votes were his, and he had to return to the States-General as the representative of the Church. But this prospect of political advancement, which he had so thoughtfully engineered, gave him no pleasure. To his amazement he found that a simple country girl had stirred in him an emotion never before aroused, not even by the clever and lovely women of his Parisian circle. He now viewed his departure with dismay.

"Lucille, to-morrow when I say farewell to your father, I shall ask for your hand. We can then meet in Paris—he must bring you," he said.

They were riding in the woods, following a secluded track with which they were now familiar.

"But that is impossible—how can we marry?" cried Lucille. "You belong to the Church."

"I can leave the Church," he replied.

She reined in her horse and he halted by her.

"Charles, I could never forgive myself if you did that. You are dedicated—you are destined to greatness. I know that!"

Her voice and face were so solemn that for a moment his conscience was touched. She took his office seriously, and there was great reproof in her belief in his sincerity. Then, recovering gaiety, he laughed.

"A cardinal's hat would not suit me, and I'm so ambitious that only the Papal crown would satisfy me! My dear child, I love you, and nothing else matters!"

Her eyes held his with their solemn loveliness as she looked at him. He saw the stirring of deep emotions as she spoke.

"I would never marry you, Charles. You are dedicated to God. Please, don't ask me! Your whole life is planned—no one must come between you and God. It isn't easy to say this. You have made me—made me——"

She turned her face away, but not before he had seen the tears welling in her eyes. Before he could answer or argue she had spurred on her horse.

But when they parted, on the edge of the wood, he told her that on the morrow, when he made a farewell call on the Count, he would reveal himself, and ask for her hand. "He dislikes the Bishop of Autun. Very well, I shall cease to be the Bishop of Autun!"

He said it with a light heart, but he read reproof in her eyes.

ON the morrow, following his arrival, he called on the Count de Vezelais, to make his farewell and declare his love for Lucille. He was cordially greeted by the Count, but his feelings were dashed by the news that Lucille had left the château on a visit to an aunt in Lyons.

"It was a very sudden decision, and Lucille asked me to convey her regret at being absent on your last visit. We both regret your departure," said the Count.

For the first time in his life Talleyrand experienced defeat. No woman had ever fled from him. His vanity was hurt, and the Count noticed that his guest, usually so gay and loquacious, was subdued and without conversation. After a time, just before leaving, he made a curious request. "I would like to sit for a few minutes in your little salon, M'sieur," said Talleyrand, and, noticing surprise on his host's face, he added, "It's just a fancy—to carry away a last impression of a place where I have spent some very pleasant hours."

His meaning was not mistaken. The two men looked at each other and understood.

"Certainly," replied the Count. Then with a slow smile—"My young friend, although I know you so little, believe me, I should be happy to learn I might expect more of your company."

The words were so gracious, the sympathy so warm, that Talleyrand failed in his last intention, to reveal his true name and ask pardon for the deception. He followed silently, as his host showed him into the salon.

Talleyrand entered the small room. In two days he would be in Paris and the happy hours spent in this room would only be an idyll of spring. He looked at the chairs, and the table. There was a book, which he picked up. It was a small volume of Bossuet's *Oraisons*. In the fly-leaf was written her name, Lucille de Vezelais. He did not hesitate at the theft. Slipping the book into his pocket, he gave a last glance at the room, and rejoined his tactful host. As he left the house Talleyrand asked permission to pluck a spray of lilac by the windows. A few minutes later he was riding along the road to Autun, experiencing such unhappiness as he had never known before.

TALLEYRAND left Autun on Easter Sunday, the 12th of April, 1789. He left on the morning of that day because he dare not officiate in the Cathedral on so solemn an occasion. His ignorance of Church ritual had already approached a scandal. He hurried back to Paris, to intrigues, to heavy play at the tables, to discreditable amours, and to dangerous exploitation of the feverish political situation. He was adroit, he veered to the current wind, he aided a revolt that suddenly became the Revolution. In turn he knew the fury of the frenzied crowds, and a moment came when he had to flee for his life.

In England, at Juniper Hall, near Dorking, he found other exiles, old friends of the vanished Court. The Terror had driven them to this refuge, ruined, shaken by dreadful deaths and sufferings of relatives and friends. Every letter from France lengthened the list of those dragged to the guillotine. The small group of exiles, in which Talleyrand discovered the Princess d'Hénin, renowned among lovely women at the Court of Versailles, the witty Countess de la Châtre, and Madame de Staël, listened with heavy hearts to the latest dreaded bulletin.

One evening Talleyrand, sitting at the card table, heard a name on the list that made him suspend play. Among the newly executed was one, the Count de Vezelais. The voice continued reading, name following name. Cards in hand, Talleyrand listened, and then heard what he had feared to hear. The tenth name was that of Mademoiselle de Vezelais. Its conjunction with the Count's left him in no doubt. It was Lucille with whom he had corresponded for two years. Then, one day, she had terminated the correspondence with a letter reviling him for his part in fostering the Revolution, his desertion of the Church, and his notorious liaison with Madame de Flahaut. She never answered him again.

Talleyrand rose hurriedly from the card table and without a word he went out into the garden. It was a warm summer night. There was a scent of blossom in the cool air. It was lilac blossom. Suddenly, overcome by a flood of tender recollections, the most cynical man in Europe buried his face in his hands and sobbed.

EPILOGUE

GEOFFREY CHARLTON found the Château de Vezelais, with difficulty, on the road out of Autun. His car had scarcely stopped in the courtyard before Mademoiselle d'Emboise and her mother appeared at the great door to welcome him. He had written, recalling a promise that he would be shown the lilac room and the cupboard in which the letters had been discovered. A warm invitation to pass the week-end had followed. He had motored down from Paris, starting early in the spring morning. Already the vines were shooting in Burgundy, the hedgerows were in full leaf. It was six months since he had seen Adrienne d'Emboise and read her story of Talleyrand at Autun. Strange to believe, Autun seemed never to have heard of the great Talleyrand and he had spent an

(*Continued on page* 116)

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hour vainly searching for some memorial of the great statesman in the town.

" So this is the room ! " exclaimed Charlton, when his hostess led him to it. He turned to Adrienne d'Emboise. " How real it makes those letters," he said, as she opened the old cupboard, " and poor Lucille and——"

He stopped. A sudden gust of perfume smote his nostrils. The scent of lilac blossom filled the room. His astonishment made Adrienne and her mother smile at him.

" Why, it's all true—it does smell of lilac ! " he cried. " But of course ! " answered Madame d'Emboise. " Look ! " She opened a French window, and he stepped out with Adrienne.

" And there's the garden-house," she said, pointing beyond the Diana fountain. " Would you like to see it ? "

Marvelling, he followed her. They entered the small room. In silence he examined it.

" I thought you had invented your story, to fit the letters," said Charlton.

" I did."

" But it's all so real, you made me want to see the place."

She looked up at him.

" No author could wish for a greater compliment," she said, quietly.

" Do you believe in re-incarnation ? " he asked. She looked at him, surprised by his abrupt question.

" Sometimes I do, and sometimes I don't—but why do you ask ? " she answered.

He did not speak, and looked around the garden-house.

" If I were Talleyrand and you were Lucille—would it all happen again just like that ? "

" Of course ! "

" Then I can't see the use of re-incarnation if you don't profit by your mistakes. Supposing I were Talleyrand, and I said that I loved you, and that nothing would change my love, don't you think that you, Lucille, might give him a different answer—this time ? "

Adrienne d'Emboise smiled at him.

" Why, yes—I think——" she began, and then, perhaps guided by what she saw in his eyes, she faltered, and her cheek crimsoned. " Shall we go back ? " she asked.

" Not yet. Adrienne—it wasn't only the story brought me here. I felt like Talleyrand, letters might fail me. Do you understand—have I alarmed you ? "

She looked at him, unembarrassed this time.

" You could never alarm me," she said, simply.

He said no more and, taking her hand, kissed it. As he bent over it the scent of the lilac blossom blew faintly around them. For a moment he felt they were shadows, and, the next, that they were gloriously alive.

End

The Napoleon of Fashion

(Continued from page 55)

whose door was opened by a butler when a bell had been secretly rung by a cockaded and silk-hatted commissionaire who leant against the area railings to complete the electrical circuit upon the arrival of every Rolls-Royce. The dresses were shown in a drawing-room on the first floor on the persons of young girls of irreproachable gentility, and there were sporting prints on the walls.

In St. Jean-de-Luz you found him in a colour-washed patio with pantiles and a fountain, part of the actual structure of the " Auberge." There was a branch established at Chiberta. There was a Græco-Roman temple in the Croisette at Cannes, and there was a faithful reproduction of the Kensington Gardens orangery on the seventy-ninth floor of the Empire State Building in New York.

Monsieur Paul could not compete with this. The world had changed, and he would not admit it. Let Captain Macdonald design his shorts, and his sun-suits, and his *brassières Basques* and his golf-suits of backless crash, and his evening dresses named after cocktails ! Monsieur Paul continued to fabricate creations in velours and velvets for the older woman. He fell lower than that, he descended to imitation. If Captain Macdonald said that skirts were knee-high, Monsieur Paul obligingly shortened his ever so slightly. If Captain Macdonald said they must trail on the floor, Monsieur Paul responded with another three inches. In a word, Monsieur Paul was beaten, beaten to the ground, beaten knee-high, but he would not admit it.

The reproduction of the Petit Trianon was empty. The wickerwork carriage-and-pair had given place to a small Citroën, of seven steam horses. His lost fortune was spent, but not an inch to the west would he move. By not a loop or a whorl would he abate the decorations of his establishments. He would not give in. He would not close a single one of his pearl-grey establishments. He would not even alter the curtains. For he believed it was not the wheels of time which turned their backs on him. He believed that the whole of Captain Macdonald's success was because he dressed La Trinelli.

Naturally you know La Trinelli, " Nelly," the idol of the halls, the miracle who must be fifty if she's a day. Her legs, so shapely that even deputies are their slaves, are insured for a million francs. And her humour, her impertinent humour, her body, the amazing perfection of her body, her minuteness, her chic, her adorable vulgarity—. The Parisians have taken Nelly to their hearts. As one man they love her with loyalty and with passion. They would die for her if necessary. Her popularity is as unassailable as the contour of her figure. Time can do nothing to either. And her frocks ! Their elegance ! Their chasteness ! Their naughtiness ! Their simplicity !

" *Soit Nelli porte aujourd'hui tout Paris porte demain.*" It is a motto.

As Monsieur Paul sat in his pearl-grey establishment watching the rush of taxis and the sweep of cars through the *filet* curtains on the doorway, he thought sometimes of that morning, thirty years ago, when the face of " Nelly " had appeared behind those curtains, and he had helped her. It had been a Napoleonic gesture to give that unknown slut of a girl the greatest artistic product evolved by his brain. At the moment he had done it simply for the sake of the Napoleonic gesture, and because he was angry with some fool of an Englishwoman whose name he forgot. But, when he remembered now, he would not allow that. He had helped her. She had repaid him partially by her triumphant success of that evening. The leg-of-mutton sleeve had not been only the greatest, but the most triumphant of his creations. It had swept Paris, Europe, the world. But that, he told himself now, was not to her credit, but to his. His ! For twenty years had he dressed her. *He* had made La Trinelli, not she him. And when the war was over, she had deserted him for this Captain Macdonald. He could not forgive.

It is regrettable that time passes. It is a pity that man has to die. One by one the clients of Monsieur Paul deserted him as abruptly as Trinelli, not for another dressmaker, but for another world. For months at a time nobody entered the Biarritz branch. The Monte Carlo establishment had a dead look. And Monsieur Paul sat looking out on the Rue de Rivoli, and paid out his last franc, his last centime, in rents which were lower than they were, but still preposterous. He had a stroke and was carried to the door by the old woman who looked after the shop. She still wore black silk and her mouth was still full of pins if the necessity arose. She called to a taxi and took him home to his old-fashioned *appartement* in a *hôtel meublé* at Passy, and there he lingered for many months before he came back to the Rue de Rivoli with empty pockets and something the matter with his legs.

It was there that a journalist discovered him, some journalist with a talent for period and a taste for maudlin sympathy. He wrote an article about this old gentleman whom the world had forgotten, who once was the friend of kings. And it so happened that La Trinelli, waiting in the " *Cheval Pie* " one evening while her escort settled the little matter of the *addition*, caught sight of the paper and drew her ermine closer and was touched, so that her eyes were dewy.

And the next day a long Rolls-Royce of pale primrose yellow with a wicker-work body fled down the Champs Elysées and threaded its way across the Place de la Concorde and sailed, a trifle distastefully, down the Rue de Rivoli. It came to rest before the pearl-grey establishment of Monsieur Paul, and the figure of Trinelli descended, and looked about her, and went in.

She also remembered that morning thirty years ago when she had winked through the curtain. Her eyes were still dewy as she stood in the doorway, as sylph-like as ever, a woman apparently of thirty-five, and a beautiful woman at that. Her accent was irreproachable, but her voice was husky, husky with shouting her songs across the vast spaces of the Folies Bergères, husky because her dear public liked it like that.

" Hullo, Paul old dear," she said in French, and took off her beret and threw it on the table and shook her head with every hair miraculously in place.

Monsieur Paul half rose from his chair.

" I said once," smiled La Trinelli, " that I'd do the same for you. I deserted you, Paul. I apologise. I've come to repay my debt."

Monsieur Paul stared and the enmity left his face, and in its place there appeared a pathetic eagerness, as if he had not quite understood.

Trinelli bit her lip and the gayness in her voice was not quite certain of itself.

" They give me *une représentation a bénéfice* in three weeks," she said. " I do not want to desert my old friends. Is there anything you can let me have ? "

Monsieur Paul's little hands moved uncertainly on the arms of his chair, moved more agitatedly, more violently. He lowered his eyes, lowered his head.

" Mademoiselle ! " he murmured reverently, and because he had been fifty years a Frenchman he wept.

For a fortnight Monsieur Paul worked with all his old fire, with all his old genius. He knew that this was more than a sentimental occasion ; it was more, even, than the chance to re-establish himself in the lordship of his old domain. It was the return from Elba. It was the opportunity to go one better than Captain Macdonald, to show that he, Monsieur Paul, could create modernities, if the spirit moved him, more futuristic, more *garçonne*, more *piquant* than anything conceivable by the second-rate imagination of Captain Macdonald.

So he took his scissors and stuffs, not velvet now, not corduroy, but oil silks, American cloths, metallic things, and cut and slashed them into weird décolletages and fantastic shapes. Leave Macdonald to his strapped shoulders and his divided skirts ! Monsieur Paul let his mind run riot in a feverish world of mechanistic designs, of cylinders and pistons and the gleam of chromium expressed in dress. The spirit of the age. More ! A foretaste of the future. The old lady in black silk hovered, amazed, with her mouth full of pins, and Monsieur Paul, blazing with excitement, said, " Là ! Là ! Là ! " to show where she should put them.

When the fortnight was over he had designed her six dresses, each of them, he knew, a masterpiece, each of a sort that should revolutionise the world of fashion and send the whole of Paris flocking to the opera in brassières and trains, to the tennis court in kilt-and-bib, to the cocktail party in balloon-fabric shorts and American-cloth braces. La Trinelli accepted the boxes gaily and watched her negro chauffeur pile them elaborately in the yellow Rolls-Royce with the wicker-work body. She laughed happily as they were loaded and Monsieur Paul himself stood in the doorway of the pearl-grey establishment to watch, leaning heavily on the shoulder of the old woman in black silk.

La Trinelli laughed ; but her eyes were dewy. She had done a great kindness and repaid a debt. She knew that what La Trinelli wore at her benefit would find its way through the castes of fashion until every little midinette in Paris and every servant girl in the depths of Fulham came to copy it. There was a pleasant glow about letting Monsieur Paul know that ; but she knew that she could never wear those things.

" My dear Alex," she said to Captain Macdonald when the yellow Rolls had stopped outside Claridges on her way home, " I can't—possibly—"

" Of course you can't," he agreed.

" It's pathetic," said La Trinelli.

" I know," said Captain Macdonald. " You're a good sort, Nelly, all the same."

She looked at him in trouble. " Can you do me anything in six days, Alex ? " she asked.

" Good Lord, yes," he said. " Of course I can. As a matter of fact I've got a perfectly gorgeous idea."

" He needn't know——"

" I've worked it out. Got a picture," he said. " Care to see ? "

She took the roughly sketched outline from his hand and cried out, " I can't ! Alex, I *can't* wear that ! "

" Why not ? " he said. " This, and this, and this," he indicated its points with his little finger. " It's the inspiration of a lifetime," he smiled. " We've had our return to the Victorian period. Well, then, what's the matter with this ? "

Involuntarily she smiled. There had come into her mind the picture of the sensation, the thunder of applause, the flutter among the modistes, the newspaper articles for and against, the eventual submission, all the delicious concomitants which accompany the introduction of an entirely new style.

" All right," she whispered, but because she had been thirty years a Frenchwoman she wept.

It was a velvet evening dress with leg-of-mutton sleeves.

End

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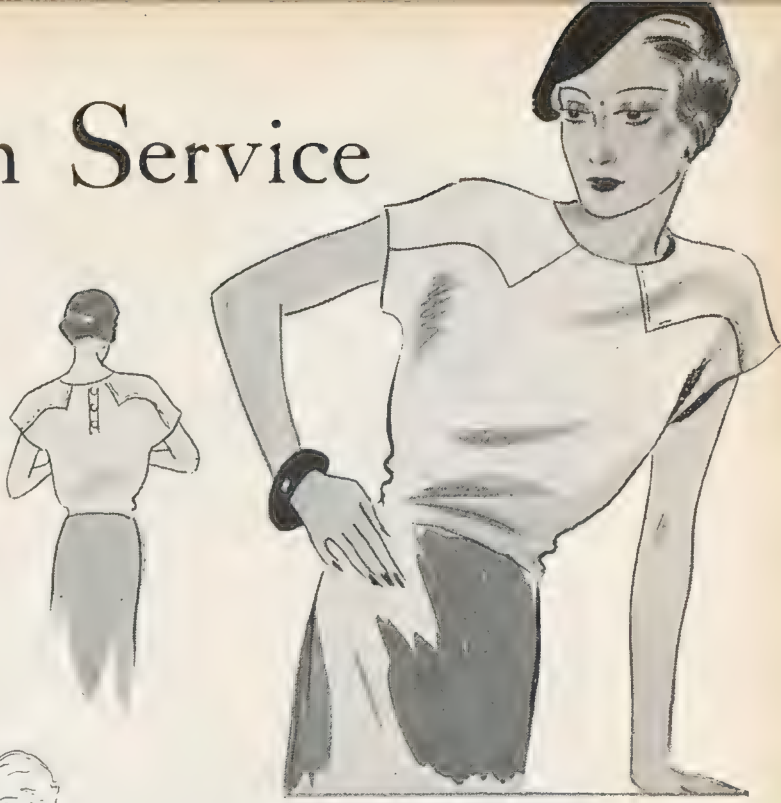


No. 435. A silk jumper with attractive shoulder-line and snug waist fitting for which 1¼ yards of 36 inch material are required. Price 1/-

IN this month's issue of BRITANNIA AND EVE we have devoted our two pages of paper patterns (pp. 78 and 79) to morning, afternoon and evening dresses for the girl in her twenties and for the older woman.

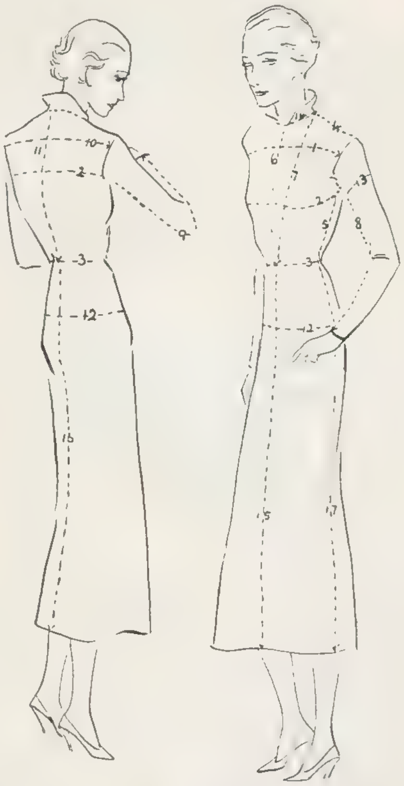
All these patterns are cut on very simple lines which need not in any way alarm or discourage the most amateur dressmaker, and each is accompanied by a leaflet in which diagrams are clearly set out and detailed instructions for making are given in a most simple and explanatory manner.

The patterns this month are all 1s. each, postage being free both in this country and abroad.

We would like to call attention to an offer which we feel will interest many of our readers who do not find in our pattern pages exactly the frock or other garment for which they are looking. In the limited space devoted to this service one cannot give the right dress for everyone, but find the one you want in any paper or magazine—it may be worn by the heroine of a story illustration, it may adorn your favourite film star in a photograph from a recent film, it may be a special design showing the trend of fashion but for which no pattern is supplied—send it to us and we will have a pattern specially cut for you in any size you wish. Our charge for this is 3s. 6d. for stock sizes—*i.e.*, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in. bust, with hip measurements in each case 4 in. larger than bust, or 4s. 6d. if this does not cover your size and you wish to have it cut to your own detailed measurements. In the latter case the following measurements are required:—

1. Width of chest.
2. Bust.
3. Waist.
4. Depth of shoulder.
5. Depth of arm to waist.
6. Neck to waist in front.
7. Top of shoulder at neck to centre waist in front.
8. Length of inside arm.
9. Length of outside arm, arm bent.
10. Width of back.
11. Back from neck to waist.
12. Hips.
13. Size round arm between shoulder and elbow.
14. Neck.
15. Waist to length required in front.
16. Waist to length required at back.
17. Waist to length required at side.

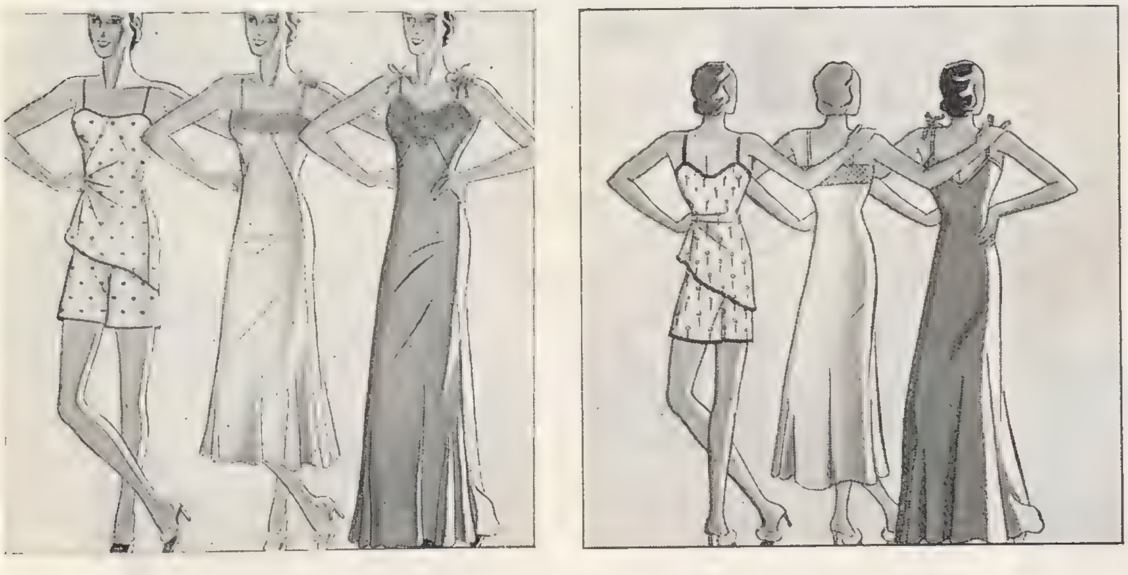
N.B.—For children's patterns always state age in addition to usual measurements.



For the benefit of new readers we have reprinted on this page one of our recent designs, and an old favourite, No. 339, which was so popular at the time of publication that we feel it deserves to stage a "come-back." It is an ingenious pattern which can be used for a chemise, lengthened slightly for a petticoat, or lengthened still more for a nightdress. It is cut on the cross in such a manner as to mould the figure perfectly and do away with any possibility of wrinkles marring the waistline. It also acts as a brassière, so is the ideal garment to wear under the straight close-fitting outline that characterises the present mode. Those shown are still available in our usual stock sizes, details of which are given on p. 78 under the heading "How to Buy."

Mothers who have daughters of school age will be specially interested in our designs next month. In the middle of January children will be returning to school after the Christmas holidays, so we are devoting one page of our paper patterns to designs for the schoolgirl. These will be available in sizes to fit girls of 10 to 14 years, and will comprise a simple shirt blouse of the style that is usually worn with school uniform, a pleated skirt to be made in serge or gabardine attached to a petticoat top of sateen or other suitable material (these two will be sold together for 1s.); a pinafore dress which can be made in a woollen material or velvet, according to the purpose for which it is needed, and a more dressy frock into which to change after school hours.

Our other page will be devoted to simple and useful clothes for the business woman, special care having been taken to design the backs of the dresses in such a manner as to avoid "seating" skirts and frocks, a problem with which the sedentary worker is constantly faced.



No. 339. This pattern can be used for a chemise, slip or nightgown. 3¾ yards are required for the nightgown, 2¼ yards for the petticoat and 3 yards for the chemise and drawers. Price 1/-

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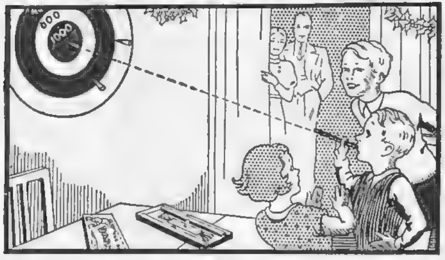

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Prelude to a Party

(*Continued from page 61*)

a small fortune if it should prove to be a success.

"And me?" Herman opened his eyes.

"You'll gain," Swartz said eagerly.

The old man opened his mouth, then changed his mind and shut it with a snap.

"Help me up."

Swartz offered his arm and then stood still, the light of hope and enthusiasm in his face.

Herman said: "Come to dinner—eight o'clock. We'll talk it over."

Swartz accepted with alacrity. He had never before been asked to the Khan home. He heard a faint sound come from the old man as he crossed the room. It might have been a chuckle—but he wasn't sure. . .

Standing on the threshold of the club, the old man made up his mind suddenly. Lunch with Lily Reed. Well, why not?

And, seated in the back of his large Daimler, bolstered around with cushions, he let his mind wander back to the time, some years before, when he had first met her.

She had been in the chorus of some musical show. . . She had sung moderately well, and danced about as gracefully as the others. There had been nothing outstanding about her performance except the amount of pink, bare flesh that she blatantly exposed, but Herman, meeting her at a party after the show, had been attracted by her Cockney good nature and flamboyant appearance. A contrast to Lady Eleanor—perhaps.

She had settled down comfortably in the little flat he had given her. And in return he had received a certain affectionate and good-natured attention. Fidelity he did not expect. Whether he got it or not, he did not bother to find out.

The years had not altered her much. They had made her plumper, lengthened the line of diamond bracelets on her arm and altered the colour of her hair. Otherwise she had remained the same.

Cynically, he thought, sitting at the opposite end of her little luncheon table, that hers was the only home that he had known. At least she was honest when she said that it was his money that kept her attached to him. Not loving him, she demanded nothing from him.

Suddenly he gave a cackle of laughter and Lily looked up, startled.

"What's the matter?" she demanded.

The old man stared at her.

"You're dining at my house to-night," he announced, then waited for her astonishment. He was not disappointed. Lily Reed's mouth dropped open with evident stupefaction. "You're joking——"

"I'm not," Herman told her.

"But she—your wife—I—" she hesitated.

He waved that aside. "Well, will you?" He waited impatiently, his claw-like hands drumming on the polished table. "Say yes, woman! Say yes! Don't dither!"

She agreed hastily. Then, her face suddenly flushed with excitement, she lapsed into thought.

After twenty years to be asked to his home! Twenty years of back doors and obscure restaurants—twenty years of seeing, periodically, his titled wife's photographs in the society papers. Seeing her, cold and regally dressed, sitting by his side at first nights, while Lily watched them from the stalls. And now after all this time to be asked to meet her. . . .

The old man watched her intently. So she was pleased, eh? Eleanor would not be. But he would fix that . . Lily would give that extra fillip to the party which it needed. It would be worth a lot to see those two women meet.

He stirred. "Help me up. I'm going now."

She stood up at once and, holding his elbow, raised him to his feet.

"What will I wear?"

Herman put his hand in his pocket and brought out his note case. Counting out twenty five-pound notes, crisp and new from the bank, he placed them on the table.

"There—buy yourself a new dress."

Overwhelmed by her effusive thanks, he crept towards the door. They did not kiss. The physical side of their relationship had long since died. Habit was all that remained—and the companionship which demanded nothing. . .

BACK in his home, Hodges met him at the door with the news that Mr. Waye, the solicitor, was waiting to see him.

Herman stood stolidly in the hall while Hodges divested him of his overcoat.

"I'll see him in my study," he said. His eye alighting on a long box on the hall table, he demanded: "What's all that?"

"Flowers, sir—" Hodges explained—"for her ladyship. Mr. Russell sent them."

"Hm!" The old man waved his hand. "Throw them out!"

Then, as Hodges stood still with surprise, he added irritably: "Do as I say, man. Don't stand there like a fool."

"Yes, sir."

At the door of his study, Herman turned. "Ring up the florist and tell him to send up a corsage of orchids for her ladyship—and tell cook there will be two extra to dinner. Make out place cards for Mr. Swartz and Miss Lily Reed."

The door closed behind him.

Hodges was left dumb with astonishment. Lily Reed coming to dinner. . . Crikey! What would her ladyship say to that! One thing was certain: *he* wasn't going to tell her. The governor would have to do that himself.

Lily and Lily's activities were common gossip in the servants' hall. But Lily coming to dinner. Now, that *was* news! . . He hurried off kitchenwards.

In his study Herman received Mr. Waye. Seated in his deep leather chair, the old man held out a claw-like hand.

"Cold for this time of year, Waye. Sit down. Have some whisky."

Mr. Waye's lean face was yellow. He looked dyspeptic. He said: "No, thank you, sir. I never touch spirits." And he placed his black leather case on the table.

Herman snorted. "Teetotaler. . ."

"Have a cigar." He waved his hand towards the box on his desk.

"Thank you, sir—a little later." Mr. Waye was efficient. "Now, sir, what can I do for you?"

"Make a will revoking all other wills."

"Yes, sir?"

"Leaving my entire estate to Miss Lily Reed—here's her address."

The solicitor's jaw dropped. He stammered out: "But your wife, sir——?"

"She's provided for under the marriage settlement."

"But that's only two hundred a year, sir—not enough for her position!"

The old man had gone crimson. His eyes stared malevolently.

"Do as I say."

The solicitor gulped. "I must advise you not to do this, sir," he began, then added hastily: "A formality, sir, of course. We always have to advise our clients——"

"Well, don't!" the old man shouted angrily. He lay back and closed his eyes. Slowly the flush subsided.

"Mustn't do this," he thought. "Might make me ill. One of the things that damned doctor told me to be careful of—losing my temper." But people were such fools. . .

He opened his eyes. "Have it ready for me this evening. Come back after dinner and I'll sign it."

"Yes, sir."

"Now, you can go. Tell Hodges I want him when you go out."

The solicitor gathered up his papers and put them in his case. He would have gone over to the old man to say good-bye, but Herman's eyes were tightly shut, and he dared not risk a further outburst. He went out, closing the door gently behind him.

So that was it, was it? Lily Reed. Sounded like some blonde in the chorus. . . . Sly old devil!

Traversing the long black and white tiled hall, he thought with a feeling of relief that he was not dependent on the old man. Lucky thing for him! He wouldn't be in Lady Eleanor's shoes—no, thank you! Poor woman! A pretty rotten thing to do. She didn't deserve it.

He sighed, sniffed at a bowl of pink carnations on the table, and let himself out. It was only when he was halfway down the street that he remembered he had not told Hodges. He hesitated, then, with a gesture of disgust, he thought: "Let him wait——" and walked on.

THE old man left alone in his study waited impatiently for Hodges. But as the moments dragged by and no one arrived he tried to struggle to his feet. His heavily veined hands clutched despairingly at the arms of his chair. He grew scarlet in the face, realised that it was useless and sank back panting. Damn that fellow Hodges! He'd have his notice in the morning. . . . Fuming, he was compelled to remain where he was.

It must have been some moments later that the door opened and his wife came in.

"I thought you were dressing," she said.

His eyes opened. "No." He watched her go across the room, arrange some flowers in a vase. Finger an ornament or two. She was dressed for dinner. Early; for Eleanor liked to be on time, never to make her guests uncomfortable by being late. He watched her with that strange sardonic smile on his mouth. She had kept her beauty, or

(*Continued on page 122*)

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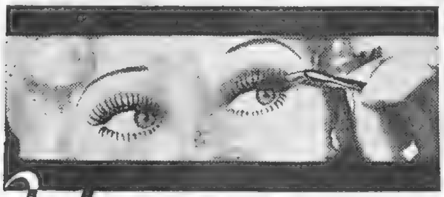

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rather the years had merely enhanced it. She had dignity and the calm detachment of good breeding. Looking at her, the light falling upon her white shoulders, the lines of her exquisitely cut evening dress following the shape of her figure, she had never seemed so lovely. She ought always to wear white. . . .

Then, like the surge of a tidal wave, anger flowed over him. Noel Russell! That swine!

Eleanor spoke suddenly. "Hodges says you have asked two more people to-night. Who are they ?"

"Friends of mine." The old man fumbled in his case for a cigar. "Oscar Swartz—and—" he turned his head and looked at her coolly "—and Lily Reed."

She had a book in her hand, turning over the leaves idly. But at his words she was quite still. There was a long silence. Then :

"Lily Reed." Her voice was quite toneless. The book dropped out of her hand and fell on the floor, its leaves crumpled. She turned. "You can't mean that." Her face was white.

He smiled, but said nothing.

"You might," she said dimly, "have spared me that. I don't think I can bear it."

He said coldly : "You'll bear it. What else can you do ?"

Stung, she flashed out : "I can go."

"Where ?"

Yes, where ? Where could she go ? It was hopeless. . . .

She looked at him steadily, proudly. "Very well."

Then quietly, before he could say anything else, she went out of the room.

He sat smoking his pipe and savouring his triumph. And yet, was it a triumph ? He could never be quite sure. Uneasily, he stirred in his chair. That look of hers. . . .

Hodges came to help him up to dress. Was sworn at. He took it impassively. More so than usual. He had other things to think of. The nurse had rung up from the hospital. . . . She had asked him to go around there at once. Things were critical. Agonised, he had cried that he would come as soon as possible. . . .

No use asking the old man for an hour off. *He* never let anyone off until their rightful time. . . . But her ladyship—he stood a good chance there !

Feverishly he hurried on the process of his master's dressing. But fate seemed against him; for the old man seemed slower than ever. There was a dim suspicion in the back of Hodges' mind that his master realised that he was being hurried and perversely was being languid.

Free at last, he hurried to the drawing room. "My lady——" She was alone. Thank God for that !

"Yes, Hodges ?" Eleanor turned her head. She was sitting at the piano, her long fingers resting on the keys.

He ventured farther into the room. "My lady——"

She was very patient. "Well, Hodges, what is it ?"

He burst out suddenly : "It's my baby, my lady. She's ill—in the hospital—very ill. The doctors have asked me to go. Would it be too much to ask if Robert could manage to-night with Pritchard and Perkins ? I've trained Robert extremely well, my lady—it will only be for an hour——"

"Little Anna, ill——?" Her face softened. "Poor child—how sad ! Yes, of course you may go, Hodges. Robert will have to manage."

"Manage ! Manage what ?" The old man had come in and crossed the room to the fireplace. "Manage what ?"

Eleanor stood up sharply. "Hodges' baby is ill. I am allowing him off to-night to go to the hospital."

The old man snorted. "Allow—nothing of the sort. I need him here. Have you forgotten we have guests for dinner ?"

"No. I haven't forgotten," she said quietly. "Robert can look after us."

"Won't have him. If Hodges goes to-night he can go for good—leave my service." He sat down in his great armchair. "Pass me my cigars."

There was a silence. Then she turned to the window and flung it open, and stood there breathing deeply as though the room had stifled her. Without turning she said : "I'm sorry, Hodges. . . . You had better go back to the hall, the guests will be arriving." And for a long time after he had gone, she stood there silent, until the old man told her to shut the window.

Presently everyone arrived at once, and the room was filled with people standing chatting with cocktail glasses in their hands. Victor Slade made his way over to his uncle's chair. "Good evening, sir." He looked a bit agitated. "Can I have a word with you some time this evening ?"

The old man grunted. "Said all I want to say," he snapped. "You've had more advantages than I had at your age. Be satisfied with them."

"But——" The boy looked astounded.

"No buts ! Come into dinner and——" he stopped, arrested by the sound of Lily Reed's voice.

THE two women met in the centre of the room. Lily, her full-blown beauty encased in a gown of white satin heavily embroidered. She wore all her jewels. She was impressive in her vastness. And his wife. . . .

Eleanor was courteous. She smiled at Lily. "How nice of you to come," she said.

Lily was taken aback. Her manner was a trifle defiant. "Pleased, I'm sure." And she stared up at the pale sensitive woman who had always been her rival. (*Continued on page 124*)

An Ideal Christmas Gift

IN addition to its appeal as a perfume, eau de Cologne has many uses. Added to the bath it has a most agreeable, invigorating and tonic effect, especially after a tiring day. It also serves many purposes in the sickroom, and a handkerchief or bandage soaked in this fragrant toilet water is most soothing to sufferers from headaches. An excellent face astringent and a valuable hair friction, a bottle of good eau de Cologne is an almost indispensable article for the toilet table.

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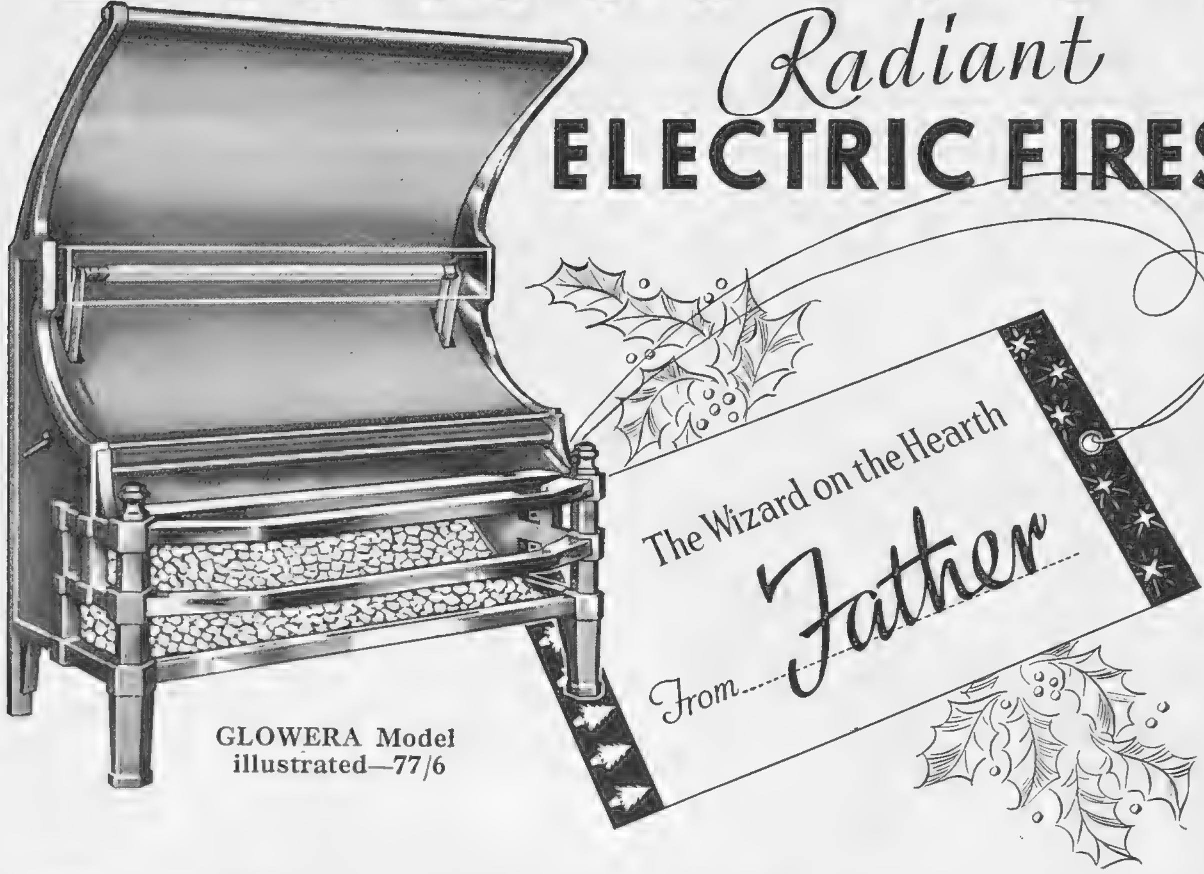
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From Father

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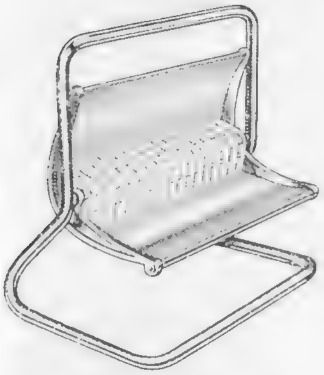

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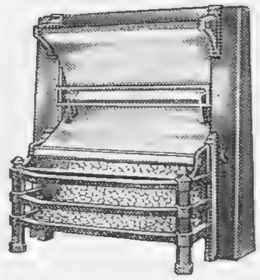

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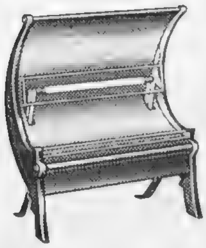

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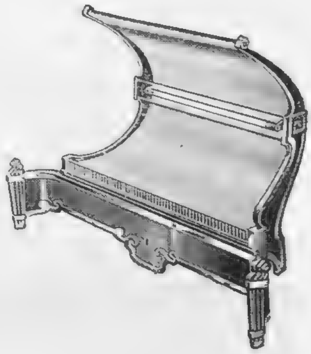

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Eleanor took her hand and introduced her to Oscar Swartz. Leaving them together, she crossed the room to Noel Russell.

He had been standing alone, watching her as she moved about the room speaking to her guests. Once or twice someone had spoken to him, but receiving only a curt reply, they had drifted away, and he had been free to look at her and ponder despairingly on his love.

"You ought not to stand it," he said bitterly.

She flung out one hand. "What can I do?" she asked.

Darkly, unhappily, he stared first at her then at Lily. Then torturing a cigarette nervously between his fingers, he said suddenly:

"Come away with me. . . ."

Her eyes widened. "With you?"

"Why not? You know I love you—let's get out of all this."

She shook her head. "No. I can't do that."

But he could not say more. He had caught the eye of the old man and there was a look on his face which Noel did not like. Malignant, like a spider about to pounce. Just then dinner was announced and Eleanor left his side.

Herman had furnished the dining-room with taste. A tangible reminder of the care he had lavished on it, making a suitable background for the famous men and women who had dined around the long mahogany table. In spite of the surroundings, however, there was a constraint which was noticeable as they sat down now. There seemed to be an undercurrent beneath everyone's chatter. Conversation was spasmodic and forced.

Noel Russell glanced up the table, but the old man was occupied. He was sampling his wine; pursing his lips and letting the champagne flow gently down his throat. Noel gave a shiver of distaste. He turned to Eleanor.

"Did you get my flowers?" he asked.

She fingered the orchids on her dress. Pale exotic flowers.

"I'm wearing them." Her eyes were tender.

"Those?" He was surprised. "No. I never sent you those. I hate orchids. I chose camellias for you, Eleanor . . . they're like you, my sweet."

"Hush!" She stopped him nervously. "Then who sent these——Oh!" She stopped suddenly.

Herman. Yes, of course. . . . ! Then with a start she thought, Can he know? No—how could he? She didn't even know herself until this evening. But now——

Sharply she stared up the table at the old man. But he was intent on his soufflé and did not look up. For a second a pucker showed between her brows, and then was gone. "How ridiculous!" She turned her head and spoke to Oscar Swartz, who was in a state of nerves. In the back of his mind was a fear that all was not well. His eyes shifted up and down the table. Susceptible to atmospheres, he had sensed this at once.

Supposing for one second the amalgamation did not go through . . . But resolutely he turned his thoughts away. The thing was too important to even contemplate failure . . .

The butler standing behind the old man's chair looked ashen—ill. Swartz wondered vaguely what had happened. The man looked as though he had just had a shock. There! He was going to faint——

But Hodges, with the thirty years of training behind him, did not faint. He pulled himself together and went on waiting with the deft impersonal manner of the well-trained servant. All he knew was a great bitterness.

And then the dinner was over. The ladies got up to leave, but the old man put up a restraining hand.

"Sit down. I have something to say to you all," he said. "Put the port on the table, Hodges—then you can leave us."

Eleanor sank back into her chair.

Quite suddenly she was frightened. The air was pregnant with meaning, and the old man's face seemed flushed. Under the table, she put her hand into that of Noel's. He held it very tightly; the rings she wore pressed painfully into her flesh.

The old man looked slowly around the table.

"What I'm going to say," he said deliberately, "concerns you all." And he looked forward and stared at them one by one.

"I've asked you all here to-night for a special reason. I'm a rich man—and like most rich men there have been others gathered around waiting like vultures for me to die. Waiting to snatch what they can."

"Each of you here"—his eyes seemed to probe into their minds—"expects to benefit by my will——" Then as they tried to speak he stopped them. "Wait! I've decided that, as I will not have the pleasure of being present at the reading of my will, I shall convey its contents to you now."

"Swartz, your company's rotten. It's on the rocks. I could save it—a fine gesture, perhaps, but I'm not going to! You can go elsewhere for help."

Then before Swartz could say anything he turned to Eleanor.

"My dear wife"—there was a wealth of sarcasm in his tone—"my dear wife has scarcely concealed her repugnance for my company. Her preferences are markedly for the gentleman by her side . . ."

"Stop!" Noel, white with fury, was on his feet. "Keep your wife out of this. It's only decency."

"Decency!" The old man sneered. He thumped the table with his fist. "*You* talk of decency! You borrow money from me, and, sneaking behind my back, steal my wife's affections."

"That's a lie!"

Eleanor had risen and placed one hand on Noel's arm.

"You're right! My wife didn't have any affection for me. She married me for all that I could give her—for my money."

Suddenly his calm went. "And by God—I'll see her starve rather than let her enjoy it after I'm gone. Every penny of my money goes to Lily Reed."

Lily, her slow intellect taking in what Herman said, struggled to speak.

"I don't want it."

Somehow in the back of her mind she knew sudden and very genuine pity for Eleanor. Where she had expected snubs and insults, this woman, whom she had always disliked, had shown her kindness. It did not seem decent to take the money from her.

"Yes, you do. If you don't I'll leave it to a cats' home."

"By God!" he shouted, "not one penny piece will you vultures get——"

Then his face was flooded with crimson; the words strangled in his throat. He clutched the arm of his chair. His eyes, startlingly blue in the red of his face, took on a frightened expression. By George! He was dying——

He struggled to get up. No. It was no use. His body seemed to be deprived of all feeling. He tried to call out. Must sign that will—beat them yet! But there was a dark cloud between him and the scared faces of the others, and he knew then for a certainty that he was beaten.

His head sagged. . . .

THEY laid him on the great bed. His eyes were closed, a faint frustrated expression on his face. Overhead, the gilt eagle, which had known an Emperor in his hour of failure, clawed at the draperies around the bed, and looked down on the man whom death had cheated in the end.

END

Christmas with Famous People

(*Continued from page 45*)

Gubbins, the *Sunday Express* humorist. You know, the "Diary of a Worm"?

Mr. Gubbins is a man of gloom.

"I *hate* Christmas," he told me with plaintive emphasis; "always did. It's forced gaiety, manufactured muck. Can't stand it. Working yourself into a frenzy over stockings and streamers . . . what for?"

He fixed me with a baleful eye, so I explained.

"Presents!" he scoffed, "what do they mean? People gorging themselves without a thought for the poor devils who haven't got a crust, then giving away a few trifles to salve their consciences."

I felt myself blushing, and I switched rather hurriedly on to turkey.

"Turkey?" he glared. "I hate it—and I burn mince pies!" His gloomy face broke into a smile. "They burn beautifully, you know. There's so much fat in 'em."

"But your children—you give them Christmas, don't you?"

"Yes, oh yes, they love it. So does their mother."

"And don't you get any fun? . . ."

"No!" he thundered. "How can I have any fun? There's income tax due on the first of January!"

Well, well. A Merry Christmas, Mr. Gubbins

END

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Party Clothes *(Continued from page 75)*

Attractive version of the Little Woman dress, in stiff black silk with a gold lamé thread. Tight bodice, full gathered skirt and long, tight sleeves. *Marshall and Snelgrove.*

A lovely frock in light wool marocain and satin. The Vionnet twist at the neck, the cunning cut of the bodice, give it distinction. In black, mulberry or navy. *Harvey Nichols.*

Heavy black crêpe, with accordion-pleated sleeves and a silver lamé band across the neckline. *Marshall and Snelgrove.*

Silver lamé tunic, Raglan sleeve and black velvet sash, worn over a long, tight black velvet skirt. *Harvey Nichols.*

Dull black crêpe with a yoke and sleeves of fine black net. Perfect for a young girl. *Richard Sands.*

Heavy crêpe in a rich grape shape. The fringe is formed by tabs of the crêpe, and is a piquant trimming to a dress which depends, otherwise, on its perfect line. *Richard Sands.*

END

Notes and News for the Motorist

How the Pre-selective Gear-box Works

THERE must be very few motorists who fully understand the pre-selective gear-box; and I will frankly admit that I have no hope of giving a comprehensible explanation within a few brief paragraphs.

For those who wish to "get the hang" of this most ingenious piece of mechanism, however, there is, fortunately, a most excellent booklet to be recommended. This is published by Messrs. Shell-Mex and B.P., Ltd., and gives a wonderfully clear account of the various principles involved.

Some practical hints on the lubrication of the epicyclic gear-box are also given.

(1) A heavy oil is not to be used. There is no grinding of gears to deaden.

(2) When the gears are lubricated from the engine, a slightly heavier oil should be used.

(3) The gear-box should be drained of oil when the crank-case is.

(4) To make sure that the oil is flowing from the engine into the gear-box, the engine should always be run a little while before starting off.

(5) Too much use of the practice "slipping" results in over-heating, which causes gummy deposits and the sticking of top gears.

(6) "Judder," or rough take-up of gears, is caused by general neglect, and by attempting to move off with the engine running too slowly.

(7) Always depress the pedal to its full extent when changing gears.

(8) In an epicyclic gear-box, shortage of oil is serious: there should always be a ready flow of light, easy oil.

Messrs. Shell-Mex and B.P. have a more than ordinarily clear understanding of the subject, since this company, with its usual thoroughness, has gone to a great deal of trouble to devise oils specially suitable for the lubrication of the pre-selective gear-box in all its varieties. They will be pleased to give advice to any interested reader on the lubrication of self-changing gear-boxes, and enquiries should be addressed to: Technical and Research Department, Shell-Mex and B.P., Ltd., Shell-Mex House, London, W.C.2.

For Winter Motoring

DOES the change from summer to winter make a difference to your car? If it does not, that is probably because you use a special winter petrol, blended for use in cold weather. The need for a special winter petrol was first recognised, some years ago, by the makers of Shell, and since then the popularity of "Winter Shell" has become definitely established. The change-over to "Winter Shell" is, of course, more than a change of name—it means that the petrol has a greater proportion of the lighter, more volatile petroleum fractions, which make it easier to start up from cold in the severe weather.

Some New Catalogues

THE Austin Motor Company have just issued a magnificent selection of catalogues, in which not only new models, but new engine developments are clearly described and beautifully depicted. The large colour catalogue, in which cars of all sizes are shown, from the handsome Ranelagh 20 h.p. limousine, luxuriously equipped for seven passengers, to the "Speedy" sports tourer, which can be swiftly transformed from a road car to a racer by removing the lamps, hood, mudwings, etc. In this catalogue full-page coloured plates of each car are given and there are several pages of diagrams, drawn to scale, showing the exact amount of space taken up in the seating.

Two other booklets deal entirely with the Austin Seven in its most up-to-date form. Special mention should be made of two outstanding cars: the Ruby Saloon and the Pearl Cabriolet. The former is described as "a large car in miniature," its chief features being the enlarged sliding roof and roomy, comfortable seats with their pneumatic upholstery, altogether an ideal car for travelling.

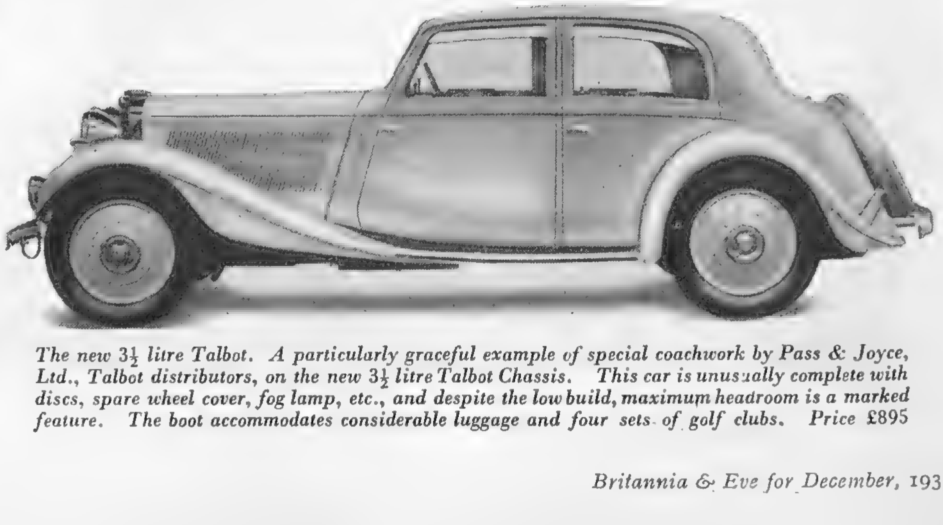
The Austin Seven has a remarkably long list of achievements on road and track for the year. A catalogue of the colours and styles of upholstery obtainable has also been issued.

The new Austin Synchromesh entirely banishes the strain of changing gears. It does away with the clashing and wrenching that was so often the outcome of the old gear-box, and makes the whole process smooth, silent and effortless. It also improves the performance of a car, notably on hills, and lessens wear and tear in the gear-box. In the Austin booklet you may follow the whole function of this improved gear with the aid of clear diagrams and thorough explanations. All new Austin models are being equipped with the Synchromesh, which should do much to make motoring a pleasanter and easier business.

Austin's are also specialists in marine motors, and call your attention to two new models, the Austin Seven Thetis and the Ten-Four Triton.

The Lucas Auxiliary Lamp

GIVE yourself a Christmas present that will benefit not only you but everyone else on the road. The new Lucas auxiliary car lamp has three distinct advantages. Its broad, powerful light is concentrated directly on to the road ahead, and spares you the trying back-glare in fog or mist. An excellent passlight, it spares other drivers the blinding dazzle of lights unequipped with the Lucas Dipping Reflector. When fitted with the extra push switch (No. 68, price 5s.) this lamp may further be used for noiseless signalling in zones of silence. Complete with cable, switch and bracket, made to fit any car, this lamp is 42s. The standard model is finished in ebony-black with a chromium rim, but an all-chromium lamp may be obtained, price 49s. 6d. Particulars are available at most garages, or from Joseph Lucas, Ltd., Dept. E., Birmingham.



The new 3½ litre Talbot. A particularly graceful example of special coachwork by Pass & Joyce, Ltd., Talbot distributors, on the new 3½ litre Talbot Chassis. This car is unusually complete with discs, spare wheel cover, fog lamp, etc., and despite the low build, maximum headroom is a marked feature. The boot accommodates considerable luggage and four sets of golf clubs. Price £895

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She Married a Spaniard

(*Continued from page 19*)

Nevada. She started as a shadow fell across her. It was the artist, still carrying his palette.

"Up here we're safe for a moment or two," he said hurriedly. "And I can easily jump over that wall. . . . I've always wanted to speak to you. You looked so unhappy. You're English, aren't you?"

"Yes," gasped Anna, wondering how long Maria, at the consulate, would keep Pepita.

"Married to a Spaniard? My dear, I'm so sorry—please forgive me," he interrupted himself. "I don't mean to be impertinent: but I can guess, a bit."

She looked up at him, and her eyes suddenly filled with tears. It was a long time since she had cried. Through the mist of her tears she could see his face—the clear, fair skin, like her own, the foolish little pointed beard of soft pale hair, the kindly, disturbed expression in his eyes.

"I'm sure you'll get into trouble if we're seen talking," he went on quickly. "Can I do anything—take any message for you? I'm going back to England at the end of next week—I've got an exhibition; but I'm coming back here for Christmas."

"To paint?" she said, forcing a smile. The children, who, thank heaven, could not talk much, gazed solemnly at mama as she took out her handkerchief and hastily brushed her eyes.

"Yes, to paint. But can't I do anything for you? Haven't you a family—friends—in England?"

"I haven't, as it happens," she answered. "But you must not imagine things. My husband is very good to me—and there are the babies. It's just that I'm silly, sometimes—lonely, you know."

"But there are English people in Granada."

"Yes; but Fernando—that's my husband—doesn't care for them, and doesn't like me to know them. Still, one always has books."

"I'll bring some back with me," he cried suddenly. "Wait—here's my card." He rummaged in his pocket, and handed the card to her with a painty thumb-mark across the corner. "Sorry it's a mess. Let me have a list of anything you want; I'm at the Washington. And I'll find a way of letting you know when I come back. Good-bye—God bless you!"

He had vaulted the low wall that cuts off the lower from the upper terrace of the campo, and she saw Pepita coming up between the privet hedges.

In Granada everything is known. Some say it is the taxi-drivers, some the gipsies or the servants. Nothing escapes the fine network of gossip which spreads from Alhambra to Puerta Real, from Plaza Nueva to Albaicin. Anna fully realised the danger she ran in her innocent encounter with the stranger, for Spanish jealousy, which, to begin with, she had regarded as an amusing legend, was, as she now knew well, a very real and sinister thing, with far-reaching effects. Particularly is this the case in a town like Granada, narrow, provincial, and almost untouched by modern progressive ideas.

She remembered being introduced by Fernando to one of his friends, a doctor, who had made on her an agreeable impression. Later on, when they were alone, Fernando mentioned casually that a few years before this man had shot his wife in Madrid. "No, Fernando, it isn't possible!" "But why not? She was unfaithful to him, so he killed her. That, my dear, is very Andaluz." "But he's walking about among us now—a free man, after committing a murder?" "The judges do not look upon the vindication of a man's honour as murder," said Fernando. Fancying, to her horror, that she caught a note of approval in his voice, she pressed him foolishly. "But would you think you had the right to shoot me, if—if——?" Fernando lifted his shoulders, then smiled and pinched her chin. "I am not so old-fashioned as some of the others. I should probably give you a good beating." "If you murdered me it might lead to international complications, as I'm English and you're a Spaniard," she said, trying to capture his lightness. "For that," said Fernando with perfect seriousness, "I should not do it."

Truly, thought Anna, the Granadina wives must be the most virtuous in the world. There was no possible way in which a woman could take a lover without the fact becoming known to her husband. The women of the household were simply so many unpaid spies; it was possibly for that, she thought bitterly, that the married men offered houseroom to so many unattached female relatives. And the populace themselves appeared to live on gossip—and very little else; for, like the majority of Spanish towns, Granada is full of poverty.

But she actually forgot to worry about Pepita and what she might have seen, so happy she felt with the bit of pasteboard folded and pressed into the palm of her glove. She was quite gay, and played with the babies, Joselito and Juanita, along the campo, untroubled by the look of knowledge in Pepita's dark eyes. They were angels, her babies, although so very Spanish, and so strangely stupid about remembering the few words of English she was trying to teach them. If only Joselito could be sent to school in England, where he would learn English ideas of truth and honour as he grew up! But this, she knew, Fernando would not allow. The most she could do was to teach them to play English games, to sing English nursery rhymes—which they did

Healthy children have healthy ideas. Give them "Post Toasties" for breakfast, and then when the packets are empty they can cut out the Mickey Mouse pictures and use them for all sorts of games. This picture shows what an amusing nursery frieze can be made of these comic figures

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with so Spanish an accent the words were almost unrecognisable!

In a few weeks' time it would be Christmas! A sudden, painful longing came over her for an English Christmas; for English carols, and a Christmas tree, and the bunch of mistletoe, and crackers, and turkey and plum-pudding, and all the things she could remember as a child! Ever since the babies were born she had hung up their little socks on Christmas Eve, and told them the story of Santa Claus next morning, while they were playing with their toys. But Santa Claus mattered less to Joselito and Juanita than the sweets they were sucking; they did not mind where the sweets came from so long as they got them!

No, she would not think of sad things. The morning had been gay and bright; when she got home she would look at the stranger's card and decide what books she would like; things that would last—Pepys' Diaries, and *Tom Jones*, and *Eothen*: and perhaps one or two of Aldous Huxley's and *The Peacock* and *Precious Bane*.

The mere thought of writing the note to the artist—Frederick Ansell was his name—gave her a thrill of lightheartedness such as she had not known for years. After the siesta . . .

When Fernando had had his bath, dressed and gone out, she bent eagerly over her writing desk. "*Por Dios*, Anna, you are always scribbling or reading books," wheezed old Aunt Consuelo, waddling on her fat feet into the room. "I want to go to Cecilio's to have my hair waved, and there is no one to go with me."

"What about Dolores—or Josefa?" said Anna, adding Byron to her list.

"Don't you know they've both of them gone to mass at the Angustias? What's that you're writing?" asked Aunt Consuelo, peering over her shoulder.

"Only the names of some books," sighed Anna, knowing it was useless, and closing her blotting pad. While they sat in Cecilio's, amid the rattle of gossip and the indifferent movements of the assistants, she remembered she had left the card in the blotter, and her heart missed a beat. But when she got home her papers seemed to have been undisturbed. Fernando, of course, was not in; she took a pencil and a sheet of paper to bed with her.

The children were sleeping like angels; at the head of their beds hung the little plaster images of their saints, each with its tiny Christmas-tree-looking light before it. A sudden idea flashed into Anna's mind; she flew to her room, closed the door, tore off her clothes and started scribbling as though her life depended on it.

"HOWEVER you look at it, there is a great change in her; why, she is hardly the same woman at all! If she had more figure one might almost say she was good-looking!"

"It is to be wondered if Fernando notices it," said slily the elder of Fernando's sisters.

"She was singing this morning!"

"That is nothing to go by; she often sings to the children—such tunes! And such a voice!" said Josefa, letting a raucous cadenza out of herself. "The English voice is like the English nature—it has no salt in it."

"But she was singing to herself," persisted the cousin. "I never remember a thing like that before. *Oiga*, Pepita! Tell us again—what was that you said about Doña Anna and the man on the Campo de los Martires?"

"He was very handsome, señoras," declared Pepita, embroidering on her memories, "and he had no eyes for anyone but the señora."

"And they spoke?" prompted Dolores, jealously.

"But yes, señorita! Both Maria and I could see it, from the door of the Consul. He held her hand," said Pepita stoutly.

"*Por Dios*, but mama should hear of this!" breathed Dolores. "She would know what to do—what word to say to Fernando to put him on his guard. And she wrote a letter to him?"

"Securely, señorita. I found the pencil in her bed, and a bit of the señora's paper, with scribbling on it."

"Have you got it?" said Josefa and the cousin together.

"I could find it," said Pepita, cautiously.

Four shiny permanent waves bent over the crumpled bit of paper on which Anna had scribbled "instead of books if you would be so kind," and had then thought of a more graceful wording and started another sheet.

"English, of course!" snorted Josefa, disgustedly.

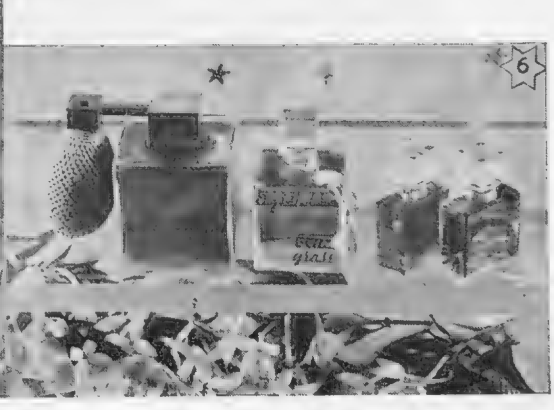
"But naturally, señora! He was an Englishman."

"What could one expect?" The four women looked triumphantly at one another.

"MY poor Fernando," wheezed Doña Consuelo, in accents of syrup, "it is not for you to distress yourself, only to be a little careful. You know that in this house your interests are fully protected——"

(*Continued on page 130*)

5
June Geranium Bath Soap
ELIZABETH ARDEN



BY ELIZABETH ARDEN

1. The Party Bag. The season's sensation. Contains jewelled compact and matching automatic lipstick, Blue Grass Perfume (Elizabeth Arden's newest), prystal evening comb, coin purse, mirror, and cigarette niche. The materials are velvets, brocades, satins, and silk. Appealing range of colours. £4 . 14 . 6

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"You say he was an Englishman?" interrupted Fernando, disregarding the latter part of the sentence.

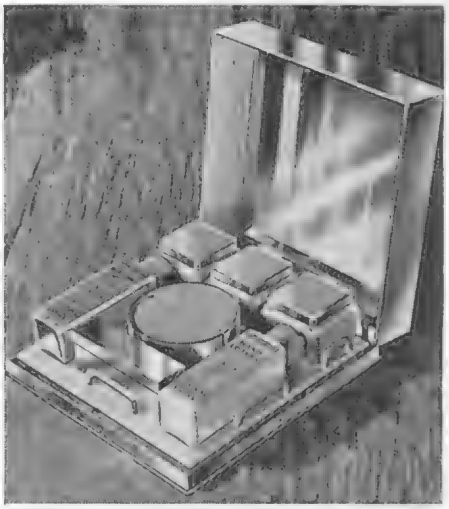
"A painter, they tell me," said Doña Consuelo, emphasising the words with a dig of her fat forefinger in Fernando's arm. English painters! They, of course, were the very worst of the breed.

"And he is still in Grana'a?" grated Fernando, falling into the local speech, as he always did when deeply moved.

"That is for you to find out, my dear—quietly, you know; with tact. One does not want all the chauffeurs and shoeblacks and postmen to go round saying you are being deceived by your wife."

Fernando saw red. So it was for this he had been easy with Anna; had sedulously remembered the disadvantages of her English upbringing; had allowed his natural suspicions as a Spaniard and a Granadino to be lulled into security by her candid expression. The scribbled sheet of paper was in his possession. So she had been writing to her lover! Fernando knew sufficient English to be aware of the innocuousness of the words, but they merely inflamed his curiosity as to the rest of the letter. Suddenly he saw the whole of Granada whispering, grimacing, mocking at him as a cuckold. With a smothered exclamation he rushed from the house.

"I don't think Fernando's very well," said Anna innocently. "He hardly ate anything at lunch; you had better see if you can get him to take a dose of his bicarbonate, Aunt Consuelo. He refused when I asked him." She rose from the table, humming lightly; she was so happy that she did not notice the glances exchanged by the others, although she distinctly heard Aunt Consuelo's snort as she went out of the room. That was nothing to take notice of. Aunt Consuelo was always bad-tempered after her lunch, when, as at all her meals, she ate gluttonously.



A BEAUTY box by Lianne Ware, of 49-51, Blandford Street, W.1, which is a decorative addition to any dressing-table, but robust enough to stand unlimited travelling. The outside is chromium plated, the inside lined silk and the stoppers enamelled in various colours. Price £3 . 3 . 0, with other designs from 15/-

Fernando had gone out; that was not surprising either. In the winter he often dispensed with the siesta; she hoped he had gone for a walk, which would do his indigestion good, but thought it more likely he had joined some of his friends in the wineshops. The family establishment in the Zacatin was, of course, closed until three, and Fernando's free time extended until four or after. He had been acting very strangely—almost unpleasantly—with her during the last few days, but she had learned, among other things, to discount the effects of bad digestion upon masculine character, and had, in fact, almost arrived at the point of marvelling that any character survives the abuse put upon it by the late nights, copious drinking and equally copious eating that form the invariable régime of the lives of Spaniards. She sometimes hoped Fernando would not get fat, like his female relatives; but consoled herself with the recollection that his father, who had presumably followed the same régime, was as thin as a lath. She rather liked old Don Manuel Moreno, the one tolerable member of the household; possibly because, with his business, his clubs and his mistress in La Zubia, he was rarely seen.

And to-day, in spite of Fernando's indigestion, she was so very happy, so excited she could hardly contain herself. In three days it would be Christmas, and she would have, if all went well, so enchanting a surprise for them all that surely, for once, they would cease to be disagreeable and would capture some of the spirit of Christmas.

It was going to be difficult, but she had laid her plans with the greatest care, and, barring accidents, all should go well. She was so gay and excited, her secret was so warm within her, that she was no more than a little surprised when, on waking the following morning, she found that Fernando was not beside her. He had made a night of it, and would turn up later, ragingly bad-tempered, sick and impossible, and would sleep like a log all day. And about six o'clock he would get up, go to the barber's, and join his friends, looking as neat, as fresh and as elegant as though he had spent a perfectly normal day!

Her prophecy was fulfilled: she was not sorry, either, that Fernando, for once, rejected her usual ministrations, said brutally that he only wanted to be left alone, and eventually went out without speaking to her. She only hoped that by to-morrow he would have recovered his temper, and be well—oh, he must be well! For if he were sick again, and stayed in all day, her plans would be ruined. To-day—to-day Frederick Ansell was arriving from England!

IT was Christmas Eve. The women of Don Fernando's family, black-garmented, black-gloved and mantillaed, were going to church. Joselito and Juanita, likewise, were accompanying their relations; they stood solemnly, holding on to the hands of Pepita, while their aunts fussed over them, tweaked Juanita's bow into a more upright position, tucked Joselito's holy medal, which he was anxious to show, inside his important-looking navy blue cape. Anna came down the stairs, clasping her rosary like the rest, the ends of her mantilla folded across her throat.

"I'm sorry—I'm afraid I can't come with you. I feel sick."

Por Dios! could it be that, in spite of the doctors, she was going to have another baby? Amid the cackle of protest Aunt Consuelo put some searching questions; Anna, red as a flame, shook her head.

"No, it's not that at all. I must just lie down a little."

"Then, surely, if it is not that, you can come to church with us? There is no reason to neglect one's duties—*ay-ay*, when I think of my rheumatism—and the pain in my kidneys——!"

Anna hastily checked the recital of Doña Consuelo's ailments by bolting back up the stairs. From the door of her room she listened with a beating heart. Would one of them insist on remaining with her? Dolores came running up the stairs; Anna had just time to throw herself on her bed before her sister-in-law came in with lively curiosity in her eye.

"What is it? Are you really going to have a baby?"

"No—no; my head's splitting," lied Anna, rolling it on the pillow. "I must have had too much of that chicken for lunch," she added, seizing upon the one excuse which she knew would be considered a reasonable one for her collapse. "I only want to be left alone for a little——"

"Then I shall tell Carmen to come up and sit with you. It's unfortunate Rosario should have gone to her grandmother's," said Dolores, with a note of suspicion in her voice.

What luck! thought Anna, as the door closed behind Dolores. Carmen was the most stupid of the servants—in fact, she was almost half-witted. It would be easy to get her out of the way.

"Carmen," she said faintly, as the girl came shambling into the room. "I think I am going to die. There is only one medicine that will make me better. It is at that last chemist's shop along the Gran Via, on the left-hand side, nearly opposite the bull-ring. For the love of Jesus, go and get me some of it." She scribbled on a piece of paper an order for a tube of aspirin, gave the girl a peseta, and as she shuffled away, knew herself, for the first time since her marriage, alone in her husband's house.

She rushed breathlessly into Fernando's study and dialled the number of the Hotel Washington. The best telephone system in Europe—strange anomaly in that land of *mañana*—connected her almost before the wheel had whirred back to its place. A few moments later she was speaking to Ansell.

"Now—please! As quickly as ever you can. They won't leave me alone for very long!"

"O.K.! By good luck there happens to be a taxi here now. I'll be there inside five minutes. How are you?"

"Fine! *Hurry!*" she implored him, as she replaced the receiver.

Her forehead was dewed with perspiration as she waited in the strangely silent patio. Even now the situation was alive with danger. Supposing one of the neighbours should see the taxi arriving? Supposing a visitor arrived just as Ansell was at the door?

(*Continued on page* 132)

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Scientific

He was almost—not quite—as good as his word; he had forgotten, he explained, the merry-go-round of the Plaza Nueva; jolly good thing he hadn't been driving himself—he'd have turned slap down the Reyes Catolicas. And, of course, there was a mule with its panniers in the way.

"You've got them?" she gasped, interrupting him. The taxi-driver was staring and grinning: she felt now that she did not care. A cold drizzling rain was falling.

"Yes—hundreds of parcels—all in here!"

"Oh, please—quickly!" she begged him. Ansell and the taximan together plunged into the interior of the cab; parcels, large and small, were piled on the marble tiles of the patio. There was one enormous one, bigger than Joselito and Juanita put together.

"I say, you can't carry these in by yourself. Let me help you."

"Oh, do take care!" she murmured, with a revival of fear. Ansell grinned broadly, plunging his hand in his pocket and over-paying the taxi-driver, who drove off with a resonant "*Buena!*"

"You bet I'll take care! I've no more taste than the average person for a stiletto sticking in my shoulders."

"Stilettos are Italian," she corrected him, scooping up an armful of parcels. "It's revolvers—nowadays—with the Spanish!"

"Good egg! Still, I don't want to end my young and promising career here," he retorted, lifting the biggest of the parcels as though it were a toy. "Lead on, señora—'and cursed be he who first shall cry——'"

"Oh, don't quote *Macbeth*!" she panted across her shoulder; they were climbing the stairs.

"Still keep to your English superstitions, do you?" he answered her lightly. "I should have thought the land of your adoption provided you with enough—or perhaps you disregard those? I say, do you know this is the first time I've ever been inside a Spanish private house?"

"They aren't very hospitable to foreigners, I'm afraid," she confessed.

"They? You still don't consider yourself a Spaniard then?"

"*No!*" she flung at him violently. "No."

"Good! I'm glad. It's awfully pretty, with all this white marble. I love whiteness. But it's cold."

"In here," she panted, thrusting open the door of her bedroom, hers and Fernando's. They dumped the parcels on the ground, and looked at each other breathlessly, and laughing. "What a to-do! I can't even begin to thank you—you'll let me know what I owe you, won't you?"

"There are a few books in there," he said, indicating one of the parcels. "The last Huxley—and some nonsense of Shaw's—and some poems. I didn't know your tastes—had to guess."

"How kind you are! And now, please, do you mind going?"

"I say, you're going to have an awful time with these, some of them—look, the big one, all nailed up. Couldn't I just break into the stuff for you?"

"Remember the revolvers!" she said, but her lips trembled.

"Sure thing, I'll remember them. I say, just in case we were interrupted, isn't there any place I could get away by other than that palatial staircase? This isn't all plain cowardice," he added. "Some of it's consideration for you."

"I know. Well, there is that way—through Fernando's bathroom, and down a little stair—but then, oh dear, I forgot! you'd have to cross the patio, unless you got out of the staircase window and across a roof—it's not very high—and slid into a sort of alley that runs behind. But it sounds so ridiculous——!"

"Good enough for me," he answered, as he bent to the parcels. "I rather think I'll choose that for my exit, anyhow; lends the last touch of colour to a pretty colourful episode. I say, this *is* fun, isn't it?"

FERNANDO MORENO climbed the stairs. In the patio behind him he had left a clutter of women, their eyes bulging, their faces streaked with pink and white, their mouths hanging open for the shrieks he fancied would not be long in coming. So they had appeared before him when, happening to come home for a letter he had forgotten, his arrival coincided with that of the taxi which, as it was raining, his womenfolk had chartered from the Angustias. It was Aunt Consuelo who clawed her way out first, across the bawling Joselito and the shrieking Juanita. Aunt Consuelo who fastened on to his arm, with her three chins wobbling and her eyes bulging with fascinated horror, while the others crowded after her, Dolores and Josefa coping with their roaring nephew and niece, Pepita thrusting herself well to the foreground, to make certain she missed nothing.

"My poor Fernando!" "Ay, the poor little Fernando! What barbarity! What dolour!"

"What the devil is the matter with you women?" roared Fernando.

"Fernando," said Aunt Consuelo solemnly, "all is over. This man—this taxi-driver—in our absence, may God forgive him, has brought to your house——"

"Is this the truth?" Flinging Aunt Consuelo aside, Fernando Moreno was facing the driver of the taxi-cab.

"*Si, señor*—yes, your Honour"—crossing the hands—"it is the truth," stammered the terrified man, who owed many fares to Fernando, and was therefore, as the latter knew, not likely to deceive him.

"Oh, the villain! Oh, the hussy! They are together now!" boomed Josefa, who had always hated Anna.

(*Continued on page 134*)

The Yardley Lavender Girl

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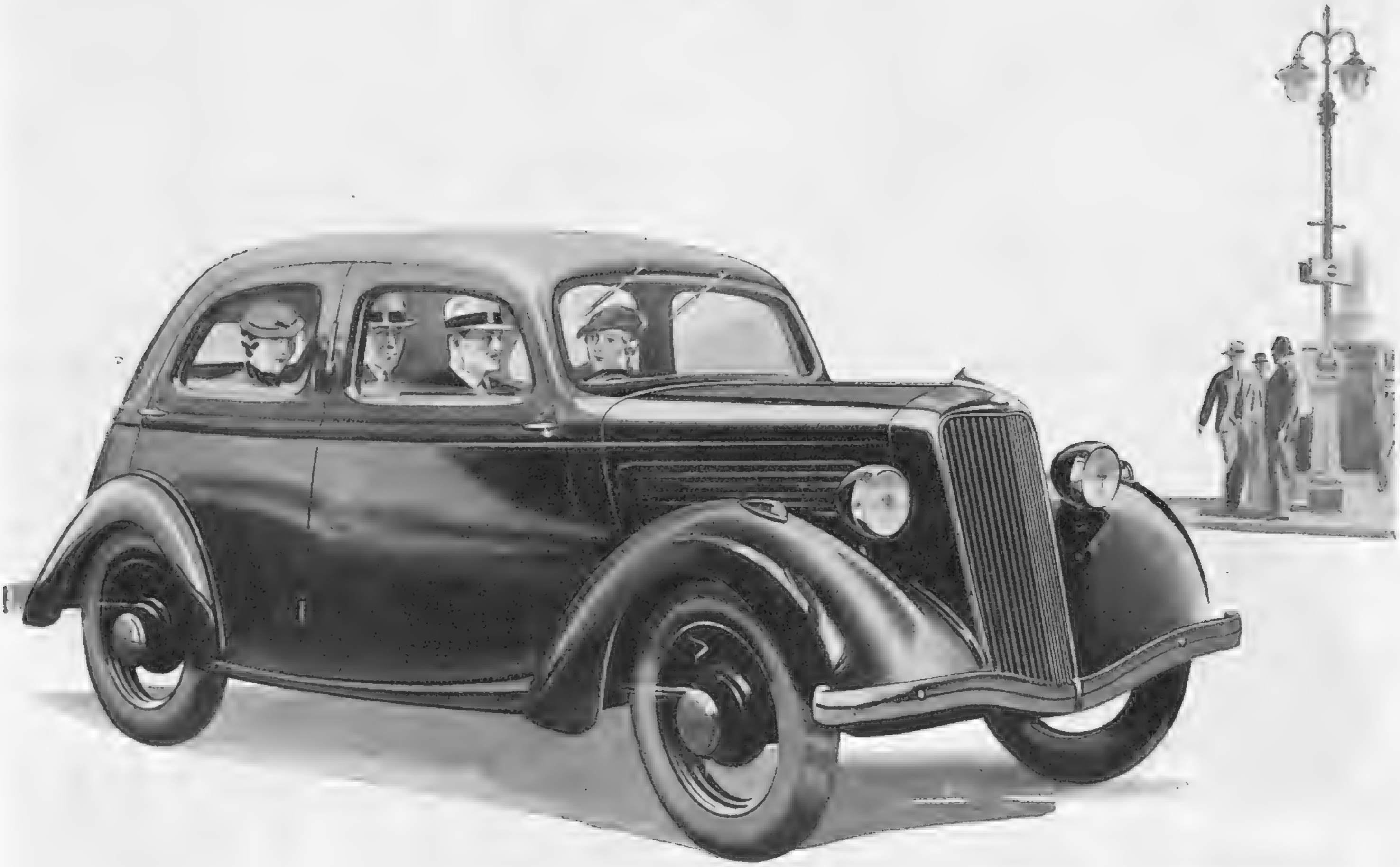

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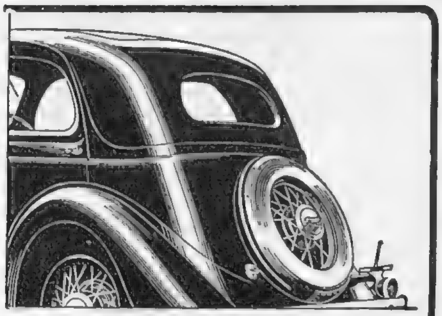

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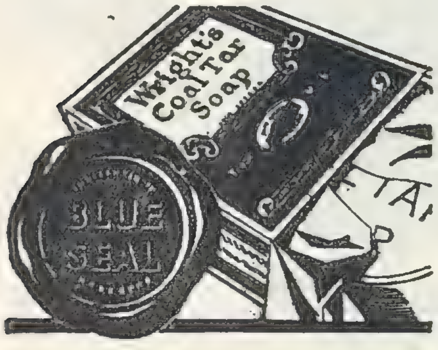

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WRIGHT'S coal tar SOAP

"Fernando, for God's sake, do nothing rash! Remember the business, remember your father!" wailed Aunt Consuelo.

"Out of my way!" was Fernando's answer, as he went towards the stairs.

"*Por Dios!*" shrieked Pepita, who had a taste for drama, "he is going to shoot her!"—and collapsed upon the tiles.

The words echoed in the burning cavern of Fernando's mind as he mounted from step to step. He remembered how his friend, also a cuckold, dealt with the situation. Yes, that was the right way, the honourable way. In the back of his belt was the revolver which most business men, since the extremist activities, have carried. As he stepped round the head of the staircase, out of sight of the women, he drew it out, shifted the safety catch. Yes, he would do it. He would make of himself a hero, instead of a poltroon, in the eyes of his fellow townsmen.

The door of his room—of their room—was closed. He turned the handle; it was locked. He knocked. He felt very cool, very certain of himself.

"You can't come in," cried Anna, in English, from within. She repeated it in Spanish.

"It is I, Fernando. Open the door."

"Oh—*Fernando!*" His lips curled at the sudden, docile change in her voice. How many times had she betrayed him with that childlike sweetness, that seeming docility? The door opened, and she stood there. Fernando started: for it was a suddenly changed Anna. Her lips were parted, like those of a little girl; her eyes shone; across her shoulder, loosened, lay the plait of her golden hair—her lovely, shameless hair! So she had been allowing her lover to play with it. He had caught her—red-handed—the false one!

His hand trembled upon the trigger, he half raised it—something clutched at his heart, he let it fall again. Her utter shamelessness! Why, she would even have put her hands about his shoulders if he had not withdrawn from her with an involuntary shudder of disgust.

"Fernando! I did not think it was you. The secret was for the others—for the children. Look!"

Following the direction of her eyes, he saw a queer, dark tree, stiff, foreign-looking, on which apparently she had been hanging small, bright-coloured things; the floor was a litter of silver and crumpled papers.

"Look, Fernando; but come in and shut the door. An English Christmas tree. I always wanted the babies to have one, with candles and presents—like we have at home: I mean in England," she corrected herself. "Don't you think it is pretty, Fernando *mio*?"

"Where did you get these things?" he demanded, playing for time; for how could he shoot her, with her body pressed against his right arm?

"I sent for them, from England," she told him. "Someone brought them over for me."

"Someone! What else—what other presents did your lover bring you?" he shot at her violently.

Her eyes met his incredulously. Then she gave a little smile, shrugged her shoulders, and looked helplessly at the litter on the floor. By the merest chance her eye fell upon a sheet of paper she had not noticed before. Bending swiftly, she held it out to him.

"Do Spanish lovers send their mistresses the bill when they give them presents?" she asked simply. Then, suddenly, she saw what was in his right hand. "*Fernando!*" she breathed.

"Yes," he said heavily, feeling the life draining out of him. "I was going to shoot you."

"But—I don't understand——"

"Tell me about it," he said, and went to sit down on a chair.

"Only if you put that horrible, horrible thing out of your hand."

"There; it is done. Put me out of my agony."

She told him, very quickly, the history of her two meetings with Frederick Ansell.

"But do you mean to say this man is not in love with you?" he wondered, thinking that no Spaniard he had ever heard of would take so much trouble for a woman, save one he hoped to make his mistress.

"How could he be? We do not know anything of one another. It is only you, Fernando *mio*, who imagine that every man who looks at me wants to make love to me. He has just got married; his wife has come back with him, and they are staying at the Washington."

"If you wanted these things, why did you not ask me for them?" he said, more gently.

"You would not have known what I meant; and, look, even in the Zacatin one cannot buy these dear little glass boats, and these tinsel birds, and these coloured balls. They do not sell such things in Granada. And see these little packages done up in coloured paper; they have presents in them—not only for the babies, but for you all; see, that one is for you, but you must not know what is in it, not till Christmas Day. You know, Fernando, I could not tell your sisters, because they do not know what it is to keep their mouths shut, and I so wanted to surprise you all, and make you a little party that should be quite, quite my own."

"*Que gracia tiene!*" he muttered, as his lips, half timidly, half tenderly, found the soft parting of her hair.

She wondered if it would be wise to speak to him of her loneliness, of the tedium of her hours in the house, of the things she had heard about his life outside the casa; but wisdom closed her lips. She had married a Spaniard; nothing could change her lot.

"Fernando!" Aunt Consuelo was quavering from the stairs. "The chauffeur——"

"Tell him I am coming down to shoot him!" roared Fernando; and Aunt Consuelo's shriek was drowned in his peal of laughter, in which, to the astonishment and dismay of the listening women, Anna's joined.

End

Off the Record

(*Continued from page 21*)

old man if that was the place from whence Lord Beaverbrook came, and when told that indeed it was, he asked if Lord Beaverbrook often visited it, and the old man exclaimed: "He'll never take that chance." Now, one wonders at the taste of telling such a story, but, as the President would say, it was "off the record."

I first met "Silent Cal" Coolidge at one of his Press conferences in the White House. Unlike President Roosevelt, President Coolidge would never answer an oral question, and they all had to be written down and submitted. At the moment of this particular meeting M. Joseph Caillaux was in Washington at the head of a debt funding mission, and the journalists, and, indeed, the whole of the U.S.A., wanted to know what the President thought of the chances of the French debt being settled. The silent little dry stick of a man stood there shuffling the pile of written questions like a man shuffling a deck of cards, then he looked at the first one, and in his nasal New England drawl he said: "With reference to the question concerning a new open-air bathing pool, I think . . . ."

A few days later Mr. Coolidge did me the honour of according me a private audience. Mr. Coolidge and I sat and looked at eath other for many minutes. Then he asked me how I liked the autumn foliage in Washington, and I told him, and then he asked me how long I was going to stay, and I told him; and then there was another long, long silence, and then "Silent Cal" said, "Waal, good-bye to you," and there was nothing "off the record" there.

But ex-President Hoover, during that same visit to Washington, was Secretary of Commerce, and did he talk? But it was a private talk, and nothing at all could be published at that time. It was the moment when Great Britain and the United States were quarrelling about rubber. Mr. Hoover sat in his shirt sleeves, prising open a box of cigars; he was as optimistic and as confident of the future of the U.S.A. as any man could be. He was rightly proud of prosperity, but he wanted Great Britain to share in it. He said to me—"off the record": "Don't run away with the idea that we want to see the British Empire ruined; we do not. The British Empire, and the prosperity of the British Empire, is as necessary to us as we and our prosperity are necessary to your people."

I saw Mr. Hoover several times when he was President. The first time was during the famous Rapidan talk with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. Mr. Hoover, big burly man, was still optimistic; prosperity was not just around the corner, it was right there. Then I saw him again, and for the last time but one. The U.S.A. was in the deep slough of depression; the Republicans were defeated, and Mr. Herbert C. Hoover was mud in the eyes of America. He was the picture of the real American tragedy. His eyes bloodshot; his hair had turned from grey to white; his flesh hung like the clothes of a fat man on a thin one. Optimism had vanished like the air out of a punctured toy balloon.

Then I saw him again, for the last time. Washington was cheering the New Deal; Roosevelt had been inaugurated President. I went down to the station to see Mr. and Mrs. Hoover depart for New York. It was a rainy evening, and only a few people

(*Continued on page 137*)

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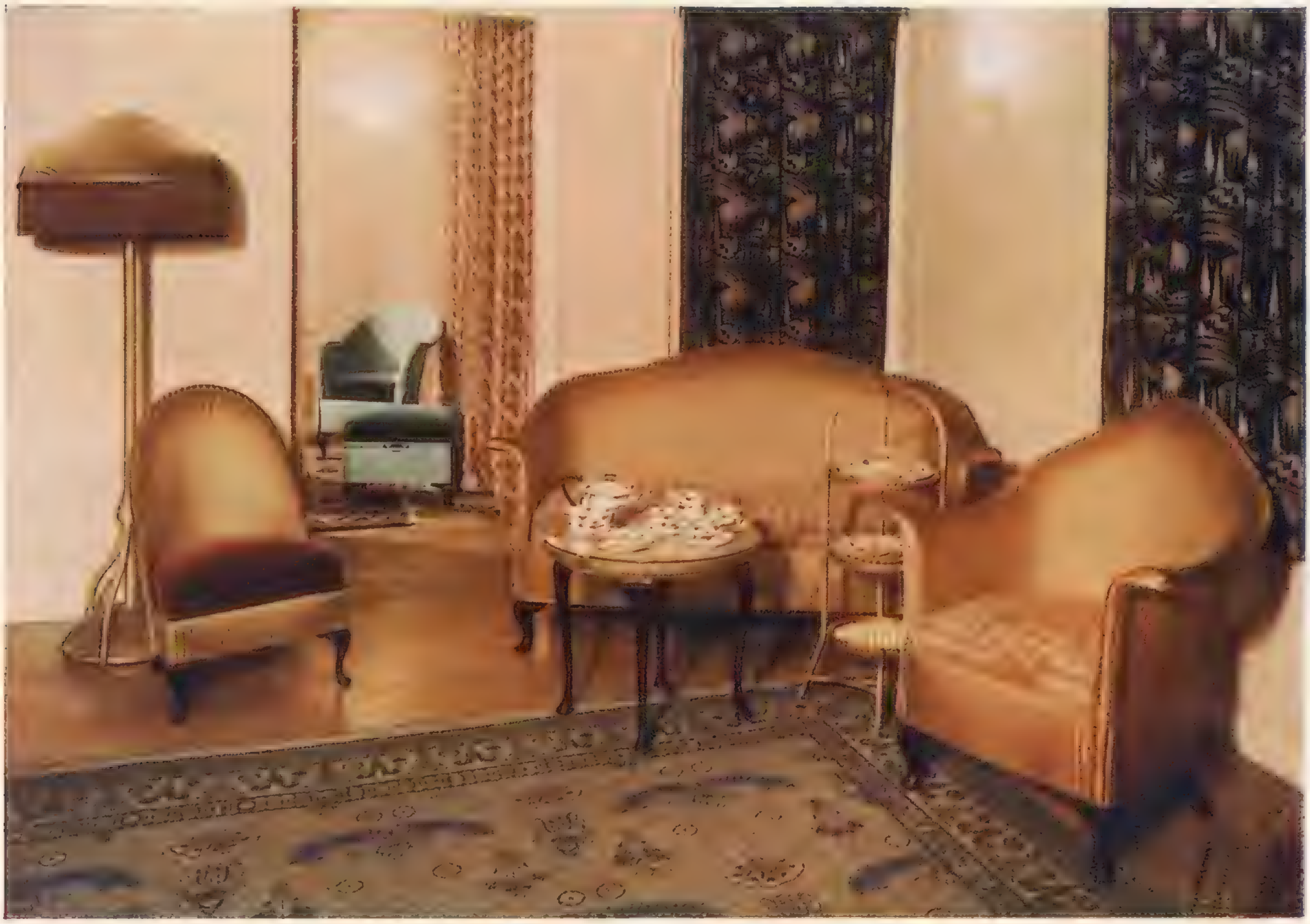

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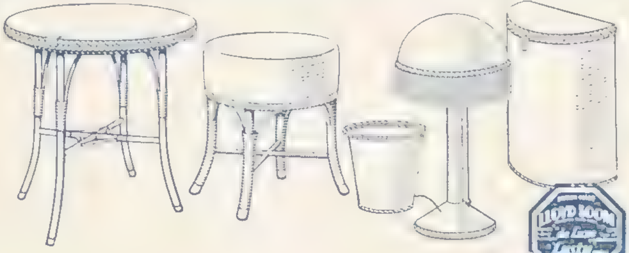

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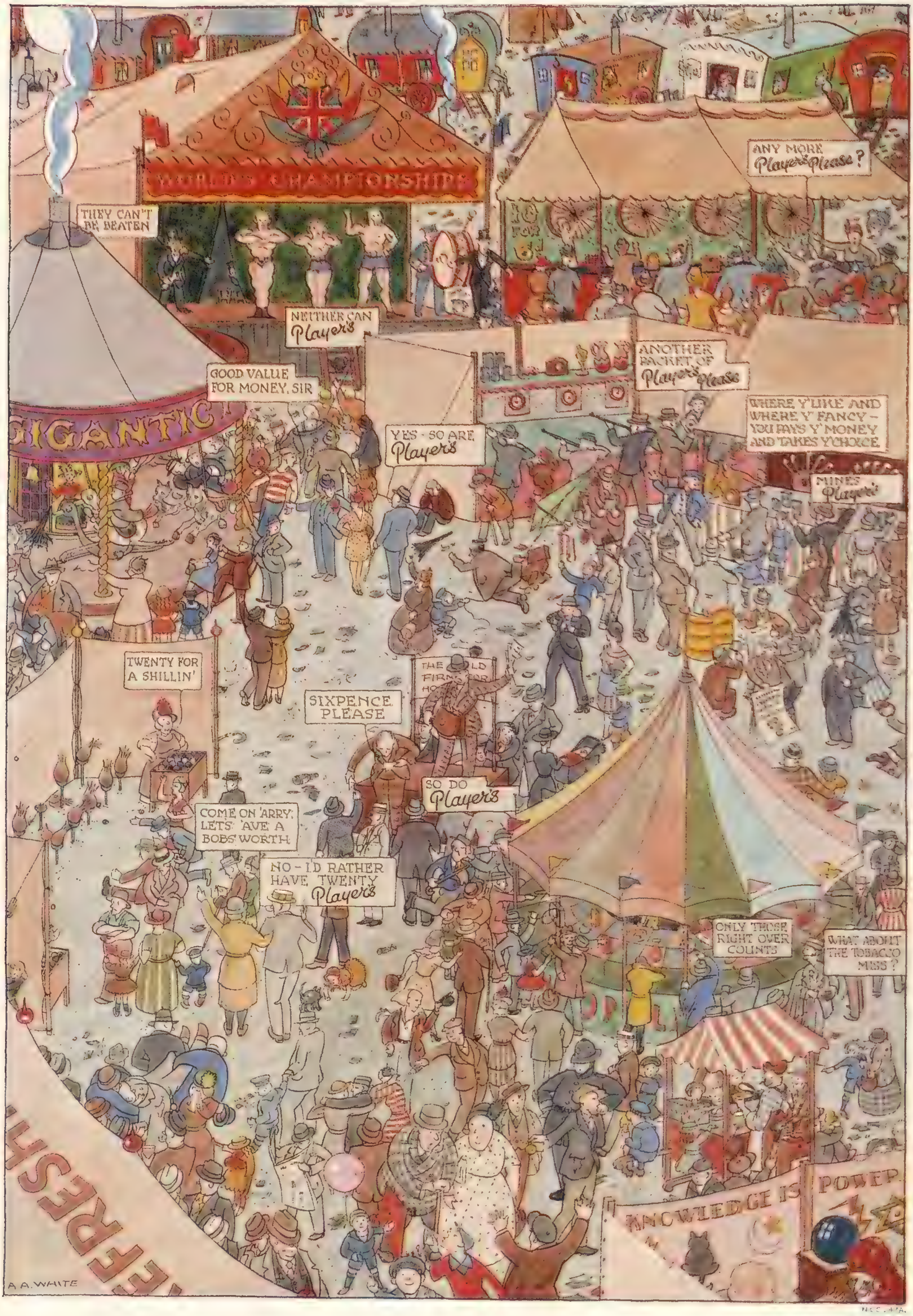

WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIPS
THEY CAN'T BE BEATEN
NEITHER CAN Player's
ANY MORE Player's Please?
GOOD VALUE FOR MONEY, SIR
ANOTHER PACKET OF Player's Please
GIGANTIC
YES - SO ARE Player's
WHERE Y'LIKE AND WHERE Y' FANCY - YOU PAYS Y' MONEY AND TAKES Y'CHOICE
MINES Player's
TWENTY FOR A SHILLIN'
THE LD FIRM FOR HO
SIXPENCE PLEASE
SO DO Player's
COME ON 'ARRY, LETS 'AVE A BOBS' WORTH
NO - I'D RATHER HAVE TWENTY Player's
ONLY THOSE RIGHT OVER COUNTS
WHAT ABOUT THE TOBACCO MISS?
KNOWLEDGE IS POWER
EFRESH
A. A. WHITE

were present. The Hoovers stood on the rear platform of their car as the train drew out. They passed beneath a sizzling arc lamp, and I saw tears running down the haggard, drawn face of ex-President Hoover.

The late Admiral Sir Percy Scott, brother of the comedian Malcolm Scott, placed me once in a curious situation. Hero of the early days of the Boer War, when he and his tars took their guns from H.M.S. Powerful to the relief of Ladysmith, the Admiral, when Zeppelins were expected over Britain, was placed in charge of the anti-aircraft defences of London. The Admiral came to Paris to see what the French were doing about air defences. It so happened that I was in the Admiral's bedroom very soon after his arrival. Now he had had no occasion yet to see or hear anything about the Paris defences, and Heaven knows they were poor enough, but the Admiral asked me to send a dispatch to my newspaper saying that the Paris defences were fine; his reason being that "it will cheer them up at home." Needless, I trust, to state that the dispatch was never sent.

I find in my notebook that I interviewed another famous sailor about the same time, also in Paris. It was the late Lord Charles Beresford, of whom Mr. Winston Churchill once said: "He talks politics on the quarter-deck, and naval affairs in the House of Commons."

I apologised to Lord Charles for bothering him for an interview as soon as he arrived. "That's all right, my boy," said the sailor; "if you were an American reporter you would be cutting buttons off my tunic for souvenirs by now." Then I asked Lord Charles what he thought of the Italians, who were just coming into the War; "Sixty thousand Piedmontese, my boy, the finest troops in the world; the rest, bloody organ-grinders."

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is not beloved of reporters; he—very likely, quite rightly—dislikes journalists and despises newspapers. I must say that even when a guest of newspapermen, on occasions at the Press Club, a lunch given by the Anglo-American journalists during the Lausanne Conference, and another time in Geneva, he never hesitated to tell his hosts just what he thought of them. And, what reporters particularly resent, Mr. MacDonald, having spoken, repudiates the written word. When Mr. MacDonald was Socialist Premier for the first time, he went to Geneva to meet M. Herriot, to make known to the world the abortive Pact of Geneva. Lady Drummond Hay and myself travelled especially to interview him. Mr. Roland Oliver, then the Premier's Secretary, arranged that we should jointly see Mr. MacDonald on the train between Calais and Paris. We did, and how he talked—my, how he talked! Even now, after all these years, I would hate to publish some of the things he said, especially about the French Debt; but Lady Drummond Hay and I wrote a joint interview, ourselves deleting what we judged should be "off the record." Our interview was published. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald reached Geneva, received the newspapermen, and denied he ever gave us an interview. During the Rapidan meeting, to which I have already referred, Mr. MacDonald received the British journalists in the Embassy. Sir John Foster Fraser asked Mr. MacDonald if he had discussed the British Debt with Mr. Hoover. "Yes," replied Mr. MacDonald, "but in view of that stupid Balfour Note any reduction of our debt to America would have to be handed on to our Allies."

When Mr. MacDonald returned to the House of Commons he was asked whether he had discussed the British Debt during his visit to Washington. "No, sir," answered Mr. MacDonald.

In the years immediately after the war it was not so very difficult to obtain interviews with crowned heads, and once during the war, when I was in Spain, not entirely on newspaper business, I had an interview with ex-King Alfonso. At that time, 1917, no King of Spain had ever been interviewed, and my interview had to be "okayed," as we say to-day, by the Spanish Cabinet.

I was not sartorially prepared for a Royal audience, and so had to go to the Palace in borrowed plumes, including the striped cashmere trousers of an Australian gentleman, who shortly afterwards was arrested and convicted, and found to be a notorious confidence-trickster.

An attaché of the British Embassy, feeling in his bones that a newspaperman would not know how to behave in the presence of royalty, rang me up a few minutes before I was starting off for the Palace to warn me that when I was presented I must be sure to kiss King Alfonso's hand. The King was wearing a smart brown lounge suit, and looked very much in mufti. He received me at the doorway of his study, and held out his hand, which I tried to kiss, and which he tried to prevent me kissing. He won.

Then he made me sit on a sofa and sat down beside me and for an hour and a half I interviewed him. Then he said: "Mr. Greenwall, you've interviewed me, and now I'm going to interview you."

"What can I tell you, sir?" I said.

King Alfonso then asked me if it were true that a certain European king had been recently hooted by his subjects. I said I had not heard of the matter, and the King then repeated to me what the crowd was supposed to have shouted. I said I would make enquiries at the Embassy of the country in question, and would let him know. I did let him know through his secretary.

Some years passed, and I was in Madrid when King Alfonso, a very human king, had to leave suddenly. More years passed, and boarding the cross-Channel steamer at Folkestone one morning, I found the ex-King standing at the foot of the gangway. He nodded and smiled. Then I went below to lunch. Presently the ex-King and his aide came and sat at an adjacent table, the dining-room being practically empty. The ex-King (and how I hate to call him that!) chatted with me; and then I came out boldly with a question: What was the truth of all the stories about his great wealth—or, according to other stories, his lack of wealth. Smiling, but with a wry smile, the ex-King said: "Well, Greenwall, if you said my face was my fortune, you wouldn't find me rich, would you?" Indeed, he and his family are far from being rich.

When the late King Albert of Belgium died so tragically, I was in Kobe, and when the news came through I saw in my mind's eye the King receiving me at his summer palace near Brussels. He stood throughout the interview by the corner of a table; he was wearing uniform, and I, I am ashamed to say, was once again guilty of being unprepared for a Royal audience, and the top hat I carried in my hand belonged to the *concierge* of the Palace Hotel; somebody had given it him; and my trousers belonged this time to an eminently respectable American who was secretary to the Atlantic Conference. John Gurney, then *chargé d'affaires* at the British Legation, accompanied me at my request during the audience, and while I was withdrawing from the Royal presence, Gurney was muttering: "Go out backwards, Greenwall, go out backwards." I wanted to turn and say: "Damn it all, man, I *am* going backwards."

Queen Marie of Rumania, the most beautiful and glamorous queen fortunate newspapermen have ever met, is not only a "thing of beauty," but she is a joy just as long as she is making wise and pungent remarks about nothing in particular and the world in general.

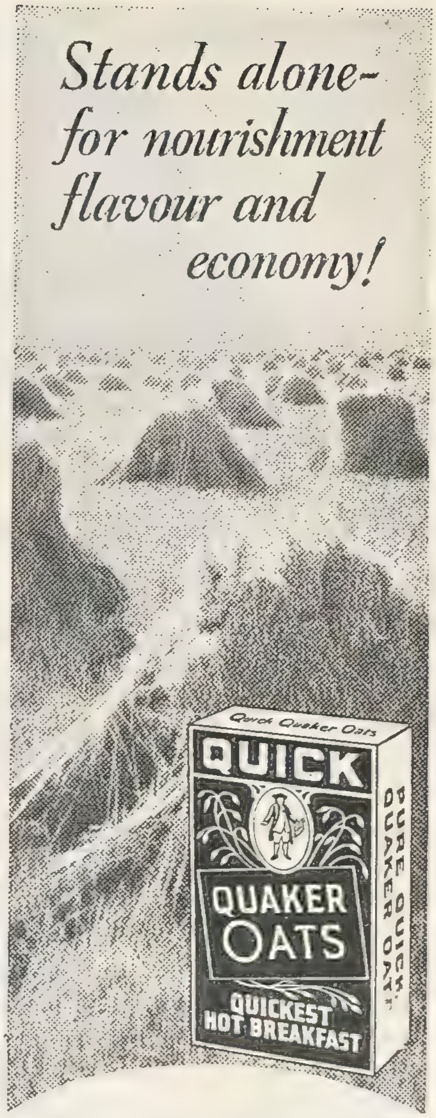
Mussolini was bombarding Corfu, and I was hastening to Athens; Queen Marie was leaving Paris for Belgrade to visit her daughter, the Queen of Yugo-Slavia, who had just had her first baby. Queen Marie's coach happened to be attached to the train by which I was travelling, and in the morning I sent in a note requesting an audience. A lady-in-waiting came to my sleeper and said Her Majesty would receive me after the train had left Venice.

Queen Marie was wearing a cerise-coloured *peignoir*. We talked about the bombardment of Corfu, and the Queen said that this was the time for the League Council (then in session) to do something, if ever it was going to do anything, and then I happened to say I was going to Athens, and Queen Marie told me she had had no news of her daughter (the Queen of Greece) and her son-in-law since six weeks, and the Queen asked me if I thought I could get a letter from her into the Palace. "Those two poor young things," sighed the Queen, "they've been having a hell of a time."

Queen Marie sent me the letter, and by devious routes I sent a message to King George, and when I was alone with him for a few moments I slipped the letter into his hand. He asked me, should I be going to Belgrade, to take a verbal reply to his mother-in-law, and to tell her that although he and the Queen were virtually prisoners, they were in good health. Then the King, rather pathetically, asked me to tell him news of Corfu. "They won't let me know anything," he complained.

I went to Belgrade, and had a message conveyed to Queen Marie, who sent me a message asking me to call at the Palace at six in the evening. Her Majesty apologised for receiving me in her bedroom. She had her beautiful hair down, and she was lying on a divan, wearing (yes, ladies) the same cerise-coloured *peignoir*.

We talked politics, and the Queen related the following story: "Once we had a politician who was in opposition, and he had a lady friend who lived on the outskirts of Bucarest, and every time the politician went to visit her he used to complain of the bad roads, and say how neglectful the Government was. Time passed, and the Government fell, and the Opposition came in, and the politician became a member of the Cabinet, and he still used to drive out and visit his lady friend. One day she said: 'When are you going to have the (*Continued on page* 138)



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roads mended?' And he answered: 'Why, what's the matter with them?'"

Then I asked her what had become of an American I had met during the war, a Colonel Doyle, who had gone to Rumania as an adviser. "Ah, the dear Colonel," said the Queen. "Did you ever meet our Professor Jorga? Well, one day I introduced the Professor to the Colonel, and when the Professor had left us I asked the Colonel what he thought of the Professor.

"'All head and no stomach, mam,' said the Colonel."

The late King Constantine I interviewed in Lucerne when he was in exile, and again when he was recalled to Greece. His plaintive query—"off the record"—was: "Why do your newspapers call me Tino?"

Naturally, one's adventures in interviewing bring one into touch with all sorts of people. Tcherine, when Commissar of Foreign Affairs, gave me an appointment at midnight in the Moscow Foreign Office, and actually received me at one in the morning. After telling me not to take notes—a thing I never do until immediately after the interview, he began to push paper and pencil towards me, because he saw I *wasn't* taking notes.

I haven't space to say much about Mrs. Gandhi sitting on the balcony of a flat in which she was hiding at Malabar, a suburb of Bombay, and trying to think up atrocities by the British Raj, but I would like you to catch a glimpse of Clemenceau in his little kitchen of his little Passy flat giving an imitation of how he nearly came to blows with Lloyd George, and how President Wilson separated them. Then there is the late M. Briand at lunch, making brilliant epigrams, and then falling sound asleep, at a time when insomnia prevented him sleeping at night.

Then we have the late Lord French, like Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, giving a sensational interview in the Vice-regal Lodge in Dublin, and contradicting it when he saw it in print. Lord Willingdon in Delhi, suave, charming and delightful, so determined not to be interviewed, and so discreetly indiscreet that I will not repeat his words—even "off the record."

Lord Beaverbrook sitting up in bed and discussing Sir Oswald Mosley. The Black Shirt leader, after having threatened to "hang the newspaper barons," found temporary support in the *Daily Mail*, and partly recanted, saying he would "hang Max and put Esmond in the Government."

Then Lord Northcliffe, after an exceedingly rough Channel crossing just after the war, telling me that "Jews, Japs and Germans should all be treated alike."

All the world is potential front page news, and all the people potential news items, but the more noteworthy they are, the easier they are to interview. It is the unimportant people who are always begging that their unknown names should never get into the newspapers.

They are like what the New York press photographers call people who are always trying to thrust themselves in front of a camera—"lens lice." But that is an entirely different story

END

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Royal Romances

(*Continued from page* 15)

young English queen and the Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha was eminently desirable. But the human factor intruded. The queen was high-spirited and fun-loving, and she had a will; the Prince was serious, shy, and he also had a will. A delicate business. Negotiations at last reached a stage where the Prince could with propriety visit Windsor. The statesmen held their breath, while the chancelleries wondered and wagered.

The nervous, twenty-year-old queen wore a bracelet with the Prince's portrait secretly inset. "It seemed to give me courage," she noted in her diary. If the Prince knew of this, he gave no sign; and after he had been at the castle some days, and had made none of the advances an attractive young woman, who had reason to believe that he returned her own feelings (for they had met once before, and she had found him very pleasing), she summoned him to her private apartments in the huge old castle.

She received him in her own room, overlooking the East Terrace. We have her record of how she greeted the handsome young man who was to figure in the genealogical tables as King Edward VII's father and King George V's grandfather. "I told him that he must be aware why I wanted him to come, and that it would make me too happy if he would consent to marry me." The Prince accepted the Queen's proposal "with the greatest demonstration of kindness and affection."

Next day the queen summoned her Privy Council. They assembled, eighty-three strong. She told them that she and Prince Albert were going to be married. And married they duly were the next year, at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. Then they drove down to the old castle by Thames-side for their honeymoon. "I and Albert, alone," noted the Queen in her diary. A laconic entry, but eloquent.

There were clashes of wills; quarrels and reconciliations; storms, tears, and smiles. They were deeply happy, as only two well-mated human beings can be. And when her Consort died, twenty years later, the Queen was so heartbroken that she locked herself up with her grief, dedicated herself to her lost husband's memory so completely that the nation became angry at last, and there were rebellious mutterings all over the land, while a republican movement arose and fed on the aloofness of the sovereign. It was years before the Queen began to show herself again; and longer still before she re-won the affection of a jealous nation.

IN the post-war era there is another royal romance which has the Victoria-Albert touch about it. . . . The Fates began to weave the web of that love story while war raged in Europe. Nobody knew how the war would end, or what would follow anyway. Pending knowledge, the Belgian King sent his fourteen-year-old heir over to England, to Eton, to gain his "boats," learn English, and develop character in the Anglo-Saxon way. At the same time the Swedish queen, perceiving how insecure had become the future of all royal houses, was bringing up her daughters to earn their own living, if that ever became necessary. Princess Astrid learnt to cook, keep house, and sew. She attended a school of domestic science, took her turn with the rest at washing floors and dishes. She took the full four-months probationer's course in a hospital. She learnt how to make her own clothes, and launder them too. But the wise mother, aware that there are other things in life besides "hausfrauing," had coaches along to teach her girls to skate, ski, ride, dance. The gay, gold-haired Astrid was kept very busy.

The war over, and Belgium's king restored to his kingdom, Leopold left the refuge of the British island and set about learning king-craft in the modern manner. He travelled through the kingdom's overseas colonies, went down coal mines and into iron foundries, served with the army. He met princesses who eyed him sidelong; for he was handsome and a fine figure of a young man. Thrice he was reported engaged. That was one up on Astrid, who was also meeting eligible young men, but had so far been reported engaged only twice.

But neither was urged by parents or premiers to choose in any particular direction; and when at last they met, both were free. It was the Belgian Queen who arranged the meeting. She had gone to Copenhagen with the Crown Prince on a State visit; but, instead of returning home, she went on across to Stockholm on a private visit. Maybe she had an idea that Leopold would find a girl to his taste in the northern kingdom. It was a good guess.

Leopold had not long left Stockholm before he was back again, unofficially and incognito. He motored in to avoid recognition at the railway station. In the woods, over the snows, and in the unpretentious palaces and playgrounds of the Bernadotte kings,

(*Continued on page* 140)

See that dull Dimsheen?

it S-T-R-E-T-C-H-E-S

it CLINGS

Cure yourself, damsel, of thinking there's any other stocking like Aristoc "Dimsheen". This Dimsheen s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s. This Dimsheen *clings*. These Dimsheens fit as no stockings ever fitted you before. Misty, they look. Flattering films of gauze. Made of pure silk, in a way that's an Aristoc secret. You'll like their special low-spliced sandal foot. See Dimsheen at your nearest stocking counter. In every Aristoc shade.

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the wooing game was played out; and one may surmise, from the ardent way in which the Prince greeted his bride at the top of the gangplank of the cruiser which brought her to him up the Scheldt from Stockholm, that when she said "Yes" they were both very joyful, and that the occasion was celebrated with something more than a kissed hand.

A civil wedding in Stockholm, a religious ceremony with all the State trappings in Brussels cathedral, and they settled down to the adventure of marriage. It has lasted eight years now, and turned out to be a romantic adventure. They are happy. They suit each other. The young Queen has enchanted everybody. She has also done her duty nobly. First, she presented her husband with a daughter; then, welcomed with cheers, the explosion of guns, the tolling of bells, came the son and heir. King Albert fell to his death from a peak. Leopold became Europe's youngest king. New responsibilities devolved upon Astrid, his queen. The shadow of the hero-king's death was still heavy over Belgium when the new queen reminded them that life is always replacing the gaps made by death—she presented her husband and the bereaved kingdom with a new son.

IF the old Hanoverian decree held about British royal princes marrying only females of royal rank, the Duke of York would to-day probably be a bachelor, and the woman of his heart would be another man's wife. But the Great War smashed that obsolete law; and glad indeed was the Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon to recall the fact when she walked down paths lined with tall, clipped yew hedges, over shaven lawns, past flower beds glowing with the colours of high summer, to "the wood," that space of pools, trees, moss and wild flowers which had been her favourite retreat from childhood up. She had much to muse about, this twenty-two-years-old Scots girl, whom the pool mirrors reflected back as a dark-haired beauty with astonishingly large blue eyes; a girl with something elfin in her, and yet sturdy, with the strength and frankness of the country born and bred.

The King's second son had been paying her marked attention. He was asking her to dance very often. His visits to this old Hertfordshire place, to Glamis too, were obviously motivated by the desire to see her. She now knew that he was in love with her; and she had to ask her head as well as her heart what her answer was to be, if, and when....

After all, marriage to a member of the Royal Family was not merely a thing of high romance. If she married the Duke she must give up much and enter upon a life of public duty. She would lose the right to privacy which every person cherishes. There would be official journeys, speeches, ceremonies. She would be under the eye of crowds—and her life hitherto had been sheltered. She would be exposed to criticism if she failed to impress the public favourably in her role of the Duke's wife. Her children would be in direct succession to the Throne, and that was something else to make one thoughtful. Compared to her problem, the Duke's was relatively easy. She was an earl's daughter. His path to her was open; and he would take it; she was sure of that now; and she would be compelled to give an answer upon which much more than her own future life would turn.

The flower-beds at St. Paul's Waldenbury were in their winter sleep when she walked down the yew-lined paths again, over the shaven lawns, to "the wood"; and this time she was not alone. A young man walked beside her. They were the only

(*Continued on page* 142)

The Milky Way to Beauty

MILK has always been recognised as a great aid to beauty, and in our grandmothers' days to bathe the face and even, for those who could afford such luxury, to take an entire bath in milk was a common practice among those who took a real interest in the care of their skin.

A milk bath in convenient form is now offered by John Dew, for the milk soap which they manufacture contains all the cleansing, nourishing and emollient properties of milk in its natural form. This soap contains no free alkali or other injurious elements and is clarified in manufacture until every trace of impurity has been eliminated.

It is particularly suited to dry skins and to hard water, for it lathers freely and leaves the skin smooth, soft and supple without that tightly drawn feeling which so often results after the use of a soap not suited to the hard water which is the rule rather than the exception in most districts, both urban and rural, in our country.

An unsolicited testimonial was recently given to John Dew when various soaps were tried out in water from Lake Michigan, which is notoriously hard. Their soap, they were told, produced a lather 25 per cent. better than that of any of the other soaps subjected to this test.

The soap is 1s. per tablet and is packed in neat boxes containing three tablets for 3s. Entirely of British manufacture and with its headquarters in Bond Street, it is widely distributed and has a world-wide reputation.

Other aids to beauty and toilet from the same source and of the same unimpeachable quality are Cleansing Cold Cream, Foundation Cream, Skin Food, Lemon Cleansing Cream and Pore Cream in jars at 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. Hair Setting Lotion and Milk Complexion Lotion at 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per bottle, and, for men, Shaving Sticks in a neat bakelite holder at 1s. 6d., with refills at 1s., Shaving Cream at 7½d. and 1s. 6d., solid and liquid Brilliantine at 1s. 6d., and Violet Oil at 2s. 6d.

M. F.

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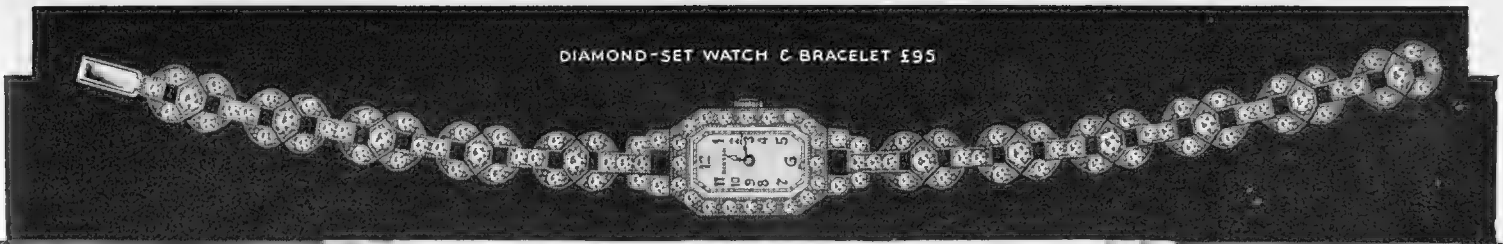

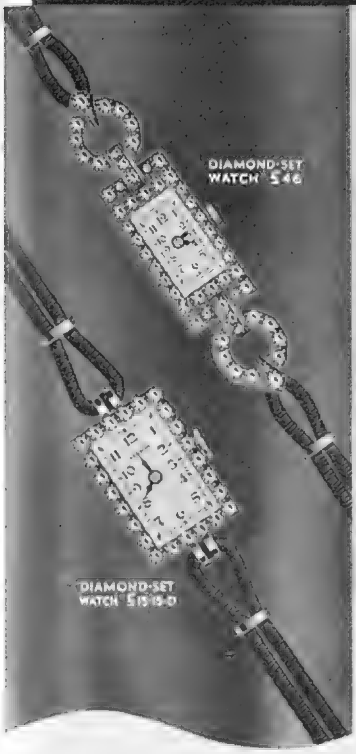

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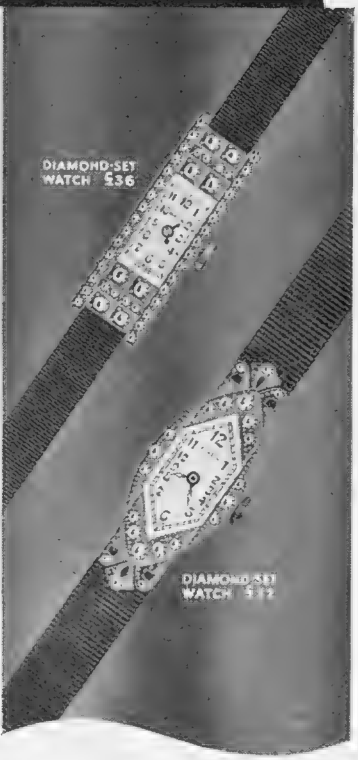

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"My dear Stella, your skin has improved . . . !"

'Do tell me what you've been using!' said Sylvia.

Stella laughed. 'I hate to confess it,' she said, 'but beyond a little powder and lipstick—practically nothing!'

'But this is a miracle!' said Sylvia. 'Why, I used to *pity* your wretched complexion, and here you are with your face as fresh as a milkmaid's—looking as if you had special beauty treatment every day!'

'So I do, in a way,' said Stella. 'Though I expect you'll be surprised when you hear what it is. My doctor's responsible. He told me my blood was in a very bad state. Said I was neglecting my system and advised Eno every morning.'

Now this was a new idea to Sylvia, as perhaps it is to you. For, you see, the majority of us only think about beautifying our complexions from the *outside*.

What we do not realise is that our spots and blemishes come generally from impurities *within*. And the quickest way to get rid of them is to take Eno every morning.

Eno cleanses the whole system, thoroughly washing away the poisons which are causing the harm. The skin, nourished by pure blood, regains its clear, rosy colour. Your whole being feels refreshed and renewed.

And how much better to keep lovely by the healthy Eno way—than to try to hide or patch up defects from the outside! Give yourself real beauty treatment. Take a sparkling glass of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' every morning. Its action is perfectly gentle and natural. It forms no habit. It will do you endless good. And as for your skin! Why, it will be like cream and roses — the typical complexion of a fit, attractive Miss Can.

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

(Get a bottle to-day. Eno costs 1/6 or (double quantity) 2/6. The words Eno and 'Fruit Salt' are registered trade marks.)

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Make your
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a box of
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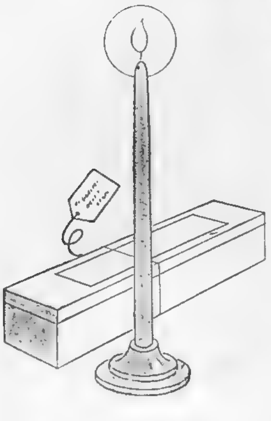

For little extra cost you can give a wealth of pleasure and charm — and your friends will thank you for the introduction to a fascinating form of decoration. The gay colours are long-lived and will, by day and night, pleasantly recall the giver.

If you yourself have decked your home with graceful, colourful NELL GWYNN Candles and have enjoyed the fascination of an intimate dinner by NELL GWYNN candlelight, you will know that here is a delight which your friends must share.

★ ★ ☆ A box of two 8-inch NELL GWYNN Candles in any of the 36 colours costs only 1/-, and forms a perfect gift.

Larger gift boxes of NELL GWYNN Candles, complete with charming holders in flowered china and self-coloured wax, are also obtainable from leading Stores, Stationers and Chemists. Prices from 2/6. Write to Dept. 5c Messrs. J. C. & J. Field Ltd., London, S.E. 1, for a free and beautifully illustrated book on the many applications of NELL GWYNN Candles in the home.

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CANDLES
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Don't let pain spoil your
Christmas Enjoyment

In the excitement of Christmas preparations many things conspire to make you nervy and irritable, and to bring on Headaches or Neuralgia. But Genasprin will soothe your nerves, banish all pains, and make you fresh to enjoy all the festivities.

And if you are over-tired by bed-time, Genasprin will give you sound, restful sleep. You will wake up refreshed . . . . and the dose will not have harmed your heart or upset your digestion. *Of all Chemists — price 2/- per bottle of 35 tablets.*

TAKE
Genasprin
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two of the house party who had not gone to the village church that morning. It was clear, bright, cold, a day for great decisions. In Lady Elizabeth's "wood" the decisions were taken; and when the churchgoers got back they knew why those two had not been willing to accompany them that morning. The Duke of York had asked the daughter of the Strathmores to be his wife, and she had consented.

Historians noted solemnly that it was the first time in two and a half centuries that a prince in direct succession to the throne had received the King's consent to his marriage with a subject. But friends of the two, and ordinary folk, were only interested in a romance which rang as true as the love story of everyday young men and women. "I feel happy, but dazed," wrote the future Duchess of York to a friend; and one of her intimates said: "I dare say she was very much afraid of the position, but she found that she could not just do without him."

On a spring day the smiling Scots girl walked up the aisle at Westminster Abbey and stood beside her Prince at the altar steps. That was eleven years ago. But the romance did not end there; it never ends with those love stories whose telling closes on the line: ". . . so they were married and lived happily ever after."

Since the episode of the eighteenth-century royal dukes aforementioned, there have been no mésalliances in the British Royal Family. European royalties, however, have peeped over the wall with some frequency. One would never be done if one started to list the romances that began thus to bud, but were nipped by royalty's canons or self-sacrificial second thoughts; and those which blossomed, only to die in the frost of parental disapproval or adamant State law. But sometimes the call of the heart has been insistent, would not be denied; and then there has been a clean jump over the wall. The Prince of the Asturias, heir to the long line of Bourbon kings whom Louis XIV established on the throne of Spain, heir also to such high titles as Lord of Biscay, Archduke of Austria, Duke of Burgundy, Count of Hapsburg, "King of the East and West Indies," and many more, is a case in point.

He had never felt at home in the family palaces in Madrid and Santander, the royal playgrounds at Malaga and in the Gredos mountains. He had never been really close to his virile and dashing father, or able to keep up with that Douglas Fairbanks of a king. Frail, suffering from a mysterious malady which caused excessive bleeding to follow shock or abrasion, and periodically enervated him, he could not hunt, stalk deer, cut a figure in the cavalry or on the polo ground, take up a career in the air fleet after he had learnt to fly. He met princesses at Court, and occasionally he would see his name linked to one of those girls. Now it was the young daughter of the Italian king, now the fair-haired, blue-eyed, 18-years-old Princess Esperanza, his cousin, whom he visited on the great estates of her father, Don Carlos de Bourbon-Siciles, near Seville. And doubtless they looked at him, the pretty princesses, and wondered just how this illness affected him, and whether the treatment by an American specialist had completely cured him, as inspired statements said, whether it would be worrying to be his wife, and just how much of a risk the Spanish monarchy was, anyway.

Then the bottom dropped out of his world. A revolution, flight, abolition of the monarchy. His dashing father retired with his family to the Hotel Savoy, at Fontainebleau. There the Prince had an apartment, a car, a physician. He was free. No army parades, State occasions, etiquette, official grandees to meet. His mother played a daily round of golf with friends. His father went almost daily into Paris, and his sisters mostly went in the same direction. He stayed around, and mused, and read, and took photographs. Presently he went to Lausanne; he was not feeling so good.

In the lounge of his hotel one day he nearly walked into a lovely brunette with a mass of copper-coloured hair and notably lively dark eyes. He stood aside with a bow. But something had passed between them—a flash, a contact. She was in his mind when he saw her again, and possibly his glance showed as much. A day or two later he went into the photographer's store to buy films. While he was waiting for them to be put up, she came in, too, on the same errand. If he had been like his father, it couldn't have happened; for he would have been buying cartridges, or cigars, not films. But he was not like his father.

The Prince did what any ordinary young man whose interest has been roused would do. He scouted around until he found someone who could effect a formal introduction. So presently he was kissing the hand of Edelmira San Pedro-Ocejo. It was an exceptional sort of love affair which now began. The girl was bringing him back to life; or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that she was making him aware for the first time of what life could be like. With her beside him he could feel that life had a meaning. With her, he could enjoy, and endure.

But marriage? A prince of his Bourbon-Hapsburg house had not married a commoner since it attained to the throne of Spain. The Bourbons were the kingly house par excellence. Their first throne, that of France, had been won through marriage, the union of the head of the Bourbon house with the heiress of Navarre. Always they had married correctly, usually for power. The French Bourbons, the senior branch, had long since lost their throne; but they lived on royally in a remote world of their own, and the heir of John III, King of France (the Duc de Guise to you), had lately made a very proper marriage with the Princess Isabelle of Orleans-Braganza, a "Princess of France," and she had with equal propriety provided an heir to carry on the line of forty kings, even if now they were only ghost kings. What would his father say to his marrying a Cuban commoner?

There must have been many exchanges of confidence between the young man and the young woman, a slow unveiling of minds and views, before he asked her to marry him and she accepted the proposal of the Bourbon heir. He wrote to his father, and Alfonso came over alone to see what his son had found. He dined with them, danced with the fascinating Edelmira, pronounced her charming, returned to Fontainebleau. He had not given his consent. It was scarcely to be expected. The posthumous child of Alfonso XII, he was born a king; and he had enjoyed being a king. Gay and simple with friends, he had kept the ceremonial and traditions of his Court the stiffest in the world. He might call the American Ambassador "Alec," and invite Mr. Alexander Moore to address him familiarly as "Alf"; but when Primo de Rivera sought to placate the opposition by offering to revise the monarchy's constitutional rights he had curtly dismissed the palace-made dictator. Consent to his eldest son's marriage to the pretty Edelmira? It would be the negation of all he believed in. Further, it would symbolise his fading, even faded, faith in the possibility of a restoration.

The Bourbon heir perceived that further pleas would be vain. He married his Edelmira in the little Swiss church. What will happen if by chance there is a restoration in Spain? An Austrian archduke who married a beautiful commoner at Brighton some years ago has now sidetracked her by divorce in order to clear his claim to a throne, affairs in his area having taken a hopeful turn for the better. The Bourbon romance might follow a like course. On the other hand, having tasted happiness beyond the walls of royalty's garden, the Prince may decline to leave a paradise for a prison—even, in his state of health, a tomb.

THERE was a time when the name of Prince Sigvard of Sweden was linked to Greta Garbo's. They had met on the *Kungsholm*, coming over from New York in '28; and Sigvard, cultivating the acquaintance, had quite an affair with the Swedish actress—the pace, it seems, was made by Sigvard; Garbo became a little bored. But it is not much fun, anyway, being second son of a Swedish Crown Prince. A modest allowance, no public duties of importance; and, the country being in no danger, no incentive to follow a warrior's career. Besides, this descendant of Napoleon's marshal was interested chiefly in decoration, the stage, the films. A royal prince cannot very well go into the film business in his own country; so Sigvard pulled strings, and presently packed and left for Berlin.

Herr Holger started work in the UFA film factory at Babelsburg. He made himself useful on the scenic side, graduated as an assistant director. A number of renowned actresses worked in the factory. The new young man remained uninterested in them. He had eyes for nobody but a slim starlet with burnished blond hair and a finely-cut face, a merchant's daughter, quite a beginner, named Erika Patzek. The day's work over on the set, the great lights dead, he would catch her at the door. "A call at the café before you go home, fraulein? A glass of wine? Please!"

Soon the affair moves from the café to the restaurant. It progresses to bathing and boating on the Wannsee lake. It deepens to social visits to Erika's family. Doubtless Herr Patzek asks Erika about her young man. He seems very steady, respectable, serious. Prospects? Do they think well of him at the studio? He is not one of these unsubstantial artistic fellows? Making a good salary, eh? A Swede—well, they're good, solid fellows, not like the French.

Herr Sigvard Holger, in turn, doubtless asks himself questions. He is in love, and this is a marrying affair or nothing. Is the girl of his romance going (*Continued on page* 144)

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Seeing is believing—such enchanting colours, such delicious textures, such designs, such styles, such variety. Compare the prices of these new Wolsey vest-and-pantie sets with any others and you will be surprised at their wonderful value.

FAY—Some like a silk finish to their woollies. This set in wool and art silk is warm as warm, yet feels so cool and smooth. The vest has shaped opera top (picot finished) —the pantie a flat fitting yoke and a double gusset for hard wear. White shell or peach—each garment

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GRETA—Perfect finish is the keynote of this pantie and vest set. Satin binding and shoulder-straps finish the shaped vest top which is drawn in neatly at the back with elastic. Ribbing and elastic both do their bit at the pantie waist. White, shell and peach. Ladies'—each garment Young Matrons'—5/11 each)

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VICHY-CÉLESTINS

The world-renowned NATURAL Mineral Water
Bottled as it flows from the Spring.

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EAU MINÉRALE NATURELLE
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TO maintain good health and enjoy the pleasure of life, always drink this famous NATURAL Mineral Water and flush impurities from the system. It facilitates digestion and thus improves the complexion.

VICHY-CÉLESTINS may be taken at any time during the day, but it is most effective when drunk half an hour before the three daily meals.

Obtainable everywhere

CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the *Sole Wholesale Agents*:
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Bangor Wharf, 45, Belvedere Road, London, S.E.1.

to make him a good wife? Oh, surely. But what will papa say? Worse, what will grandpa say, that tall, old man whose house has not been royal so long that he can afford to regard mésalliances lightly? The King had smiled on the union of one member of his family, Count Folke Bernadotte of Visborg, to Estelle Manville; had permitted the Crown Prince's eldest son to cross the Atlantic and act as best man at the glittering wedding at Pleasantville, had received her at the Swedish Court. But, then, the Count was only a nephew of the King; and, besides, his bride was the daughter of the multi millionaire "asbestos king," who claims descent from Geoffrey de Magnavil, of the Duchy of Magnavil, in Normandy, an ally of William the Conqueror's.

ALL most awkward. But, before he cuts further into his problem, he must discover whether Erika will marry him. He proposes. She says yes. He tells her then who he is. She is startled. Still, she does not retract. On the other hand, both father and grandfather back in Stockholm say "no" quite definitely when approached. This shakes Sigvard. He seeks moral support. A year before a cousin of his, Prince Lennart, had fallen in love with the dazzling daughter of a Stockholm business man; but, when he sought the King's consent to his marriage with Miss Karin Nissvant, the King said that he was only twenty-one, and that was too young to think of marriage. Lennart had gone into conference with Karin, and they had agreed that the world was changing, that the younger generation must make their own lives and settle things their own way, that where royal traditions got in the way of life and love, then royal traditions must yield place: and, to cut that story short, they arrived at Prince's Row registry office, in Westminster, secured a licence to marry, and Lennart Bernadotte emerged minus his royal titles and all privileges due to him as an hereditary prince of the royal house of Sweden, along with his right of succession (such as it was). If Lennart had done it, and the heavens had not fallen . . . . .

Sigvard rang up the air station. Two seats on the Berlin-London air express. "Come on," said he to Erika. They soared over to the little island in the North Atlantic. Erika's brother was waiting to chaperon his sister and give general aid. They needed it, for although the Prince had relatives in England, they were obliged diplomatically to ignore the romantic young man while he remained under the displeasure of the head of his house.

IT was the day of the municipal election in London, and Caxton Hall, turned into a polling booth, was plastered with election posters. While citizens came and went on their voting business, a tall, dark young man came into the registrar's littered office with a stunning-looking girl. The registrar expected them. He picked up his little shabby book. "Witnesses, take your stand, please. There, by the groom; there, by the bride. Thank you. Now . . ." With the deftness of long experience in performing the civil marriage ceremony, he joined them as man and wife. Erika Patzek was now Mrs. Bernadotte, and Prince Sigvard, grandson of the King of Sweden and of the Duke of Connaught, second son of the heir to Sweden's throne, became Mr. Bernadotte.

Outside, the London crowd gave them a cheer. The British crowd would not like it if a member of their own Royal House made these gallant gestures of love against royal estate. But this was as remote as Ruritania: a handsome foreign Prince, a pretty foreign girl. Bravo! It was something out of the story books—or the pictures—come true.

END

A Useful and Interesting Catalogue

LOVERS of antique furniture will find much to interest them in the catalogue issued by the Old World Galleries, 31, Baker Street, London, W.1. The cost is only 1s., and in addition to useful hints on the care of furniture, how to clean it, polish it and remove marks caused by hot plates, etc., it is a valuable guide to those about to furnish, for it gives illustrations of many good schemes for period furnishing, together with estimates of the cost.

Many lovely genuine antiques may be found at these galleries, together with the finest reproductions, and experts are in attendance to advise and submit schemes for furnishng, free of charge and without obligation to purchase.

Came the Dawn . . .

(*Continued from page* 43)

drink for his sister in addition to one he mixed for himself.

MISS MYRA DAWN overtook Miss Dolly Delaigne on the steps of the stage door of the Frivolity Theatre.

"Oh, Dolly," she accused, noticing that lady's efforts to straighten her diminutive sailor hat and smooth her abundant platinum locks, "who's the boy friend?"

Miss Delaigne had just been handed out of a taxi by The Head of the House of Regale, but Myra Dawn had been entirely unimpressed by this, seeing only an unknown elderly gentleman, slightly embarrassed as to demeanour but otherwise uninteresting.

"Don't know, duckie," replied Miss Delaigne cheerfully, "Says his name's Smith, but there, they all say that. Funny old bird, isn't he? He'll be in front to-night if you want to give him the once over, darling. B Box. 'Sfar as I'm concerned you can have him with my love, dearie. I've just met rather a peach of a boy . . . ."

As Miss Delaigne hardly knew Myra Dawn, save in the freemasonry of the dressing-room, her gesture was not ungenerous, even allowing for the reason she kindly supplied for it.

"No, thanks, Dolly," laughed Myra. "You keep him for yourself. He's a bit of a museum piece, I admit, but these 'peaches of boys' sometimes are as dull as they look. Who's this new one you mentioned?" she asked casually, settling herself before her mirror.

"Name of Smith," replied Miss Delaigne wearily. "Anyhow, you keep an eye on B Box to-night, duckie. You'll be doing me a good turn."

But Miss Dawn wasn't listening. She had suddenly remembered that Captain Clive Regale of Regale's Halalis was occupying B Box for the evening performance, or at least had shown her his ticket for it. Funny if Dolly's Smith should prove to be a friend of Clive's, she thought.

ALBERT REGALE had looked forward to the dinner party as an ideal setting for his demonstration. His youngest brother would be shown the error of his ways, and Miss Myra Dawn would inevitably be brought to reason.

On the actual evening, however, half his pleasure was destroyed by a series of incidents culminating in the loss of his wallet containing some fifteen pounds in Treasury notes. As a result he was the last to arrive and in fact, found his mother on the point of going in to dinner when he hurried into the drawing-room.

He felt that it was unseemly for the Head of the House to arrive fifteen minutes late, and even worse that he should appear with a crumpled shirt-front and his tie considerably awry. But Miss Delaigne had insisted on seeing him before the show, and had then been quite unnecessarily boisterous in the taxi on the way to the theatre. So boisterous indeed that Albert Regale had little doubt as to the present whereabouts of his missing wallet. He would dearly have loved to have called a policeman and charged her with its theft, but there were very obvious drawbacks to such a course. Even had he dared risk the publicity he would have been too late to catch her with the article in her possession, as she had dropped him at the nearest point to his mother's house, and had then taken the cab on to the theatre.

He arrived, therefore, disliking all chorus girls with added intensity, and his mother's open rebuke for his unpunctuality did not improve his temper.

The only shade of comfort he could find was that his affair with Dolly Delaigne was now closed for ever, and that he was satisfied that she had not connected him in any way with Myra Dawn and Clive. Even when he had taken over Clive's box at the Frivolity his brother had been prevented from sharing it with him.

"Miss Dawn, my eldest son, Bertie," his mother was saying, and Albert wrenched himself back from the bitterness of the recent past to the enjoyment of the immediate future.

"I'm afraid I'm very late, Miss Dawn, but I was detained at the club. Some news was coming through about Halalistan and, of course, I had to stay and watch the tape. . . ."

"Tape?" said Lady Regale, seating herself at the other end of the table, "I thought ribbon was more usually employed. What's that on your coat, Bertie?"

"Dust," growled Albert, rubbing vigorously.

"Oh, yes. A very dusty day," beamed his mother, looking pointedly at the rain drumming on the steaming windows.

"What was the news from the Province?" asked Edward professionally, and Albert shot him a grateful look. (*Continued on page* 146)

Here's the Best Home-made Xmas Fare

Christmas Pudding.

¾ lb. Self-raising Flour or ¾ lb. Flour and 2 teaspoons Baking Powder. 1 lb. Shredded 'Atora.' 1 lb. Currants. 2 lb. Raisins. 1 lb. Sultanas. ½ lb. Candied Peel. ¾ lb. Sugar. 2 oz. Sweet Almonds Rind and juice of 1 Lemon. 6 Eggs. 1 lb Breadcrumbs. ½ Nutmeg. 1 egg-spoon Salt. Milk — sufficient to make right consistency. ¼ pint Rum.

Clean currants, stone raisins, put all the dry ingredients into a basin, blanch and chop almonds, add eggs, well beaten, grated rind of lemon, and the juice strained. Mix all thoroughly, put into greased pudding basins, cover with greased paper, and steam 6 hours. Sufficient for 4 puddings.

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The Good BEEF SUET

saves time and labour and removes uncertainty. It makes your Christmas puddings and mince pies dainty, delicious, and digestible. Don't forget to make a few extra puddings for New Year's day, parties and other important occasions.

Mincemeat.

1 lb. Shredded 'Atora.' 1 lb. chopped Raisins.
1 lb. Currants 1 lb. chopped Apples.
1 lb. Brown Sugar. ¼ lb. Citron Peel.
¼ lb Candied Orange Peel. 1 Lemon.
¼ lb. Candied Lemon Peel. 2 oz. Sweet Almonds.
blanched and chopped. ½ Nutmeg grated.
½ teaspoonful Salt. 1 lb. chopped Sultanas.
¼ pint of Brandy or Whisky.

Dry the sultanas and currants after washing, mix all dry ingredients together after chopping. Lastly, add the grated rind and strained juice of lemon and the brandy or whisky. Mix all thoroughly. (Ingredients can be put through small mincing machine instead of being chopped.)

These famous recipes are from the 'Atora' book of 100 tested recipes. Send post card for a copy, post free from Hugon & Co., Ltd., Manchester.

476

TO THAT
Little Fellow
WITH HIS MOTHER'S EYES.

Sonny dear, we're going to be proud of you when you grow to be a big man like Daddy. And when you're old enough to know the value of a strong, healthy body—as some day you will—we know you'll be grateful to your parents for selecting 'ALLENBURYS' to give you such a fine start.

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"My dear, you're talking like an advertisement"
"Yes, but you must agree my grocer is right...."
MAZAWATTEE TEA
Beyond praise, but within your means

"Oh, just a small rising in the North-West. . . ." He entered on a long dissertation of local affairs, and Lady Regale turned to Myra.

"You must be sick to death of Halalistan, my dear," she smiled, "but I don't mind betting that Clive finds other and more interesting topics of conversation when he is with you."

Myra turned to her hostess, and Hannah, inspecting her critically across the table, could find no fault with her manners or even with the gown she was wearing.

"But, Lady Regale," said Myra, "Daddy always says it's a most interesting country, . . ."

She stopped in sudden confusion, and Albert turned to her :—

"Has your father visited the Province, Miss Dawn ?"

Myra nodded dumbly; she seemed to regret that she had let slip this piece of information.

"I don't remember the name," said Albert. Probably, he thought, some box-wallah or other, or perhaps the wretched man had "gone native." Judging from Myra's confusion there was some reason for the obvious way in which she turned from the subject.

"Oh, Mr. Regale," she asked, "When you were looking at the tape machine this evening, did you notice what won the three-thirty ?"

"I do not bet," replied Albert ponderously.

"Pomposity," said Lady Regale briskly.

Albert bridled, but before he could protest—

"Thank you," said Myra, "I backed it both ways."

"I have, however, contrived to lose my money without recourse to bookmakers," Albert admitted. "Some thief managed to relieve me of my wallet containing fifteen pounds this evening. . . ."

The opportunity for discussing his loss, the thought of which had been seething in his mind since its discovery, was too much for Albert. He managed to suppress any reference to the manner in which he had been robbed, and the actual scene of the crime, but by the time he had finished giving vent to his annoyance and voicing his profound regret he was almost incoherent, and appeared to be bordering on tears.

"Daddy always says," Miss Dawn interrupted him sympathetically, "that no loss is irreparable except . . ."

"Perhaps he has never lost fifteen pounds," cried Albert bitterly. "What do you think your Daddy would say about that ?"

The question was meant teasingly, but the sneer was patent.

"He would probably say that a gentleman can lose any possession so long as it is not his self-possession," retorted Myra calmly.

Lady Regale laughed shortly.

"Clive," she said, "you're the first Regale to display any sense in selecting a bride."

"But," protested Myra, "he is only following the excellent example of his father."

Lady Regale leant over and patted the girl's hand.

"I'll admit that Clive is more like his father than any of the others," she said gently.

"My father," said Albert, having recovered a measure of his usual manner, "was one of the first Governors of Halalistan. I entertain hopes that his mantle will soon descend on my shoulders. The present Governor will shortly be vacating the office and then . . . well, we shall see. Halalistan is coming to be regarded as a stepping-stone to Simla. . . ."

He breathed the name of the Viceroy's summer seat with profound awe.

"Who knows ?" he continued thoughtfully. "Some day you may be the wife of Colonel Clive Regale and sister-in-law of His Excellency the Viceroy and Governor-General of India."

"Oooh," said Miss Dawn inelegantly.

"Let us drink a toast to that day," continued Albert. "Parker, fill Miss Dawn's glass. No, you can leave mine. . . ."

He caught Edward's eye. They had decided that their mother's 1917 Bollinger was far too good for this occasion, and had, in consequence, ordered in a specially sweet and inexpensive champagne such as had delighted the heart of Miss Dolly Delaigne on previous clandestine occasions.

Albert congratulated himself on his economy.

He put down his glass, having drained its contents with well concealed distaste and exchanged a quick grimace of disgust with Edward. Miss Dawn, however, appeared to notice nothing wrong with the wine. Indeed she had the temerity to congratulate him on it.

"We drifted away from the subject of your wallet, Mr. Regale," she said suddenly, "before I had time to finish what I meant to say."

"I thought your comment was most helpful as it was," remarked Lady Regale.

"But I'm going to be much more helpful now," averred Miss Dawn.

(*Continued on page 148*)

How to make the perfect cocktail

Begin with Booth's, the only matured Dry Gin. It is full-bodied, satisfying, yet has a special mellowness—perfect for blending and improving the other cocktail ingredients.

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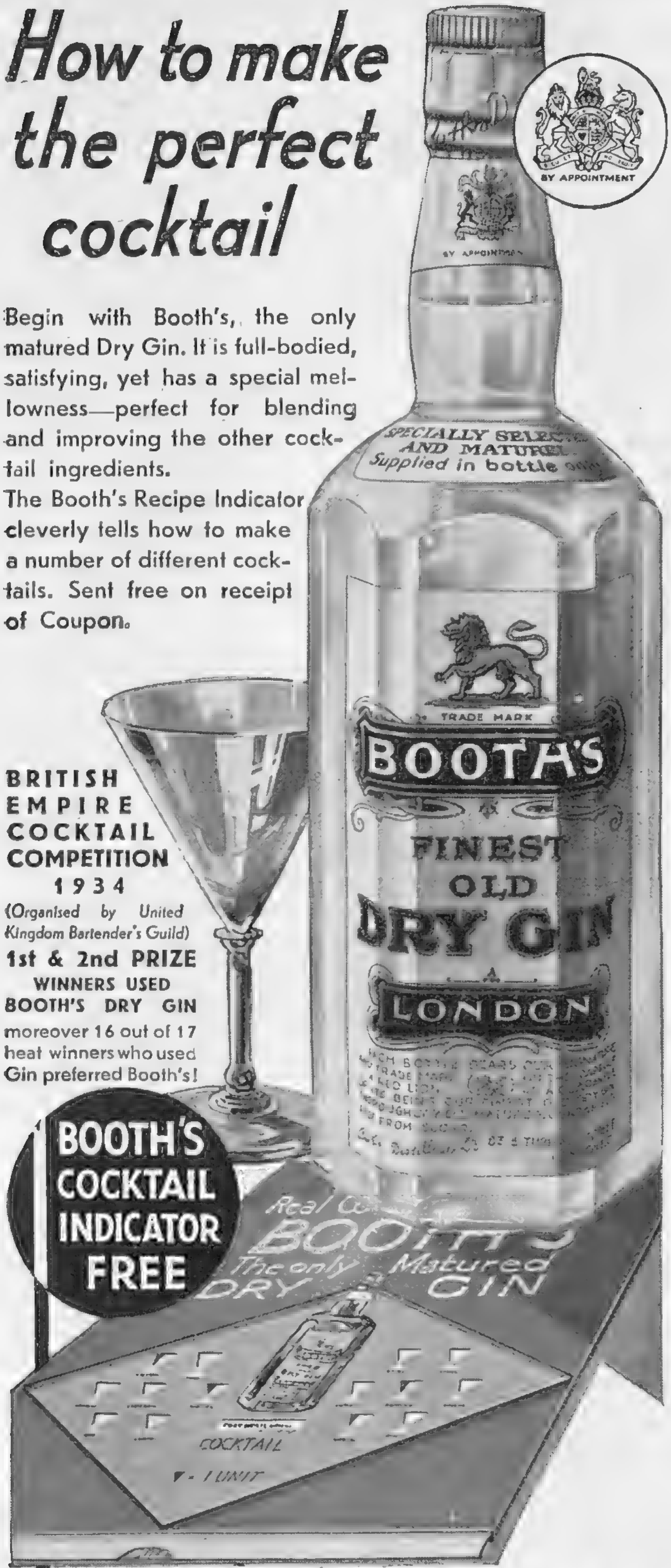

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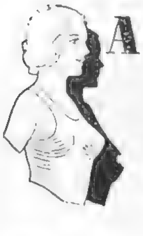
Try this simple, pleasant way to perfect sleep and perfect health to-day. Take it always when you're run down or convalescent after illness. Over 20,000 recommendations have been received from doctors for neurasthenia, anæmia, debility, neuralgia, and a host of other ailments.



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She delved in the brocade bag which she had retained. "There," she said proudly.

Extended to Albert Regale was a battered leather wallet. His delight at recognising his property was, however, considerably tempered by the sight of a curly lock of platinum hair attached to the wallet with a pale blue ribbon.

"Dolly Delaigne," explained Myra kindly, "asked me to give this to you. You know, the little peroxide blonde in the back row, Bertie . . . may I call you Bertie? . . . She stopped me on my way here and told me you had left it in the taxi. She *would* add the memento, Bertie, although I asked her not to. . . ."

Lady Regale craned forward delightedly.

"Fetch me my ear trumpet, Edward," she commanded. "I may be missing something."

Albert, with bulging eyes, struggled to his feet.

"Thank you." His words were almost strangled with emotion. "If you will excuse me I will go and lock this up."

"Not at all, Bertie," said Myra Dawn, graciously. She regretted that she could not give Miss Delaigne the credit she deserved for the success of her first attempt at larceny.

By the time they went into the drawing room, Albert had rejoined them and had contrived to talk himself back into the position he normally held in his own estimation.

"I flatter myself . . . Did you speak, Mother?"

He stared at the unwinking bell of the ear trumpet resentfully and then continued his remark to Myra. "I flatter myself that, in spite of the . . . er . . . slight contretemps of the wallet episode, the evening has passed off very pleasantly."

"And all too swiftly," agreed Myra. "I had no idea it was so late. I hope you don't mind, Lady Regale, but Daddy is calling for me to take me on to some show with him. . . ."

"Of course not, my dear," smiled her hostess. "Although I'm sure Bertie will miss you."

"We want Clive to come on with us. I suppose that this engagement will have to be announced before Clive sails. . . ."

Clive crossed to her quickly.

"Here is Daddy," said Myra suddenly.

The door at the end of the long room opened and Parker entered, followed by a man who even Albert admitted was unexpectedly different from the box-wallah he had visualised.

He hurried forward to greet the stranger: "Come in, Mr. Dawn, come in," he said, endeavouring to put Myra's father at his ease.

"Thank you," said the newcomer and went immediately to Lady Regale.

"Lady Regale," he smiled, "you and I are old friends."

For an instant Lady Regale stared at him. Then she suddenly laughed delightedly.

"Why, goodness gracious me," she said. "It was in Halalistan back in nineteen hundred and four or five, wasn't it? Why, you've hardly altered at all . . . Mister Dawn."

Albert, annoyed that Myra's father should have known Halalistan when he, Albert Regale, had still been in the schoolroom, and ruffled by his mother's quite inopportune mirth at the arrival of this self-invited guest, joined them by the fire. That his mother should have known this man conveyed nothing. He might be a box-wallah or a crook. Lady Regale had a catholic taste in friends.

"Mr. Dawn," he began, but Myra interrupted him.

"I'm so sorry," she apologised. "I never told any of you, not even Clive, that my stage name is Dawn. Daddy's real name is Heathside. . . ."

"Well, Mr. Heathside," said Albert patronisingly, "let me offer you a cigar."

He produced a silver box and Myra's father inspected the contents thoughtfully.

"Take a couple," said Albert, with sudden generosity. "Smoke one now and keep one for the bus. . . ."

"Do, Daddy," said Myra quickly, as her father glanced up, "I'm sure Mr. Regale means it."

"Thank you," said her father meekly. "And I wonder if my daughter might take an orange . . . ?"

"But of course," said Albert, unbending rapidly at the prospect of Miss Dawn's imminent departure.

* * *

Albert stretched his long legs before the fire and beamed down at the remainder of The Family. Clive, Myra and her father had gone, and he felt that save for a few minor incidents the dinner party had passed off mainly as he had planned it.

"A typical chorus girl," he remarked, "and I can't say I think much of her father. Edward, did you notice the way she drank up that filthy champagne?"

(Continued on page 150)

Success is his Birthright . .

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He chuckled reminiscently.

"If you mean my Bollinger, Albert," began Lady Regale.

Albert started to explain his stratagem, but:

"Oh, I knew all about that," his mother assured him, "and I told Parker to pour that muck you had ordered down the sink and serve the Bollinger. I wondered why you and Edward were making faces," she added cheerfully.

Albert hastily changed the subject.

"I wonder how Myra will go down with Halalistan," he mused. "Of course it will be awkward at first. . . ."

Lady Regale chuckled happily. She chuckled so long that at last Albert felt called upon to remonstrate.

"I'm wondering how you'll go down with Myra," she explained at last, wiping her eyes. "You see, Bertie dear, she is going to act as hostess to her father, Lord Heathside. It's a pity you missed it in to-day's *Times*, Bertie, but he's just been appointed Governor of Halalistan. He is sailing next month. . . ."

Albert Regale, for the first time that evening, really said all that he thought.

"Pass me my ear trumpet," commanded Lady Regale eagerly.

END

Making Your Favourite Breakfast Food

PERHAPS you are born incurious.

You spend your days submissively accepting without question, probably without thought, all that is going on. You take for granted the fact that you can telephone to your cousin in Australia, just like that; that all around you every day mechanical miracles are happening.

I am not like that. I still get a thrill when a motor car races at two hundred miles an hour or I tune in to Budapest on my radio. And I want to know everything about it, how it happens, how the wheels go round.

I have the same ardent curiosity about my household goods. It is not enough for me to know that a carpet cleaner cleans and sweeps in one action. I must know how it happens.

Shredded Wheat happens to be my favourite breakfast food. It tastes so good and does me so much good that I had to discover how those thin strands of cereal were made.

(*Continued on page 152*)

A BIG spoon, perhaps, but Baby has big ideas and good ideas too, for Shredded Wheat and cream or milk is a grand diet on which to start the day's play

For the 'present' situation . . .

Here it is again, the Christmas gift problem. And here's a very present help in solving it. Give Price's Art Candles, colourful, decorative, charmingly practical. They make the most delightful gifts in pairs daintily boxed, or in matching sets complete with candlesticks as illustrated here. There is a wide choice of colour and design. Do not fail to see these happy gift ideas at your dealer's.

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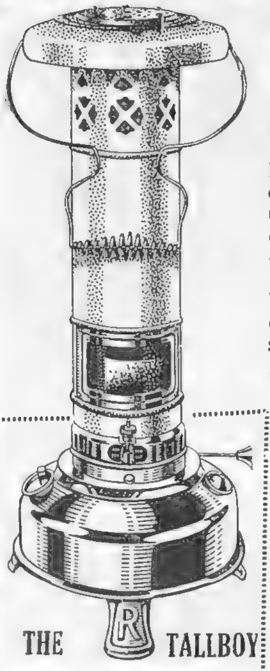

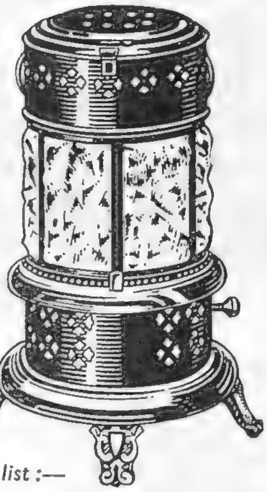

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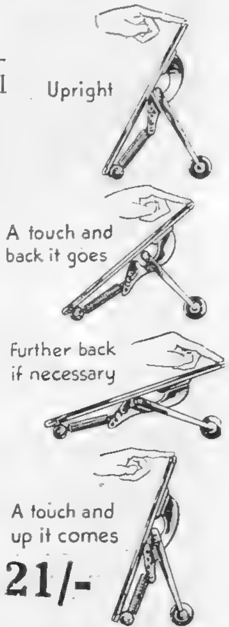
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A touch and back it goes
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A touch and up it comes

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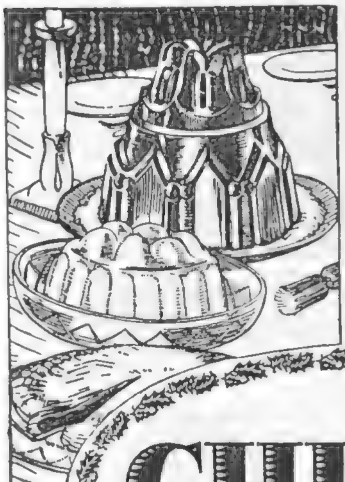
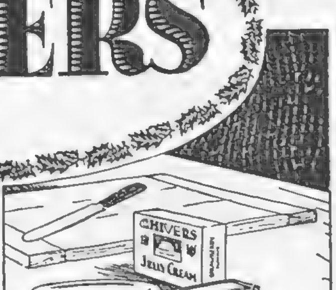


SUGGESTIONS FOR THE XMAS MENU . . . AND A NAME TO REMEMBER

CHIVERS



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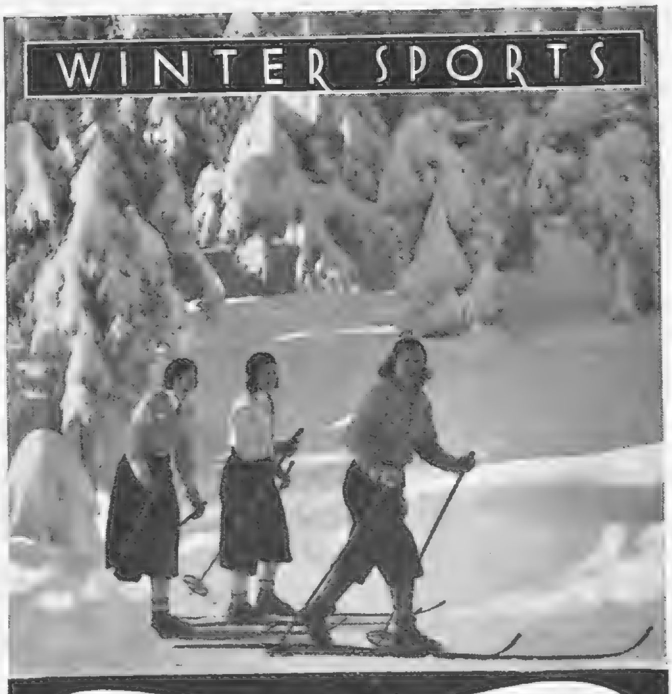

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norway

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PAPER

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Making Your Favourite Breakfast Food

The factory, where visitors are always welcome, is situated in fine open country at Welwyn Garden City; and the first thing that impresses you is the hygienic conditions in which the production takes place.

I was taken in charge by an efficient guide, in a uniform of black and gold, carrying a huge megaphone—I was soon to find out why this was needed.

The first thing I saw, after looking out of the windows at the huge wheat silos, was the case elevator, bringing full cases of Shredded Wheat to the warehouse.

Then I was taken to watch the steam cookers, where the wheat is steamed for twenty minutes. This is a most important part of the process, because the starch in the centre of the kernel is broken down, making the berry easy to digest, and—here is something important—not fattening.

This also sterilises the germ—a portion of the berry—so that it does not have to be removed, as in the case of white flour.

In this way nothing is added and nothing is taken away in the manufacture of Shredded Wheat. The outer skin is shredded with the rest, thus providing the necessary roughage for the system.

Next I saw the wheat being shredded on giant rollers, and after passing through the panner—by this time my guide was using the megaphone to describe the different processes, as the noise of the machinery was so terrific that I could have done with a megaphone too—it appeared in the shape of the finished cakes.

These were then placed into oil-heated ovens until they were a golden brown. The use of oil for heating eliminates the possibility of any dust reaching the cakes.

After this the cakes were placed on racks and passed through an evaporating tunnel. This process lasted for fifty minutes, and in this way the remainder of the moisture is taken away, leaving only 4 per cent. against the 47 per cent. in bread. Only the nourishing properties remain.

The packing tables were fascinating to watch; a double row of girls, working at top speed, placed the cakes into cartons. Their fingers were covered with rubber stalls, to prevent the cakes from being fingered.

The guide said that they handle so many cakes a day that their fingers would be worn out if they did not have them protected in this way.

Past the moving racks of cartons I came to the machine which closed and sealed the boxes, preventing any dust and dirt from entering, after they have been filled with cakes.

These cartons were then packed into large wire-stitched cases before leaving the factory.

Shredded Wheat is not only a perfect breakfast food. A great number of dishes can be made from it. The recipes given in the Shredded Wheat booklet go from soup to savouries.

Knowing all about it made my Shredded Wheat taste better than ever this morning.

Y. M.

Feasts in Other Lands

(*Continued from page 47*)

In Ceylon, I believe, elephants' toes are a great delicacy, pickled in vinegar and strong spices.

After all these barbarities, one hears of feasting in China with a certain amount of relief, for to many Europeans Chinese cooking is well known and appreciated; and as long as we are not called upon to eat dogs, mice or "vintage" eggs, most of us would accept an invitation to a Chinese festival dinner without apprehension.

And on this point here is a thought for the squeamish. A much travelled friend of mine told me that he came across an African chief who was horrified and profoundly shocked at the idea of our eating the flesh of a cow. "Our cows are friends; they live with us—how can you eat them?"

In a certain *European* country—I won't say which, but there are a lot of mountains and winter sportsmen there—it is not safe to let the cat out for at least a week at Christmas time; the poor dear would be caught, killed and baked!

Well, my cat, sitting on my lap, is digging his claws into me, so I will not say any more on the subject, and in any case I am quite sure you all agree that for a good Christmas dinner there is no place like Home.

End

Absolutely unretouched photograph of the same eyes before and after treatment.

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EYES set in loose, wrinkled skin tell of age, worry, misfortune and ill-health. This imperfection of the skin destroys the natural expression of even the brightest eyes.

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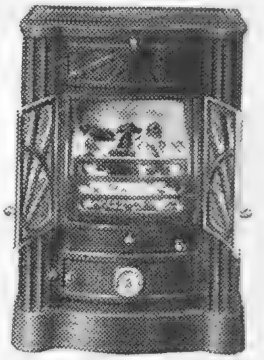

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ONE of the main problems that parents have to face in the education of their sons is the finding of a good, reliable preparatory school—some place where the education is sound and the discipline good without being too severe after the different atmosphere of home life.

The difficulty of finding a school placed in a healthy locality without being too far away from a main town is great.

Tenterden Hall School provides a solution to this problem, for here a limited number of boys, from the age of 7 to 15 years, are given an excellent up-to-date education, preparing them for entrance into the Public Schools and the Royal Navy.

FOUNDED in 1912 by Mr. A. J. M. Bacon, B.A., the school has a long and successful record behind it. Amongst the many distinguished past pupils is the present Maharajah of Kolhapur. And scholarships have been won to a great number of Public Schools.

Here they learn amid ideal surroundings—for the school stands in the healthy country, 300 feet above sea level, in Hertfordshire. Yet it is only 200 yards off the main Watford-St. Albans arterial road, easily reached either by bus or train to the Bricket Wood Station.

The school buildings have well-proportioned, well-lighted rooms, and the house, of two storeys, is centrally heated throughout.

Standing in its own grounds of seven acres, ample space is provided for playing-fields as well as lawns and beautiful parkland. There is also a kitchen garden, which supplies plenty of fresh vegetables; these, as every mother knows, are so vitally necessary for boys of those ages.

The aim of the Headmaster, Mr. F. Smurthwaite, B.A., is not only to keep the boys interested in the present work being taught in the classrooms, but to broaden their minds and widen their interests so as to fit them for their future work in the Public Schools and the Royal Navy.

SCHOOL hours are short, so that the boys' brains are not tired by excessively long hours of work. The open-air life is largely catered for and every form of sport is encouraged. An especially high standard has been achieved in cricket and football. Amongst the old boys are George Butterworth (St. Mary's Hospital), who recently played Rugby for the English Public Schools against Scotland; and his brother was included this year in the Rest *versus* the Lord's Schools at Lord's.

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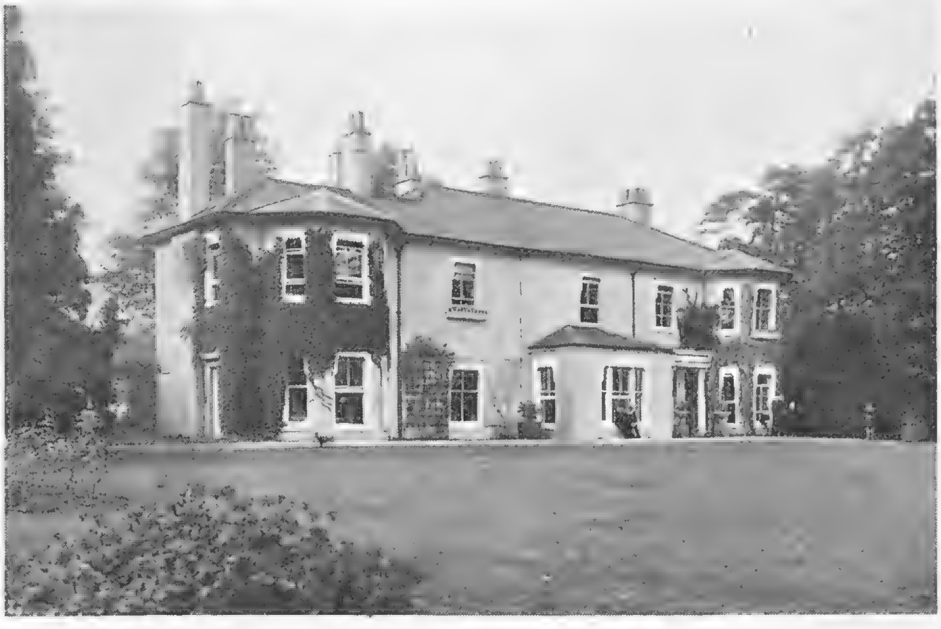

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SLEEP YOUR COLD AWAY

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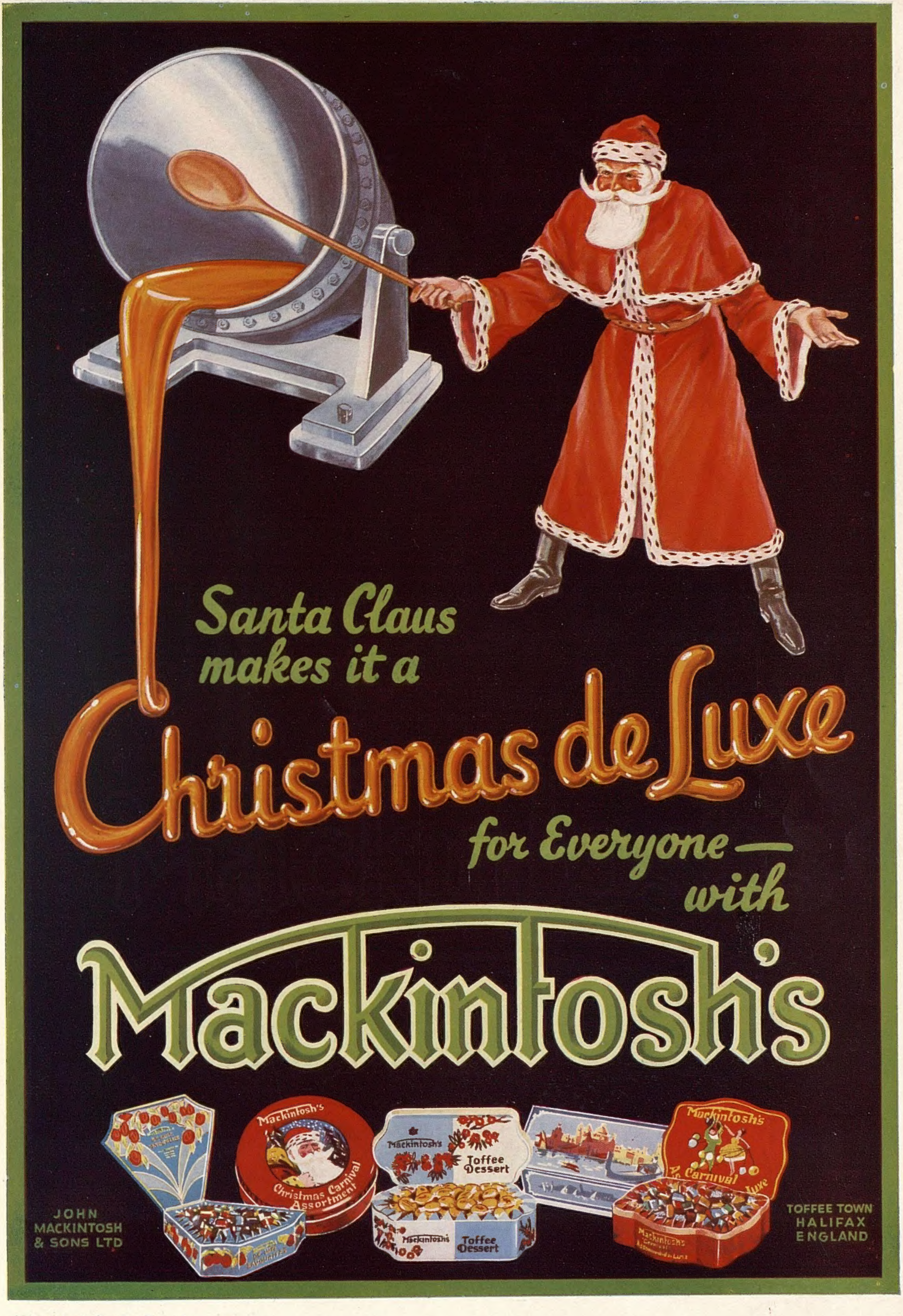
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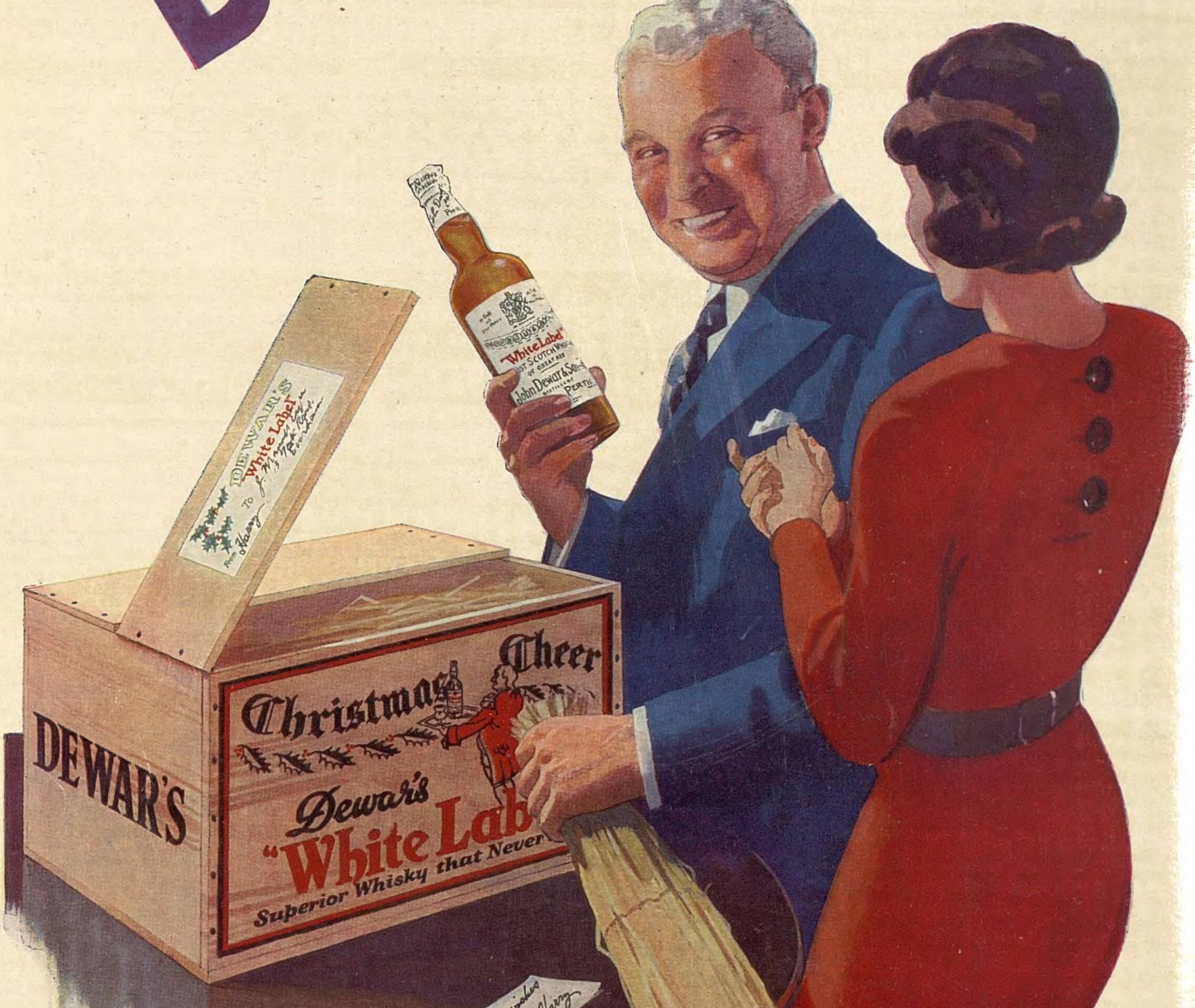
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